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VINDICATION OF GREAT BRITAIN

HAROLD BEGBIE

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THE VINDICATION OF GREAT BRITAIN

EDWARD THE SEVENTH

THE VINDICATION OF GREAT BRITAIN

A STUDY IN DIPLOMACY AND STRATEGY WITH REFERENCE TO THE ILLUSIONS OF HER CRITICS AND THE PROBLEMS OF THE FUTURE

BY

HAROLD BEGBIE

WITH THREE ILLUSTRATIONS

TORONTO
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1916

TO

THE AMIABLE AND GRACIOUS MEMORY OF

EDWARD THE SEVENTH

KING-EMPEROR

WHO SOUGHT PEACE AND PREPARED AGAINST WAR

"WHO DISLIKED EXAGGERATION AND DETESTED MISCHIEF-MAKING"

WHO BELIEVED THERE IS GOOD IN ALL MEN AND

WHO DID NOT DESPAIR OF HUMANITY

THE BEST OF HIS COUNTRYMEN

WILL ALWAYS HOLD HIS MEMORY IN HONOUR

AND THINK OF HIM WITH AFFECTION

This I know, that your country, where I have lived so long and seen so much, is on its way either to a great transformation or to a great disaster.

Friendship's Garland

PREFACE

IN their well intentioned efforts to rouse the energies of this country, certain speakers and writers in England have succeeded in conveying to neutral nations, to our kinsmen across the seas, to our allies, and even to our enemies, an impression of Great Britain which I feel is not merely misleading, but monstrously untrue.

I desire to set the character of this great country in a truer light, and to show its achievement to the present generation in some such aspect as I venture to think history will show it to posterity. This desire does not spring from any feelings of vainglory, but from a spirit of justice, a spirit which inspires me with the faith that a righteous pride and a well-founded enthusiasm are powerful forces in a nation's life, and forces which we in Great Britain shall need in the days ahead.

In such a spirit I have entered upon this study, looking up constantly from the documents of yesterday to the horizon of to-morrow, striving always to see in things which have happened guidance for things which are to come; and the conclusions I have reached in the course of my inquiry have been fortified and enlarged by conversations with men of great eminence, not in this country alone, but in Russia, Scandinavia, and America, who are also mindful of that which is to come, and who are convinced that only a revolution in the human mind can avert a repetition of the present tragedy.

It is my hope that a reading of this book may help, in however modest a degree, to create an "international mind" in those of my countrymen who neglected the warning of Matthew Arnold in 1870 to prepare themselves for a war of mind against mind, and who remain

to this hour the pathetic and dangerous victims of newspapers conducted by men whose honest and intense partisanship prevents them, I think, from seeing the truth of great and even critical matters which belong neither to a party nor to a nation, but to humanity.

The future is in the hands of the average person. Right-thinking in the multitude is of capital importance to the well-being of States. It is apparent from the events which led up to this war and from the terrible feelings released by the war itself, that wrong-thinking is the supreme peril of civilization. All that civilization means to the highest of the sons of men is in the hands of the innumerable mass.

Unless the intellectual and moral character of the average person in Great Britain is powerfully changed for good by this most ruinous and cruel war, and unless we drive out from among ourselves that spirit of strife and contention which in this country has made for wasteful faction and in the world at large has turned Europe into a bear-garden, no victory over the enemy on foreign fields will avail to save us from defeat at our own door.

It is a choice not between Conservative and Liberal, not even directly between Progress and Reaction, but definitely and inescapably a direct choice between Good and Evil. It is a choice between right-thinking and wrong-thinking. We must either range ourselves on the side of truth, goodness, and beauty, or go over to the destroying armies of selfishness and greed. In the moral arena there is no neutrality.

I have reason for the belief that at the conclusion of peace the Emperor of Russia will renew his proposals for an extensive limitation of armaments—an object upon which his heart is as greatly set as on the conquest for Christianity of that great city to which the eyes of Holy Russia are for ever turned as the birthplace of her Faith. The future of civilization may very largely be determined by the reception given to this proposal.

Let us ask ourselves whether we are yet in the frame of mind to consider it, and whether our spirit is in harmony with the spirit

from which it proceeds—a spirit which seriously and very earnestly believes that the brotherhood of humanity is the divine event to which the whole evolution of history has moved, the divine consummation to which always the soul of humanity has tended.

Do we really believe that the world can be made better and saner, or are we so Prussianized as to hold that war is a biological necessity?

But such a proposal, however successful, nevertheless will still leave standing in our midst the spiritual armies of covetousness, selfishness, and ignorance. No constructional reformation in human society, however beneficent and far-reaching, can disarm those forces in the individual soul of man. To each man is it ordained to fight a world war in the silence of his own spirit, and upon the issue of that individual conflict, more than upon any changes in the political region, depend the only lasting peace of the world, and our only enduring security against reaction and anarchy.

Each man among us is now helping this country, consciously or unconsciously, either to a great transformation or to a great disaster.

". . . The war which is going on is not the only struggle in which this country is engaged. There is a larger rivalry, a rivalry more peaceful, less obvious, less rapid in its progress, but not less decisive in the end, in which we have to hold our own, if we are to maintain our place; and that rivalry is one in which knowledge, skill, and foresight are required as urgently as they are in the war."

This rivalry is a rivalry of Mind against Mind. It extends beyond any one phase of intellectual activity, and on its conduct and its spirit depends the evolution of the human race.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

September, 1916

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THE CAUSES OF THE WAR

Your newspapers are every day solemnly saying that the great lesson to be learned from the present war (1870) is so and so,—always something which it is not. . . . I will tell you what is for *you* the great lesson to be learned from it :—*obedience*. That instead of every man airing his self-consequence, thinking it bliss to talk at random about things, and to put his finger in every pie, you should seriously understand that there is a *right* way of doing things, and that the bliss is, without thinking of one's self-consequence, to do them in that way, or to forward their being done. . . .

Friendship's Garland

INTRODUCTION

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR [1]

THE average person, who takes his opinions from popular newspapers, is quite sure that he knows all about the causes of the war. And he holds this belief so sincerely, and with so hot a patriotism, that it is almost impossible to make him listen with the least degree of attention, much less with an unprejudiced mind, to any argument which runs counter to his convictions.

Because he has not thought himself into his convictions, it never occurs to him that he should challenge himself as to whether they are right convictions. And because his reason has had no part either in the formation of these ideas or in their development to anything in the likeness of a logical conclusion, his reason deserts him when he is asked to consider whether his convictions are not conceivably wrong. Questioned in this way, he does but hold the more vehemently to those borrowed and unassimilated convictions, protesting with all the passion of an irrational mind that any man who

[1] I deal only with the political or contemporary causes of the war. These causes, of course, have their roots in history. We may trace from the German sentiment of the Middle Ages, when the Emperor was almost apotheosized, in spite of his rather powerless condition, down to the personality of the present Kaiser, a movement of the German mind very significant for the rest of the world. Romanticism began this movement, the philosophers gave it logical form, and Emperor Wilhelm II, with his emphasis on militarism and his constant identification of himself with the deity, seemed to promise a fulfilment of German hopes. There is no nation in the world half so emotional as the Germans, as their pre-eminence in music, the art nearest to unconscious nature, attests.

presumes to disagree with him is either a great fool or a traitor to his country.

These war convictions of the average person may be summarized very briefly, and without doing them the smallest injustice, since it is the genius of popular error to be curt and downright. The Germans, we are told, wanted war, prepared for war, and made this particular war with malice aforethought. Every German, we are assured, is at heart a liar, a hypocrite, a barbarian, and a beast. And further, every British Government which had dealings with this unholy nation from the reign of Queen Victoria to the last days of July 1914 was tricked, hoodwinked, and outwitted by the astuter and utterly unscrupulous German.[1]

It is to the credit of Mr. F. S. Oliver, who advances brilliantly some such fantastical thesis as this in his popular work *Ordeal by Battle* that his strictures are applied with a fine impartiality to both Unionist and Liberal Governments. This is a point which I rather think has escaped the attention of the more violent of Mr. Oliver's disciples, who would certainly like to hang every Liberal and to shoot every Irishman south of the Boyne. But, manifestly, if Germany has for many years been planning war behind a mask of peace, the Unionists are as guilty as the Liberals in not doing what Mr. Oliver thinks they ought to have done. It does not, however, seem to strike Mr. Oliver that he himself is in a somewhat cramped and inconvenient position when he takes

[1] No idea could be more false than the popular idea in this country concerning German character. It is the Frenchman (as witness his incomparable diplomacy and the brilliancy of his Higher Command) whose intellect is cold, logical, and deadly in its precision. The German, in truth, is governed by his emotions. He has always been the most sentimental of men. Suicide is commoner in Germany than in any other country, particularly among children. The songs and literature of Germany are all characterized by an emotionalism which very often degenerates into sentimentalism. It is the very lack of intellectual strength which has made the German nation at one moment soft to the point of flabbiness and at the next ferocious to the extreme of barbarity. Prussian domination has failed in its supreme effort to make this sentimental Germany a nation because it had no other ideal to give it than the ideal of Force.

for his chief national hero a distinguished soldier who presided for certain years at the War Office and left the British Army, despite his great opportunity, in no better a condition for a great European conflict than that in which he found it.

The truth of this matter is, as I hope to show to the satisfaction of all reasonable minds, that the entire argument of the average person is vitiated from its very beginning by a notorious fallacy against which Burke warned mankind in a memorable sentence. "I do not know," he said, "the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people."

It sounds not only reasonable but perfectly true, and in the fierce light of this inhuman war absolutely incontestable, to say that Germany wanted war; but when a statesman so eminent and interested as M. Sazonoff announces his conviction that even the Imperial Chancellor of Germany did not want war, reasonable men will at once perceive that it is both slovenly and unscientific to say that "Germany" wanted war.

It sounds not only reasonable but perfectly true to say that the Germans are savages of a most horrible nature; but when Germans like Professor Förster of Munich are cheered by their pupils for denouncing the Bismarck-Treitschke tradition, reasonable people will at once agree that it is not just or true to describe every German as a savage.

So long as British opinion is convinced that "Germany" wanted war, and that the term "Hun" is applicable to the whole German people, so long will the very interesting historical truth of this matter remain in darkness for our people, and so long also, a far more serious consideration, will the causes which produced this war continue to exist.

We admit that it is singularly difficult to think dispassionately about the German people. It is almost impossible to think charitably of them. So shameful have been the actions of the German Government, so atrocious the behaviour of the German Army and German Navy, and so disgusting the language of German newspapers, that a man may well be pardoned for uttering the most

cordial and righteous detestation of the entire German people, refusing to listen for a single moment to any argument which suggests that there are virtuous men and women among this arrogant, deceitful, and barbarously cruel nation.

A telling instance of this difficulty is to be found in a recent issue (July 29, 1916) of one of the most reasonable of our newspapers, a Liberal paper which has always steered a middle course between the violence of extreme Radicalism and the blank obstruction of extreme Conservatism. On the day which brought the news to England that Captain Fryatt of the steamship *Brussels* had been shot in Germany, this newspaper published a leading article which expressed sentiments of indignation and judgment such as the following:

> The name of the murdered seaman takes its place with those other terrible names—Louvain, *Lusitania*, Cavell, Wittenberg—which the last two years have branded on the brow of the modern German nation like the mark of Cain. No blood and no tears will ever wash such branding out; there are some deeds, some courses of action, which leave no place even for repentance.

And yet in another column of this same issue, the newspaper, which had just branded the whole German nation with infamy, printed the narrative of an English lady's experiences who had lived for over seven years in Germany and who was only released and allowed to return to England in 1916, which contained continual expressions of gratitude for the great kindness and consideration she had received at German hands, and which told how her German friends implored her to see Sir Edward Grey on her return to England and beg him to stop this cruel war! Let the following paragraph speak for itself:

> I was the only Englishwoman, I believe the only foreigner, in a town of 35,000 inhabitants when war broke out, and I had to sign a paper promising to remain there until the war ended. I had no idea what other foreigners were doing in different parts

of the country, and my isolation made me wish sometimes that I had been interned, for then I should have been with my own people. It was such a strange sensation to feel that I belonged to the enemy in a country where I had been so happy, and had received so much kindness, and I was long in getting accustomed to the fact. After signing the paper promising to remain in Germany till the war ended, I had to report myself twice daily at the police station. This was gradually lessened till it was reduced to a bi-weekly visit, and from first to last I received the utmost kindness and courtesy from the inspector and his underlings. When it was known that I intended to leave Germany, general regret was expressed, and I was told that I should "be safer in Germany because of the danger from Zeppelins in England." I only learnt—by accident—in December that Englishwomen might leave on the 6th of any month, and I delayed my departure in order to have the spring for travelling. When I left in May I was regretted by many—by some sincerely, by others because they hoped I would stay till the end of the war, so that they could afterwards boast that an Englishwoman had remained in the Fatherland of her own free will, and they hoped I would mention this to my English friends so that the English should see they are not such barbarians as they think. The epithet "barbarians" has cut them to the quick. They cannot forget it, and refer to it most bitterly.

Thus clearly do we see how extreme is the difficulty of ordering our thoughts with truth and justice when wild passion is abroad and the whole air is quivering with the flames of hatred. Instances of the same kind might very easily be multiplied, instances in which we witness the condemnation of a whole people by one who tells us with the next breath of something heroic and fine and humane in this same people; but the instance quoted above must suffice. My purpose in referring to this difficulty, a difficulty which I myself feel most acutely, is to persuade

the reader whose heart is at present filled with indignation and anger against Germany, that if he would think truly in the matter, if he would live up to his highest as a moral and rational being, he must perpetually and persistently remind himself that there are men and women in Germany whose notions of morality are not very different from his own, and who will feel as much indignation and anger against the perpetration of heinous deeds as he himself feels, when the true facts are explained to them or when they are freed to express their opinions.

M. Romain Rolland, who has condemned German atrocities far more effectually, because of his profound spirituality, than anybody else in France or in England, believes passionately in the regeneration of Germany. He says in his famous book *Above the Battle*:

> He who has lived in the intimacy of your old Germany, who has clasped her hand in the twisted streets of her heroic and sordid past, who has caught the breath of her centuries of trials and shames, remembers and waits: for he knows that even if she has never proved strong enough to bear victory without wavering, it is in her hours of trouble that she reforms herself, and her greatest geniuses are sons of sorrow.

And he says:

> I know already several (Germans) who are beginning to champion the rights of the spirit against force. Many a German voice has reached us lately in letters protesting against war and deploring with us the injustices which we deplore. . . . Not very long ago I told the "Fair" which obstructed Paris that it was not France. I say to-day to the German Fair, "You are not the true Germany."
>
> There exists another Germany, juster and more humane, whose ambition is not to dominate the world by force and guile, but to absorb in peace everything great in the thought of other races, and in return to reflect the harmony.

Sermons have been preached in Germany, even when

wrath against England was at its highest, rebuking national egoism, castigating national vices, and denouncing the spirit of hate. And these sermons, let us bear in mind, have proceeded from men who believe what authority tells them, and who are therefore convinced that England plotted and planned this war for the destruction of German prosperity.[1]

It is by assuring ourselves of the existence of such Germans—such Germans as the pastor who wrote so beautiful a letter to the mother of the young British airman, Lieutenant Savage, who was buried with military honours by his enemies—it is by thinking of these better-minded, kinder-hearted, and cleaner-souled Germans that we shall not only arrive at the truth of this whole matter, but best serve the highest interests of those who come after us. Utterly and mercilessly to destroy the war-caste of Germany is our bounden duty, dereliction of which would be a crime of the first magnitude. But it is no less our duty, and no less our wisdom, to rescue and free from the deceits of this tyrannous war-caste those many millions of German people who hate war as heartily as we hate it, and who would as greatly shrink from committing the unholy barbarities which have been committed at the orders of that caste as we ourselves. For the moment these many millions of Germans are silent and in ignorance of the full truth. When they know all, and when they are free to speak, Europe will know that there is still a conscience in Germany.

To understand the diplomacy of this country from the days of King Edward to the breaking off of relations with Germany in August 1914, it is above all things necessary to realize that there are two Germanies and not one Germany. Unless this central fact is seen and accepted it is quite hopeless to understand the policy of Great Britain, and, furthermore, it is equally hopeless to expect the emergence of good from the wreckage of war. The immediate harvest of war is devastation and death, suffering and sorrow, waste and ruin; but the further

[1] See Appendix, Note A.

harvests of Europe will also be hate harvests and blood harvests, with an endless prospect of anarchy, unless the people of this country, recognizing that there are two Germanies, labour with all their might and with all their main to make the victory of the one Germany over the other as complete and final as their own victory over the two armed Germanies combined.

There is an arrogant, stupid, coarse, and immoral Germany—a Germany which is black of soul and base of heart, a Germany which cares neither for God nor man, which loves war like a mistress, which holds that force is the supreme weapon of advance, and which believes itself to be the elect of the nations. This Germany, the organizing and dominant Prussian war-caste, has been as much hated by the other Germany as by the rest of the world; and it is this Germany which has now outraged the conscience of mankind and which has made the name of Germany a byword and a scorn. The other Germany, if not very lovable or modest, if not very charming or refined, is at least peaceful. And it is this other Germany, which struggled to subdue the warmongers in its midst, it is this Germany, and not the other, which has made Germany one of the first countries in the world. It is this Germany, not militaristic Germany, which has enriched science and philosophy, which has carried its trade into all lands, and which has solved some of the most desperate social questions which are still the despair of more democratic countries. It is a Germany of extraordinary industry and remarkable seriousness. It is a deep-thinking, restrained, thrifty, highly emotional, and domesticated Germany. It is not the Germany of fifty years ago; it is a Germany corrupted by prosperity, rather coarse in its fibre, and without the deep and solid foundations of morality which made ancient Germany so powerful and so likeable; but it is not a warlike Germany. With very little of the courage of enterprise which is almost essential to trade, it has nevertheless by sheer assiduity and discipline so far captured the smaller things in world-trading as to make Germany one of the richest of the nations.

And there seems to be very little question among our own principal business-men that, had the labour of this peaceful and industrious Germany been permitted to go on without the violent interruption of war, Germany in a few years would have been the richest country in the world.[1]

One of the forces which placed this peaceful Germany in the hand of militaristic Germany, to be used as a tremendous weapon against the world's peace, was that very force here in England which has persistently misled and misguided the opinion of the average person. It was the patriotically honest but internationally ignorant newspapers of this country which finally drove peace-loving Germany into the arms of war-loving Germany. Here in England, working up hatred against Germany by extracts from the writings of men like-minded to themselves in Germany, these newspapers gave to those very men an endless illustration for their chief argument that England's main interest in foreign politics was the destruction of German power. And it does not need very much imagination to understand how such an argument would finally prevail with peace-loving Germany when the geographical situation of that country is considered, and when we reflect that this argument was applied at a time when war was assuming an ever more threatening attitude on both of her chief frontiers.

Those newspapers which have most misled opinion in this country, however patriotic their intention, are only second in responsibility for the anguish and desolation of the war to those evil militarists in Germany who made use of their threats and their warnings to deceive the German democracy.

[1] A remarkable witness to the existence of this peaceful Germany is Mr. F. W. Wile, the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, who for thirteen years lived in Germany, and made many true friends there. Mr. Wile, who is an American, says in his book *The Assault* (Heinemann), that he saw with his own eyes the German people "*literally dragged into the fight against their will, fears, and judgment. I know from their own lips that they considered it a cruelly unnecessary war and did not want it. They craved a continuance of the simple blessings of peace. . . .*"

No one will say that the Germans, speaking generally, are fools. Therefore, when we find the vast majority of Germans asserting that this war has been forced upon them—and they made this particular assertion from the very beginning of the crisis—we must either assume that every German, not being a fool, is a hypocrite, or endeavour to understand what they mean. It is not conceivable that every German is a hypocrite. No man of intelligence would dream of making such a preposterous charge against a whole people.[1] We must, therefore, endeavour to understand what an intelligent and honest German means, a man like Eucken for example, when he asserts that this war has been forced upon his country.

He means that the alliance of Russia and France so threatened his national existence that it was necessary for Germany to strike while her arm was strong and her enemies were not yet ready for their blow. It is a war for him both offensive and defensive. He is not only honest with himself but perfectly logical when he asserts that a war of offence may be a war of defence. And, if we grant his premise that the alliance of Russia, France, and Great Britain was an alliance aimed at the destruction of Germany's national prosperity, we must agree, if we are just men, that this war, which seems to us so palpably a war of German aggression, may very well appear to German eyes as a war of defence.

On July 24, 1914, Professor Hans Delbrück, a minister and a friend of the Kaiser, gave publicity to an "open letter" received from a Russian colleague, Professor Mitrosanoff, which contained the following passage:

> It must not be forgotten that Russian public opinion plays a vastly different rôle than it did a decade ago. It has now grown into a full political force. Animosity towards Germans is in everybody's heart and mouth. Seldom was public opinion more unanimous.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of this menacing letter, Professor Schiemann, the Kaiser's confi-

[1] "I do not think the percentage of hypocrisy much higher in Germany, man for man, than elsewhere in the world."—F. W. Wile (Special Correspondent of the *Daily Mail*) in *The Assault.*

dential adviser on world politics, heaped fresh fuel, as the *Daily Mail* correspondent in Berlin put it, on the anti-Russian fire. He declared:

> We have reason to think that the underlying purpose of President Poincaré's visit to the Tzar was to expand the Triple Entente into a Quadruple Alliance by the inclusion of Roumania against Germany.

"The Bourse closed," telegraphed Mr. Frederick Wile to the *Daily Mail*, "amid undisguised alarm and the wildest fears for what the week-end may bring forth."[1] And let it be known that Mr. Wile has the courage to say: "*I doubt if one man in ten thousand in Germany ever heard of Bernhardi before August 1914.*"

Professor A. F. Pollard has recently explained to us what the Germans mean by saying that this war is a war of defence:

> The combination of offensive strategy with defensive tactics means that you strategically put the enemy in such a position that he is bound to attack or to acquiesce in the certainty of ultimate retreat or surrender. In a sense our command of the sea and the geographical situation of Russia and France put Germany in that position from the start; and that is what she means at bottom by complaining of our pre-war "encircling" policy and insisting that, despite her ultimatum to Russia and France and invasion of Belgium, the Allies were the aggressors: she had to attack, she contends, to defend herself against this nightmare in which Nature has enveloped her. So Charles I went to the scaffold in defence, he said, of his liberty, because he was not allowed to do what he liked.

The point is that even a militaristic German may quite honestly believe that his war of offence is a war of defence. He may dream of great conquests: far off in time he may see his nation the mightiest and the supremely decisive Power of the world: and of these things he may bluster and boast like a coward who sings in the dark to keep his heart up: but much more immediate to the concern even

[1] *The Assault*, by Frederick W. Wile (Heinemann).

of a jingo German in the days before the war were the legions of the Emperor of Russia on one frontier, the unbroken spirit of gallant France on the other, and the matchless Fleet of Great Britain behind the diplomacy of Downing Street.

Those newspapers in England which perpetually drew attention to the utterances of the war party in Germany, and which ever since the war, instead of asking for pardon at the grave of slaughtered youth, have been crying, "We told you so"—as an aid to circulation—not only played a powerful part in bringing the war about, but by their attitude at the beginning of the war flung the whole German democracy into the arms of the war party.

Mr. Branting, the Socialist leader in Sweden, and a very true friend to this country, whose services we shall one day acknowledge with the gratitude they deserve, told me in the spring of the present year (1916) that our supreme mistake has been the cry instantly raised in England at the beginning of the war for the invasion and destruction of Germany. He told me that he receives many letters from his Socialist friends in Germany defending themselves for their alliance with the war lords by quoting these threats of the most violent of our politicians and journalists. "How can we help ourselves," these German Socialists argue, "when England declares that she will invade us and destroy our trade? This is what our Junkers have always told us, and now we see that it is true." Mr. Branting assured me that if we had kept our heads and had issued a manifesto asserting that we had no quarrel with the German people, that we had no thought of destroying German prosperity, that we had no intention of violating German homes, but that our quarrel was solely with the tyrants of German democracy, whom we intended to fight till they surrendered, we might have split the German nation and made it impossible for the war lords to retain their power. But English newspapers, which weakened the peace propaganda of the German Socialists before the war, at the very outbreak of war entirely destroyed the enormous power of German

social democracy by driving it straight into the arms of the war party. Instead of fighting a war machine, therefore, we have had to fight a highly intelligent, completely disciplined, and wholly united nation, stung with rage and fury by the conviction that England had deceived them.[1]

While these newspapers in England were triumphantly crying, "We told you so!" the war party in Germany were using the same taunt to the German Socialists. They, too, had warned: they, too, had preached; and here was the proof of all their warnings. England had wanted this war, England had prepared (diplomatically) for this war. With Russia and France to fight with her and for her, she, the arch-enemy, was all the time putting forth her right arm to destroy the prosperity of a Power which had dared to rival her in commercial greatness. "*We told you so!*"

The German Kaiser is neither a fool nor a hypocrite. He is unstable, emotional, and easily subject to fears and suspicions; but he is not a fool and he is not a hypocrite. This German Kaiser, who probably strove for peace, and who went against the war party in his country again and again, even to the peril of his place, was intellectually converted to the views of the war party in the summer of 1913. Something occurred to convince him that the war party was right and that the peace party was wrong. From that moment, ridden by a greater fear than the fear of China's millions, which had formerly oppressed

[1] "The Germans have been taught to regard poor Sir Edward Grey in a light so ludicrously wide of the truth that we can hardly believe any one seriously accepts it. But the legend is repeated too naïvely to leave any doubt that it is firmly and honestly believed. The credulity of an ignorant people, bred to accept authority unquestioningly, seems to have no bounds. To them our Foreign Secretary is the very figure of evil personified. He is a dark, scheming, powerful personage, equally unscrupulous and astute, the Mephistopheles of diplomacy; he controls the policy of the United Kingdom, leads the other Allied Powers by the nose, and lives only for the destruction of Germany. Such is the picture sketched by authority, filled in by industrious pamphleteers, obediently reproduced by the newspapers, and implicitly accepted by the people."—Dr. A. Shadwell in the *Hibbert Journal*.

his mind for a number of years, this impulsive and haunted man waited and watched for his opportunity to strike. When he struck he believed in his soul of souls that he was striking for the security of his country against the menace of Russia and France, and the ultimate menace of Great Britain. His conversion, which we shall examine at greater length in the history of its period, may be taken as typical of that far more fatal conversion of the average German Socialist to the gospel of the war party. The going over of the Kaiser to the war party was the conversion of an individual German to the idea that the Entente was not to be trusted, and that in swift and violent offence lay the only remedy against slow and merciless destruction.

Let the reader, before he begins a study of this history, reflect upon the records of those English newspapers from which the average Englishman takes his easy opinions, and on whose testimony the average Englishman relies for the historical truth of all events, even events of the very greatest national importance.

At the outbreak of war we were threatened by labour strikes which seemed as if they would paralyse our power to fight. The miners, the engineers, and the railwaymen appeared to consider their grievances of more importance than the issue of this tremendous struggle, not only for liberty but for the future character of civilization. We were confronted by such a spectacle as I suppose the world has never before witnessed, the spectacle of free men refusing to lend their essential aid to a struggle with hateful tyranny, and, while that tyranny triumphed over a neighbour democracy, and even threatened to destroy their own sons and their own brothers, standing out for a matter of a few pence in wages.

Later we were confronted by another spectacle, not so serious, not so inconceivable, but in many ways sad, and surely as symptomatic as the other of grave trouble in the national life. We were confronted by the spectacle of young men holding back from enlistment in the fighting

forces of their country, when that country not only offered them an infinitely higher recompense than the soldiers of Germany receive who fight for a tyranny, but called them in tones of urgency.

Now, what was the attitude of the popular newspapers in England to these appalling phenomena? It was one of indignation and scorn. They would have shot strike leaders right and left; they would have conscripted labour; and they would have set up martial law. That is to say, they would have attempted to Prussianize the democracy of Great Britain. But it was these very newspapers which more than any other influence in English life had brought about this tragic condition in the minds of labour. It is unthinkable that labour would have behaved as it did behave in those hours of severe trial if it had been an instructed, a prosperous, and a contented labour. But every effort of the Liberal party to improve the mind and the lot of democracy has been opposed by these very newspapers. The Liberal party, not very intelligently perhaps, but at least earnestly and eagerly, has struggled for ten or twelve years to make our democracy an efficient, educated, healthy, and contented democracy. But every effort made in this direction by the Liberals has been opposed by that party whose newspapers are the chiefest evidence in our midst of what Matthew Arnold called with righteous contempt "the English middle-class mind."

The control of the liquor traffic was opposed by these newspapers. Housing reform was opposed by these newspapers. Educational reform was opposed by these newspapers. The insurance act and old-age pensions were opposed by these newspapers. Every effort which the Liberal party made to beautify the hideous conditions under which the working-classes live; every effort to add to the comfort and well-being of these dim millions; every effort to save them from ignorance and temptation; every effort to strengthen them in body, mind, and soul; every effort to spread contentment and prosperity among those who are at once the chief source of our wealth, the greatest contributors to our national revenue, and the final defence

of this country against its enemies—was opposed with the utmost violence, bitterness, and political dishonesty by these same newspapers.

And when labour rebelled in an hour of crisis, the remedy of these newspapers was neither argument nor appeal, but the Prussian argument of force.

Is it safe for a man to take his opinions from such a source? Will it be safe for him to place his political conscience in such hands as these when, after the war, we set about the perilous work of reconstructing the ruins of European civilization? Already these same newspapers, even with the awful lesson of this war still being written in letters of blood before their very eyes, are making violent war upon one who raises his voice to warn us to prepare for a new and spiritual struggle in the days of peace. The story of Lord Haldane will be an essential part of this history, for he is indeed the chief protagonist in this particular aspect of the world drama; but it is wise to ask ourselves at the present point what must be the mental condition of those newspapers in England which assail as if he were the very lowest of his species a man of whom Lord French has said that this country owes him an immeasurable debt of gratitude, and who was entrusted by so wise a sovereign as Edward the Seventh, whose confidence he enjoyed more than any other contemporary minister, with the most difficult of all offices, and with schemes which were perhaps nearest of all to the heart of that lovable and far-sighted King.

I take the abuse of Lord Haldane by these newspapers to be the most serious and the most disquieting symptom of our national unintelligence. I cannot conceive of it being possible in any other European country that a statesman so wise and so distinguished, a man who more than any other man in this nation prepared the weapon which broke the purpose of Germany at the very outset, and who has laboured with such eminent distinction in other directions for the greatness of his country, should be so scandalously and so disgracefully attacked by popular newspapers. The abuse of a few journalists is a small thing; but the acceptance of this abuse by so many of the

more or less educated classes of this country, who allow these newspapers to think for them and to decide for them, is, as I say, a most serious and disquieting symptom of our national unintelligence.

The friend and trusted adviser of Edward the Seventh, a Lord Chancellor, a great minister of state, a philosopher of distinction, a great scholar, and a publicist of world-wide reputation, is allowed by the so-called educated people of this country to be treated as if he deserved hanging for treason, to be treated as if he were a veritable Judas, treated publicly, continuously, and brutally in this manner by a few journalists; whose names are utterly unknown outside the back streets of the Press.

What a sad moral and intellectual state must a country be in where such a thing can happen as the driving out of office by a pack of such journalists, even in the very midst of his greatest triumph, of a man whose preparations for war saved the French coasts from invasion, enabled France to complete her preparations, and provided this country with resources capable of raising immense armies of volunteer soldiers. Lord French, who says that the British Army of August 1914 was the finest army that ever the sun shone upon, describes Lord Haldane as "that great and distinguished statesman." Wherever I went in Scandinavia and Russia I found it agreed that the glorious and immortal British Army of August 1914 had saved the world. Sir Alfred Keogh, whose administration of the Royal Army Medical Corps is one of the greatest triumphs of organization in this tremendous war, attributes everything he has been able to accomplish to the sympathy and enthusiasm of Lord Haldane, saying "it was not until the advent of Lord Haldane that the triumph of Army Sanitation was complete." But all this makes no difference whatever to the journalists who have received their instructions to abuse, vilify, and destroy Lord Haldane. The placards are printed, the facts are garbled, the headlines are prepared, the violent leading articles are written, and the vulgarians of England are hypnotized to believe that this "great and distinguished statesman," who, if any one man may be said

to have saved Europe from the curse of Prussian domination, saved the situation in the only days of real and actual peril, is a German-hearted traitor whose very presence in this country is an offence and a menace! Lord Haldane rises to speak in the House of Lords on the question of education, and he is at once challenged by a duke to clear himself of charges formulated by irresponsible journalists[1]; and that same week the whole country—this modern England of ours, this England of the twentieth century—is placarded with bills bearing the legend "Watch Haldane." At the beginning of the crisis in 1914 the placards of this same journal (posted all over the country from one end to the other) bore a very different legend. In those days the legend was not "Watch Haldane," but "To Hell with Serbia."

It is not a good excuse for the average person to allege that he has no time to go into these questions. He ought to have neither the time nor the disposition to read disgraceful newspapers. And the very existence of such newspapers, which could hardly live in an educated community, but which flourish exceedingly in this, is in itself a sufficient condemnation of the average person. At the door of the average person, who buys, reads, and permits himself to be misled by these ignorant newspapers, lies the guilt of all those things which make us inefficient, insular, and stupid. Instead of being on the side of progress, the average vulgar person in this country is on the side of darkness and retrogression.

The average vulgarian is often extremely good-natured, and, in his own sphere, he may be capable, even intelligent; but he is deficient in ideas, he allows his prejudices to ride him, and he not merely expresses loose opinions, but often acts upon those loose opinions in matters outside his own responsible sphere of activity. He upbraids the Liberals for not averting war by adopting

[1] "The rudeness of the rebuke to Lord Haldane when, after a long silence, he rose in the upper chamber of the British Parliament to speak on a subject, educational reform, upon which he is a recognized authority throughout the world, will arouse sympathy with him in other countries besides his own."—*New York Times.*

those very measures which he never ceases to condemn in the Germans. He denounces the war-makers of Germany as righteously and scornfully as he frustrated the work of those in this country who were labouring for peace. He damns the working-classes of this country for their lack of discipline and sees in the discipline of the German people nothing but the cowardice of the slave. He is for ever invoking the law and condemning violence, but encouraged Ulster to arm itself, even from Germany, against the law of his own land. He praises the loyalty of South Africa, to whom he would have denied self-government, and expresses horror when Ireland, from whom he has so far succeeded in withholding self-government, grows mutinous.[1] He chastises the German Chancellor for describing a solemn treaty as a scrap of paper, but calls upon an Irish minority to tear up an Act of Parliament. At one moment he cries for Lord Kitchener to save the country, and at the next would have him shot for incompetence. He decries the War Office, the Air Service, and the Government in a manner which gravely troubles our allies and very powerfully encourages our enemies, and in the same breath calls for a propaganda in foreign countries to show that England is playing her full part in the struggle. He believes the working classes to be drunken, idle, dishonest, and without any sense of patriotism, and would prevent Lord Haldane from improving our system of education. He does not think our educational system can stand in need of improvement, because, as one nobleman actually argued in the House of Lords, Englishmen have fought bravely and shrewdly on the field of battle. He declares with an absolute conviction that the Englishman is in every way the superior of the German, but would raise a tariff wall against the invasion of the English market by German trade. He hails a labour politician from Australia as a heaven-sent genius, but could not hang quick enough the "agitator" in his own country. He covered with calumny and abuse the venerable minister of religion who declared at the beginning of the war that soldiers were drugged by

[1] See Appendix, Note B.

women of the street; but raised a cry for the suppression of the illegal traffic in cocaine when the mischief had been done. He accepted the night-club and the music-hall lounge as necessary evils, till they interfered with the physical fitness of men he was paying to fight for him. Everything evil is to him a necessary evil until it touches his safety or his pocket. He is entirely ignorant of literature, of art, of science, of nature, and of other nations; he has no feeling for beauty and no reverence for holiness; he lives in a villa which is a degradation of architecture, surrounded by furniture which is a crime against æstheticism, and he is so entirely self-satisfied with his way of dressing, eating, behaving, and bringing up his family that everybody else whose life is conducted on other principles appears in his eyes as an impostor, a poseur, or a crank. And because his son does not run away on the battlefield he believes that this son is perfectly equipped for all the exigencies of modern life.

It is the existence of this self-satisfied and second-rate Englishman, the vulgarian of the nation, who is to be found in all classes of the community, the highest and the lowest, which most seriously threatens the development of our national greatness. But for the silent influence of the English Sahib, that cultivated, just, honourable, and modest-minded man, perhaps the finest, as he is certainly the most agreeable specimen of the human race—but for this influence, and the earnestness of the Labour party, and the enthusiasm for moral reforms which characterizes the women's movement, a man who knows the intellectual condition of this country might almost be tempted to feel in despair of its future. For in spite of the magnificent qualities of English character—qualities acquired in centuries of tremendous earnestness and noble simplicity, qualities which manifest themselves in great emergencies and which will never be lacking even in the meanest and most ignorant of us when there is a call for courage and endurance—it must be agreed by every one who has studied the literature, the drama, the music, the politics, the morals, and the manners of this

period, that as a nation we are inferior to the enormous needs of the age in which destiny has called upon us to play a deciding part. Even this great war has failed to make the whole nation sober, serious, and unselfish. There is still an element in our midst not merely light and frivolous, but arrogantly selfish and unashamedly ignorant.

Nevertheless, so fine and splendid are many of our qualities that if we can bring ourselves to see, as the best of our nation have seen from the first, the true and enduring character of this terrific struggle with the Central Powers, we shall at least have the heart and will for the critical duty which even now is laid upon us—the duty of rebuilding what war is every day destroying here in uninvaded England, even as in the invaded territories of France, Poland, Serbia, and Belgium, namely, the moral structure of civilization. And if once we can but get back the heart and the will for that great task, the talent will swiftly follow. No nation is composed of greater stuff.[1]

This war is a moral struggle. For all students of history and philosophy it is only an episode in the eternal conflict between those two vast spiritual powers in the world which we call ignorance and knowledge, evil and good, hate and love. It is the flaming up of a volcano whose concealed and slumbering fires have been fed by the thoughts, words, and actions of mankind for all the generations of the world. We of the present generation, with a long and disastrous history to warn us and teach us, and in whose will it actually lay to weaken and damp and destroy those infernal fires, are of all generations the most guilty. It is our generation which has most violently fed the volcano. We might have left the ancient fires to smoulder out, but instead we flung to the invisible demons of hate, slaughter, and death every thought and word which were most certain to bring calamity upon our children. And now, while our

[1] See Appendix, Note C.

children fight for us, suffer for us, bleed for us, and die for us, the German sings his Hymn of Hate, and the Englishman calls his conference for the destruction of German trade. Not yet have we learned the greatest lesson of this war.

From the economic point of view, this war may rightfully be called a struggle between England and Germany—"between these two Empires, both the descendants of the war-god Odin, and yet, *because* of that, doomed to this great conflict" (Cramb). But there is a greater God than Odin, One whose purpose a nobler German than Treitschke strove to follow in the mysterious advance of humanity towards truth, beauty, and goodness: there is the God of Love. And he who looks below the surface of things, and who knows that industrialism and money-profits and swelling revenues and imperial grandeur *cannot* be the aim and purpose of the Absolute, will surely see that this is a struggle—a struggle to the very death—between the Spirit of Good and the Spirit of Evil. And studying with awe and reverence the physical appearances of this colossal warfare, he will not say glibly that it is a fight between England and Germany for the trade dominion of the world, but rather a struggle between the Russian Christ and the Prussian Satan.

Englishmen, I think, have hardly yet begun to realize that of all the nations of the earth Russia alone has preserved *the secret of Christ.* Latin nations have endeavoured to preserve the forms and discipline of religion: Protestant nations have magnificently striven for the ethic of religion: but Russia alone has guarded and preserved the sacred flame of Christ's simplicity, Christ's unique contribution to the human race. Russia believes before everything else that God is Love. This is not a mere phrase with her. It is the burning centre of her existence. And, believing that God is Love, she believes that all men are destined to become the children of God, that all the nations and races of the earth will one day be a brotherhood of love. Her teaching is not *Do this*; but *Love.* She is so consumed by the joy, beauty, and

satisfaction of love that she pays little heed to morality. If a man love God, he will be good. To try to be good without this love is to attain something that is poor, something that may be even hard and repelling. But *love*, pursue the idea of love, think of love, dream of love, hunger and thirst after love, drown the soul in the thought of absolute love, and to behave meanly or basely will be impossible.

Bernhardi says that the meaning of "Germany" is strife and war. "He is a fool," said Frederick the Great, "and that nation is a fool, who having the power to strike his enemies unawares, does not strike and strike his deadliest." What does England answer to this satanic creed? Lord Roberts said: "Germany strikes when Germany's hour has struck. . . . It is an excellent policy. It is or should be the policy of every nation prepared to play a great part in history." What does Satan say?—"All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." And what does Russia say?—"Tzargrad (Constantinople) cannot be separated from the idea of the Kingdom of God."

Russia, who has fought more wars for the liberation of little peoples than any other Power, Russia who alone has stood up against the Turkish oppressors of humble Christian races, Russia who established Bulgaria, who withstood Napoleonism, and who refused to see Serbia humiliated—this great Russia, once herself the most oppressed and persecuted of little peoples, has ever striven to proclaim from Constantinople (Tzargrad—the Town of Towns) the hegemony of God's children and the peace of the world.[1]

Compare the satanic boastfulness of Bernhardi with the Christlike longing of a great Russian, Prince Trubetzkoy. The Prince says:

> Humanity united by the Spirit of God in one whole, and in this form become like God—this is the highest expression of God's project for the world, and this is what must eventually reign in the world. . . .

[1] "She is entitled to the gratitude of the world" (Professor Morfill, of Oxford).

But as yet humanity is torn in pieces; it is not one humanity. Nation fights against nation; even their faiths are at war. Restoration of the broken whole of humanity and so of all creation—for this burn the hearts of those who have seen the Spirit. . . .

Constantine saw that heathen Rome had power over the nations in its own name. His wish was that his town should have as the foundation of its power the union of the nations in the name of Christ. . . . With its position in the centre of the highways of the nations, "Sophia" means just what should unite all nations and serve as the beginning of their united kingdom. . . . How then did St. Sophia fall into Turkish hands? . . . By the fact that the Christian Empire lost its essential spirituality, and the real "Sophia" lives no longer in Christian souls. The material loss of the Temple to the Turks was only the symbol of the ideal spiritual loss. . . .

Only as the general liberator of the small nations and as their helper can Russia get Constantinople and the Straits. This act can only be thought of as the last stage in the liberation of the peoples. Only in the name of this universal liberation has Russia the right to be crowned with the crown of Tzargrad. . . . For this purpose she must get the victory over her own national egoism, and find in herself a spiritual power higher than that of the nations whom she is fighting. . . .

"Sophia" is the image of God in the individual and in humanity. He who has the image in his soul, who sees it in every individual and nation, cannot bear any lessening of human dignity. All injustice to humanity rouses wrath in the heart of him who in devotion understands "Sophia." If Russia is willing to suffer for this and is ready for great deeds, it shows that she has raised the altar to "Sophia" in her soul. . . . Sooner or later we will hear this song (*Christ is risen*) in the Temple

itself. St. Sophia herself, who lives in the soul of the people, will lead thither the Russian Army. Then the hymn of the Holy Resurrection will announce the great day of the liberation of nations.[1]

Englishmen, I venture to think, do not yet begin to realize how great is that event to which we are now approaching—the Russian occupation of Constantinople. It means nothing short of a new epoch in human history. It means a new world. And we are called upon, more than any other nation, by Russia herself, to help in establishing these new foundations of the Christian kingdom. Are we ready? Are we prepared in mind, in heart, and soul? It will be for us at one end of Europe, as M. Sazonoff told me, holding the seas of the world, and for Russia at the other end of Europe, with a hundred million peasants living on the soil, first to get upon our feet from the economic ruins of war; and it will be for us, with our moral earnestness, and for Russia, with her spiritual vision, to proclaim with one voice to all the nations of the earth, Germany included, the end of hate, greed, and cruel war. Never to any nation came so great an opportunity as now comes, swiftly and appealingly, to the people of the British Empire.

It was said to me not long ago by one of the Coalition ministers, a Unionist, that *the supreme issue of the war is the repentance of Germany.* This profound saying is at the very root of a rightful understanding of the whole matter. Even if we destroy the armies of the Central Powers, and invade their territories, and impose our own terms upon them, the true victory of our forces, the true compensation for all our sufferings and bitter loss, will still be to seek. The only victory which can make this awful struggle of physical force glorious in the eyes of our children is the victory which achieves a repentant Germany. We are not fighting to wreak vengeance, or to take territory, or to wring an indemnity from a beaten foe, but to destroy the evil in Germany and to release the good. We are not fighting

[1] Prince Eugene Trubetzkoy in *The Re-Awakening of Russia*, by Professor J. Y. Simpson (Constable).

to leave the world as we found it, but to leave it purged of the possibility of murderous war. And we can only hope to reach this consummation by repenting in ourselves of all those dispositions within our souls which make for darkness, ignorance, evil, and hate, and encouraging within ourselves all those dispositions of the soul which make for light, knowledge, goodness, and love. It is for us a moral and spiritual obligation to do everything in our power to help Germany to throw off the modern madness of her Prussian violence and to restore her to that old and noble condition of idealism which was once her glory and the blessing of mankind.

A study of the political history which culminated in this world war of 1914 should help us at least to acquire the temper in which alone we can hope to approach this spiritual warfare with any confidence of victory.

Germany, said Matthew Arnold, is a nation which has never truly lived. And Mommsen exclaimed in 1903, "We are no longer free citizens." Unhappy a people of whom its own poets and philosophers have said bitterer things than its enemies. Since 1870, as Lord Haldane once said, France has had her revenge. Germany has absorbed not what is finest in the Gallic spirit, but what is lowest. Germany has degenerated without the fineness of the French spirit to keep her strong ; and with a highly emotional nature which has always exposed her to delusions, she has fallen from frugality and power to luxury and weakness. One of her historians in America said before 1914 that it was *generally recognized* in Germany that in the event of a war, successful or unsuccessful, Germany would become a republic.[1]

[1] Of all nations Germany is the least democratic and the most snobbish. In spite of its reverence for culture, the professor in Germany is not admitted on terms of equality into Junker society. Readers of *Werther* will remember the scene in which the hero is dismissed from a drawing-room on account of his birth, and how he very nearly "ripped up his heart" in consequence. The same gulf still exists between the landowning class and the professors of culture. In Russia, on the other hand, the most eminent professor, perhaps the first thinker in that Empire, is a Prince—Eugene Trubetzkoy.

Before we proceed to a study of that history, let me venture to insist upon the vital importance of right thinking. Truth is of the very essence of morality. A man who gets drunk may be a more disgusting object than his wrong-thinking neighbour, but he is not so dangerous to the State. It is an immoral act to accept as a true thing that which we have not examined with our reason, and it is a highly immoral act to advance as true, seeking sympathy for it and converts to it, any opinion or idea of whose truth we are not entirely and rationally convinced. Vice is a sin against the body, loose thinking is a sin against reason. God is not only Beauty and Goodness, He is also Truth. We oppose the Divine Will when we engage ourselves in the spiritual kingdom of opinion on the side of ideas which are not true ideas. Life, whatever its origin or purpose, is development. We move and we change and we become. If we are not moving away from ignorance, if we are not changing our garments of prejudice, and if we are not becoming every day more right and more true, we are a hindrance to the function of life, and we may be guilty of great sin. It is our bounden duty, at whatever cost in social convenience or in popularity or in riches, to place ourselves absolutely on the side of truth in the moral conflict of the world. Only when we deeply convince ourselves that truth is of twin importance with goodness, only when we feel ourselves as profoundly ashamed of holding a false opinion as of doing a disgraceful act, only when we are conscious in ourselves of a hunger and thirst for unerring accuracy of thought and will and desire, only then can we call ourselves rational and moral beings.

"Knowledge," says Mr. Clutton-Brock in *The Ultimate Belief*, "is always a means to an end, and that end the truth; so that without the desire for the truth it is like the technique of an art used for some purpose not artistic, such as money-making—and the result, in both cases, is nonsense." The Germans, he says, could not be so docile in their beliefs "if they had not been trained to believe what is convenient rather than what is true." Romain Rolland has said that of all the shortcomings of Prussian Imperial-

ism, the worst and the vilest is to have concealed its crimes from its people, "for by depriving them of the means of protesting against those crimes it has involved them for ever in the responsibility; it has abused their magnificent devotion. . . . One cannot pardon those whose duty it is to seek truth in the midst of error, and to know the value of interested witnesses and passionate hallucinations."

EDWARD THE SEVENTH AS STATESMAN

You have said that the strength of North Germany lay in this, that the idea of science governed every department of human activity there. You, my dear friend, live in a country where at present the idea of clap-trap governs every department of human activity. Great events are happening in the world, and Mr. Goldwin Smith tells you that "England will be compelled to speak at last." It would be truly sad if, when she does speak, she should talk nonsense. To prevent such a disaster, I will give you this piece of advice, with which I take my leave: "Get Geist" (*intelligence*).

Friendship's Garland

CHAPTER I

EDWARD THE SEVENTH AS STATESMAN

I HAVE heard Sir Sidney Lee's well-known article on King Edward the Seventh, which appeared in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, criticized by a man who lived for a great number of years in close intimacy with King Edward, and who certainly knew him both as sovereign and individual far better than any of the King's biographers.

With the help of this criticism, it is possible to form from Sir Sidney Lee's article, which is otherwise, I think, very misleading, an extremely clear notion of King Edward's personality, and also to gather a distinct idea as to the part he played in the politics of his period. And since the notions gained in this manner agree in substance with the opinions of other men of my acquaintance who enjoyed the King's friendship, and since they are also, on the whole, in agreement with Lord Esher's published essay on *The Influence of King Edward*, I feel myself justified in the assumption that the following estimate of *le roi charmeur*, to use Lord Rosebery's phrase, is one which the future historian will confirm.

King Edward was a most amiable type of the educated man of the world. He had very few prejudices, was averse from anything in the nature of fanaticism, and took a generous pleasure in being kind and charming. He was not a learned man, he had no intense feeling for beauty in art, and he had little enthusiasm for the literature of those languages which he spoke so

admirably well. But it is not true, as Sir Sidney Lee would have us think, that "apart from newspapers he practically read nothing in mature years," and absolutely untrue that "his natural buoyancy of disposition and his numerous social pleasures and interests outside the political sphere effectually counteracted the depressing influence of public affairs." The King was a conscientious king, and from the hour of his accession to the day of his death made it a solemn part of his duty to follow public affairs with sympathy and intelligence; and he certainly laboured hard within the limits of his constitutional office for what he earnestly and truly believed to be the welfare of his people and the good of the whole world.

He was one of the best conversationalists in Europe, thanks to a well-ordered memory and very remarkable powers of intuition. "In his presence," says Lord Esher, "much of the ordinary kind of knowledge, mere information, was apt to drop into unimportance. The things he knew seemed majestic and significant, and common learning appeared a mere accomplishment. Lord Beaconsfield had noticed much the same quality in the talk of Queen Victoria." King Edward, this authority insists, was "beyond all question in the category of the great." Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that in him were many elements of greatness, and wiser to insist on the attractive nature of his remarkable personality.

Lord Esher does not tell his reader anything about the King's humour—his persiflage, his wit, his love of chaff. But this roistering side to his nature, so reminiscent of Henry VIII, was an essential quality in the King's character. In the days of his youth it could be a little unkind, almost cruel, but as he advanced in life it became nothing more than the spontaneous good-humour of a thoroughly frank and cordial nature. I have heard numerous stories illustrating the quickness of his wit and the playfulness of his humour. Very often he would employ chaff to put his ministers in a good mood, and sometimes a neat *mot* of the King was a check to bumptious people in society. He loved to surround himself

with witty people who could see a joke quickly and who could tell amusing stories without tediousness.[1]

The King's shortcomings were neither numerous nor grave. His virtues were many and great. He loved to make people happy, and was perfectly at his ease with all sorts and conditions of men. He had great sympathy with pain and suffering. He wanted to improve the bad conditions of human life. And he had an almost unerring instinct for the right remedy. He saw the heart of a problem when abler men were still fumbling with the circumference. He broke through the official difficulties of diplomacy and got as soon as possible into human contact with the lives of men and women behind diplomacy. He believed in settling problems over a dinner-table, and was for ever trying to get quarrelsome people away from the cold region of controversy into the warmer and more generous atmosphere of hospitality. He had a singular genius for persuading enemies to see the good in each other. He had an immense store of natural courage, and would face the most difficult and unpleasant situation with so fine a grace and so winning a charm that one might have thought he courted the ordeal for a display of his skill. Nothing ever daunted him. He had unbounded faith in the common sense and the good-nature of humanity. He believed that with time and tact every problem in politics and diplomacy could be solved by honest men who sincerely sought, not for their own ends, but for the peace and happiness of mankind. There was nothing in his nature mean or narrow, and to a very considerable degree he had an international mind.

There were three chief political enthusiasms in the

[1] The King was very particular about clothes, and it amused him that his two organizers of defence, Lord Fisher and Lord Haldane, were notoriously indifferent to such matters. Lord Fisher has told me how the King once insisted that he should buy himself a tweed suit for visits to country houses, mercilessly chaffing him about the old blue serge suit in which he always made his appearance. Lord Haldane once arrived at a country house in a brown felt hat of suitable shape and quality, but of a somewhat pronounced antiquity. "Ah!" cried the King to the people surrounding him, "here he comes, wearing the hat bequeathed to him by Goethe!"

King's life—housing reform, education, and peace. These three enthusiasms, if we think about them, are at the very foundation of social welfare. The genius of the King carried him straight to the essentials of progress and reform. He knew that men and women, housed as the vast majority of people are housed in these islands, could not be a happy, healthy, or contented people. He knew, too, that with all its splendid qualities, English democracy is the worst educated of the chief European democracies; and he saw that ignorance and stupidity are this nation's greatest enemies. He knew, also, that if the fires of national animosities were fanned by politicians and journalists, Europe must burst into flame.

King Edward sought with real earnestness to encourage housing reform, to improve our whole system of national education, and to bring the nations of the world into friendly harmony. He was seriously and deeply interested in these three things, the last of them gaining a final ascendancy in his mind. If he had enjoyed greater political power, and if he had lived a few years longer, it is quite possible that the great scheme of national education, which was the dream of Lord Haldane and which took tentative shape in the Budget of 1914, would now be in operation.

It is a mistake to suppose that King Edward brought about the *entente* with France, but a far greater mistake to suppose that he endeavoured to direct that understanding at the heart of Germany. All his serious biographers are agreed, and all his friends whom I have consulted concur in this, that the King merely added the grace of his personality to the diplomacy of his ministers, both Unionist and Liberal, who were seeking for a better understanding with France. He did not initiate this movement, but he lent it the very powerful aid of his personal influence. And it is more or less accepted by most men who had anything to do with foreign politics during this period that the King's influence, the mere charm and urbanity of the man, very substantially minimized the difficulties of the diplomatists.

When the King went to Reval in June 1908, it was not

to draw Russia into an anti-German alliance, as some people supposed, but merely to heal, by his friendship and affection, the very natural soreness which certain people in Russia felt at Britain's attitude during the war with Japan. It was characteristic of his grace and tact that he refused to let the Navy send with the royal yacht an imposing escort; he did not want to dazzle but to soothe Russia. He was followed by only two small cruisers—two small cruisers, however, which drew deeper water than could be found in the Kiel Canal, through which he had to pass, so that two other cruisers had to wait for him off Kiel, where Prince Henry of Prussia represented the Kaiser; but that was a stroke of the Admiralty: the King knew nothing about it. One who journeyed with the King, and who was present at the first luncheon-party at Reval, tells me that he will never forget the gloom and restraint of the proceedings during the meal itself, nor how all this gloom and restraint gradually gave way before the infinitely patient tact of the King's manner and the irresistible charm of the King's personality. The function, which began so awkwardly, ended in an arm-and-arm walk of the two sovereigns on a beflagged deck, with the cheers of a vast multitude gathered about the harbour ringing in their ears.

The object of the King in going to Russia was exactly the same object which had taken him to Paris and also to Cronberg and to Ischl. It was the peace of the world. He sought by his presence and his friendship to strengthen the efforts of his ministers, who were likewise seeking the peace of the world. If he went to Paris with this purpose, he went with no other purpose to the German Emperor at Cronberg and to the Austrian Emperor at Ischl. He desired to show these monarchs by the courtesy of a visit, and by his warm friendliness during these visits, that he was on the side of his ministers in seeking the world's peace. To think that he initiated any diplomatic ventures is absurd, but to suppose that his visits were without serious and noble purpose is also absurd. It was the King's faith that as good an understanding could be reached by fairness, patience, and tact with

Germany and with Austria as with Russia and with France.

Lord Esher has stated the King's attitude towards Germany in the clearest possible language:

> The absurd Press campaigns in Great Britain and in Germany, carried on by men with honest and patriotic intentions, but ignorant and misguided, saddened and annoyed him. He disliked exaggeration and detested mischief-making. His mind was singularly free from insular prejudice. He never yielded for a moment to the feeling of panic, and was unmoved by the loud-toned declamation of those who read nothing but sinister menaces in the legitimate strengthening of their armaments by the Great Powers of the world. On the other hand, no one was more determined than he that no stone should be left unturned to render the defensive forces of his own country powerful and efficient, for he was aware that the immunity of the British Empire from attack is the greatest safeguard of that European Peace which was the main preoccupation of his later years.
>
> King Edward was far too shrewd, his knowledge was too profound, and his appreciation of the conditions of European commercial rivalry too keen, not to realize fully the true meaning of the efforts of the German Kaiser and the German people to strengthen the German Fleet, and to broaden the scope of German colonial enterprise. He was acquainted with eminent business men of all nationalities, and he was intimately conscious of the novel conditions of that international commercial struggle for the open markets of the world which was slowly but surely taking the place of the somewhat aimless national rivalries of the years immediately following the making of the German Empire and the kingdom of Italy. . . .
>
> No one could be long in the vicinity of King Edward without discovering that he liked Germany and the German people. No one could have watched the King and the Kaiser together without noticing

that the two men, in spite of difference in temperament and divergence of ideals, bore a curious likeness to each other, that blood is thicker than water, and that not only mutual respect, but real admiration underlay their intercourse.

There are some who recall that in January 1910 the King mentioned with grave emotion that he had written warmly to the Emperor on his birthday, expressing a strong wish that Germany and England should always work together in the interests of European Peace, which acting together they can always ensure.[1]

Lord Esher makes it perfectly plain that the ambition of Edward the Seventh was to bring Germany into the Entente of France, Russia, and Great Britain. "With this policy, liberal, progressive, and yet eminently conservative, and noble because of its pacific tendencies, its unselfish aspects, and its aspirations for the future of mankind, must ever be connected the name of King Edward VII of Great Britain and Ireland, who presided, if not over its inception, over its partial triumph."

The popular idea that King Edward was a political strategist who sought to isolate Germany and ring her round with enemies is as false and monstrous as the idea which Sir Sidney Lee would seem to suggest, that the King loved his pleasures and his ease too well to be bothered by the business of a tiresome world. He was above everything else a conscientious king, an intelligent king, and a serious king.

Not only were the Privy Councillors and citizens of London, who were present in the Banqueting Hall of St. James's Palace on January 23, 1902, moved to admiration by the noble words—written by the King's own unguided hand—in which he announced his determination, so long as there was breath in his body, to work for the good and amelioration of his people, but those who stood nearer to him still, and were for the succeeding days in close touch with

[1] *The Influence of King Edward*, by Viscount Esher, pp. 54–56. (John Murray.)

> the labours of State as they accumulated hour by hour at Marlborough House, realized immediately that in Edward VII the country had come into possession of a great monarch.
>
> So far from his previous life, with its want of concentrated energy, with its so-called frivolities, and with what men, always prejudiced and sometimes insincere, call its ceremonial inanities, proving an obstacle to kingship, the sheer humanity of it had left him unscathed of soul and most extraordinarily well equipped for dealing with the gravest problem with which a sovereign has to deal, that is to say, the eternal problem of making good use of the average man. Few have equalled, and certainly no one has ever surpassed, King Edward in handling, not dexterously, because the word implies overconsciousness, but with grace past understanding, his fellowmen.[1]

To say, or to hint, that he did not take his kingship seriously, that he did not strive with genuine earnestness to fulfil his vow of working for his people "so long as there was breath in his body," is to traduce the memory of a most lovable, kind-hearted, and gracious king. He worked industriously and with real sympathy to fulfil his vow, to serve his people, and to leave the world as his chief legacy the hope of European Peace.

"No one," says Lord Esher, and the fact is notorious, "could be long in the vicinity of King Edward without discovering that he liked Germany and the German people." What was it, let us inquire, that he saw as likeable and attractive in Germany and the German people.

If he had been a philosopher or an ardent enthusiast of music, we could easily understand why he should like Germany and the German people. But since he lived his life outside the borders of culture, we must conclude that he saw in German people something that was quite simply and humanly likeable, and found in Germany something that rested and refreshed his mind. This would not seem to any travelled Englishman an astonishing or a remark-

[1] *The Influence of King Edward*, pp. 40, 41.

able thing, if the horror of war had not made us think of Germany with repugnance and of the Germans with disgust. Other English people besides King Edward have liked Germany and the German people. Every year a host of refined people from this country have gone to Germany in search of something that was lacking here, and have returned with pleasantest memories of the German people.[1] Before the war no man would have been upbraided, even by the most ignorant of our newspapers, for calling Germany his spiritual home. Germany, it may be said, is the spiritual home of every philosopher and every idealist.

King Edward saw the good in Germans as well as the bad. He loved their well-ordered cities and towns, their simple habits of life, their notable efficiency, and their respect for refinement, learning, and authority. He disliked their touchiness, their swagger, and their boastfulness. The scaremongering journalist in Germany was as obnoxious to his mind as the scaremongering and equally vulgar journalist on the Thames. And he detested the self-sufficiency and the rather insolent vanity of the German jingo.

But the King was a far-seeing and shrewd man of the world. He knew that it was impossible to repress a highly intelligent people numbering between sixty and seventy millions. Moreover, he was wise enough and tolerant enough to believe that contact with a nation so efficient, industrious, and disciplined would be for the good of other peoples. His policy, having seen the *entente* of his own country with its ancient enemies, Russia and France (concerning whom our jingo Press had quite recently been uttering the most ferocious hatred and scorn), was to persuade Germany, thus isolated and imperilled, to make a fourth party in this grand alliance of the Great Powers for the peace of the world. It cannot be too emphatically stated or too widely known that Edward the Seventh never suggested, never supported, and never once entertained the notion of isolating Germany. His mind was not destructive, but constructive. He was so little of a militarist or a

[1] See Appendix, Note D.

jingo that he had no faith in the moral or material advantages of victory by physical force. It was with him a commonplace, says Lord Esher, that in a war between Germany and Great Britain "victory to either nation would spell disaster for both." Fighting was repugnant to him. He loathed the very idea of arbitrament by the sword. And he regarded an armed conflict between Great Britain and Germany as one of the most terrible calamities that could afflict the world.

Palmerston said: "England and Germany have naturally a direct interest in assisting each other to become rich, united, and strong, and there ought not to be in the mind of any enlightened man of either country any feeling of jealousy as to the progress made by the other country in civilization and prosperity." And every Conservative statesman of any eminence, including Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, has said the same thing.

This sensible view was the view of King Edward, and the ambition dearest to his heart towards the end of his life was to bring the enlightened men of both countries to take this view. He desired with all his heart to silence "the absurd Press campaigns in Great Britain and Germany, carried on by men with honest and patriotic intentions, but ignorant and misguided," which "saddened and annoyed him"; and he desired, also with all his heart, finally to draw the German Empire into a working alliance with Russia, France, and Great Britain for the welfare of all nations and the good governance of the entire world.

This noble aim of a noble king was frustrated by forces in both countries which love darkness rather than light, and which are without either generosity of heart or clearness of vision. In Germany there were men who would not be persuaded that King Edward was honest, who asserted that England's traditional policy is to egg on other Powers to fight the Power which most seriously threatens her own commercial supremacy, and who saw in the *entente* of Great Britain with Russia and France, irrefutable evidence that England was compassing the

destruction of Germany.[1] And in England there were men who refused to believe that Germany desired friendship with this country, who ignored the Socialists, the philosophers, and the peace party in Germany, and who insisted that firebrands like Bernhardi spoke for the entire German nation. These men, in both countries, frustrated the policy of King Edward. Instead of insisting upon the good elements in each nation, instead of seeking sympathy between the excellent qualities of the two peoples, they each fastened with hysterical exaggeration on that which was bad, second-rate, and suspicious in the other, insisting that behind all the courtesies of diplomacy and all the make-belief of "peace cranks," was the deadly intention of war.

There was one man among his ministers more than any other in whom King Edward trusted for wisdom, imagination, and organizing thoroughness. This man was Lord Haldane. Sir Sidney Lee says of the King:

> His attitude to measures was always conditioned to a large extent by his interest in the men who framed them, and his liking for Mr. Haldane, the War Minister who created the Territorial Army, mainly inspired his personal patronage of the movement.

He also says of the 1905 Cabinet, after mentioning a few of the ministers whom the King liked:

> Mr. Haldane, Secretary for War, whose genial temper and grasp of German life and learning appealed to him, quickly became a *persona grata*. With the ministers in other posts he found less in common, and he came into little contact with them, save in ceremonial functions.

The late Lord Redesdale, who, besides being a friend of King Edward's, was a very capable observer and a reliable student of public affairs, also tells us, in his *Memories*, of the King's association with Lord Haldane. The passage in which he mentions the matter is deserving of quotation, and may well be reflected upon by

[1] A Russian diplomatist once said to Professor J. Y. Simpson, "England has never made a *permanent* alliance."

those numerous people who have accepted ignorant and abusive newspaper opprobrium of Lord Haldane as just and true. Lord Redesdale says on p. 184, in the first volume of his *Memories*, after referring to the King's earnest and sympathetic interest in home politics, and taking his support of Lord Haldane's scheme of a Territorial Army for an illustration :

> Right nobly have the Territorials justified their existence and the confidence of the King in the great War Minister who was responsible for them. I have been privileged to see a letter from one of the greatest of our Generals at the front. It would be difficult to imagine a finer tribute to Lord Haldane's administration of the War Office. It is now generally acknowledged that but for him and for the measures which he initiated, our position at the beginning of the war would have been very different from what it was. He enabled us to send out a force which, if still insufficient to break the German legions, was yet worthy of England. The rest will follow. I hold no brief for Lord Haldane, nor should I be guilty of the impertinence of attempting any estimate of his work. He is too great a man, and can afford to be judged by results.

There is a suggested error in the statement of Sir Sidney Lee that Lord Haldane "quickly became a *persona grata*" with King Edward. This sentence, taken with its context, implies that the King did not meet his minister till the year 1905. The truth is that Lord Haldane was on terms of cordial intimacy with the King while that monarch was still the Prince of Wales. This intimacy began long before Lord Haldane was a minister, and it began over a great question in which both men were seriously interested, the question of education.

In the year 1898, at a time when the Unionists were in power, Lord Haldane was working in agreement with his friend but political opponent, Mr. Arthur Balfour, to save the London University Act from destruction. This incident, which is very little known outside political circles, is one of those pleasurable and surprising proofs

that in the artificial and often dishonest wrangling of political parties there are men in either camp who will join forces, undertake thankless tasks, and spare themselves no pains, to save something which they believe is for the good of the community from the accidents of partisan warfare.

Supported by enthusiasts for education like Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Lord Haldane laboured at this same time like a giant to set up in London a Technical College that should rival the famous High School at Charlottenburg. It was while seeking a site for this college, having secured enormous sums of money for his purpose, that he first came into contact with Edward the Seventh. The Prince of Wales, as he then was, sent for Mr. Haldane, whose speeches on the need for provincial universities and technical colleges were beginning to attract attention, and inquired whether the Imperial Institute, then in difficult circumstances, would not be a good building for the London University.

Over this proposition the two men appear to have drawn near to each other, and when Mr. Haldane proceeded on another occasion to discuss the question of a site for the new Imperial College of Science and Technology, this intimacy became closer. Before the year 1905, which was before Mr. Haldane took office, the two men were constantly together—a sure sign, if Sir Sidney Lee wanted one, that Edward the Seventh took a serious interest in public affairs. It was on the King's personal suggestion to Lord Salisbury, when he ascended the throne, that Mr. Haldane, a private member of Parliament and a member belonging to the Opposition, was made a Privy Councillor. Everybody at the time was aware, men of both parties, that Mr. Haldane was frequently at Buckingham Palace, Windsor, and Balmoral, and that the King constantly included his name in the list of those people he desired to meet at dinner or during a week-end visit.

What is not so well known, and what may surprise some of Lord Haldane's traducers, is the fact that it was the wish of King Edward himself that Lord Haldane should go to the War Office. How Lord Haldane fulfilled the con-

fidence of this wise sovereign we shall see in the next chapter; for the present there is something more to be said about the association of these two men in the sphere of foreign politics.

During the visit of the German Emperor to this country in November 1907 Lord Haldane was a guest of King Edward at Windsor Castle. The War Minister was in the King's completest confidence concerning foreign affairs; he was also the closest friend of Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, and he was more conversant than any other Englishman with the political situation in Germany. It was earnestly hoped by King Edward that in the midst of the festivities at Windsor this trusted minister would be able to remove from the minds of his German guests that unhappy element of suspicion and distrust which alone, as he thought, stood in the way of an understanding between the two countries.

The French Ambassador was aware of this hope of King Edward, and there was not a minister in the Cabinet, nor a responsible statesman among the Opposition, who did not desire the success of Lord Haldane. How very nearly this "great and distinguished statesman" succeeded in his difficult undertaking, how very nearly the peace of the world was secured during those few days at Windsor, will one day be told by the historian. Suffice it to say, at this point, that he did succeed in disabusing the minds of important German personages of the idea that this country sought the hemming-in of Germany, and that he earned the thanks of the King and the gratitude of statesmen in allied countries for the great step he had been able to take towards the ideal of a European Peace.

King Edward believed that the real menace to this country came, not from the military ambitions of Germany, but from the superior education of the average German citizen. He hoped and believed that diplomacy could accommodate Germany in that country's desire for Eastern expansion, and he was most careful to avoid giving the impression that Great Britain saw anything unnatural or inimical in this German ambition. What he really feared

was the keener intelligence, the ceaseless industry, and the intense earnestness of the average German citizen; and he was drawn to Lord Haldane far more by their common enthusiasm for an improved system of national training than by anything else.

But the King was sensible of a spirit in Germany which at least threatened the peace of the world. He saw that the work of diplomatists was slow, and that even in the process of working for peace war might suddenly emerge from the very conflicts of compromise and adjustment. He was in some ways a great optimist, but he was never a fool. It became, then, a matter of the first importance to him that the British Navy and the British Army should be brought to the highest degree of perfection. "No one," Lord Esher has told us, "was more determined than he that no stone should be left unturned to render the defensive forces of his own country powerful and efficient." Sir Sidney Lee would have us believe that he was only interested in the work of the Navy and Army because of the personalities of Lord Haldane and Lord Fisher; but this is a very gross misstatement. It is perfectly true that the King knew nothing about army organization and nothing about naval administration, but Lord Haldane and Lord Fisher have both told me on many occasions, Lord Fisher with the greatest possible emphasis, how much they owed to the constant interest and sympathy of the King.

There was a time when Lord Fisher had scarcely a friend in the world except the King, and when, but for the King, it would have been well-nigh impossible for him to have completed his naval revolution. And it was the King's express wish that Lord Haldane should go to the War Office because he had faith in that minister's industry, seriousness, pertinacity, and genius for organization. He was not an expert, and, naturally enough, he could not concern himself with the infinite amount of detail which falls to the lot of ministers engaged in naval and army organization; but so well aware was the King of the most serious condition of things both at the Admiralty and the War Office (as we shall see later on), and so anxious was the King for the security of these islands,

that he took the greatest care to support the two men who more than any others in the country he trusted to bring order and efficiency out of chaos and muddling.

The policy of King Edward was to prepare this country for defence, and to remove every possible obstacle to the peace of the world. He saw that Germany was the greatest threat to the world's peace, not because she was wickeder or more covetous than other nations, but because she had come into the world a hundred years too late. At the same time he hoped and believed that it was possible to avert war by candour and fair-dealing, by sympathy and co-operation, and by a frank and hearty desire for peace. He never despaired of his fellow-creatures.

Such was the policy of the King, a policy inherited by him from his father, from Baron Stockmar, and from Lord Palmerston. It was the policy of a good man, a wise man, and a far-seeing man. And it was the policy of all that is best, safest, and least unworthy in the country of which he was the sovereign-lord. That it failed was not the fault of the King, nor is its failure a proof that the policy was false. It might have succeeded, and if it had succeeded Europe would not now have been drenched with blood, deluged with tears, and laid waste by ruin. Let those who criticized this policy think upon the devastation and bereavement of Europe, and ask themselves on their conscience whether they are free of guilt for all that dreadful mass of suffering and death. And let those who followed that policy, and worked for it with the enthusiasm of idealists and with the wisdom of sane and moral men, not lose heart, and not despair, but continue to see in that policy of the dead King the only reasonable hope for the world's enduring peace when this tyranny is overpast.

The point I desire to establish in the present chapter is this, that while there are men in our country whose blood-guiltiness is only second to the guiltiness of the German war party, England can most truly say that she herself, by the hand of her King and the hand of his

most trusted servant, very earnestly and very patiently sought to avert the horrors of war and to remove from the mind of that Power which by its late entrance into world-politics most seriously threatened the world's peace the last reason for suspicion and unrest.

I can also say with assurance that Russia and France were equally desirous of peace, and equally satisfied with England's policy. Neither France nor Russia wanted war, neither France nor Russia considered themselves as allied to destroy Germany, and neither France nor Russia would have supported England in a wanton attack upon Germany.

There was in the world only one menace to peace, and that menace was the increasing population, the increasing prosperity, and the increasing unrest of the German Empire. Those people in Germany who preached that France, Russia, and Britain were making a ring of steel round the German Empire intensified this menace to peace; and those people in England who never lost an opportunity of suggesting that France, Russia, and Britain were allied in enmity against the German nation played directly into the hands of the German war party.

War came because neither Germany nor England had faith in each other's honesty; and it came in spite of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's desperate efforts to avoid war and in spite of the British Government's heroic efforts up to the eleventh hour to convince the German war party that Britain was passionately desirous of peace.

Europe was turned into a bear-garden by the average vulgarian in Germany and England. The war is a gigantic retribution on wrong-thinking.

THE BRITISH WAR MACHINE

You know I do not join in the common dislike of your nation, or in the belief in its certain decay. But no nation can, without danger, go on stuffing its mind with such nonsense as is talked by the newspapers which you are stupid enough to quote with admiration.

Friendship's Garland

CHAPTER II

THE BRITISH WAR MACHINE

LORD ESHER, who has a special authority for speaking on this matter, tells us that no one was more determined than King Edward that no stone should be left unturned to render the defensive forces of his country powerful and efficient.

Since, then, it was at the wish of this determined King that Lord Haldane became Secretary of State for War at the end of 1905, we may justly consider that the King, who had a shrewd eye for capacity and character, considered that Lord Haldane was a man who would labour to make the British Army powerful and efficient.

And since Field-Marshal Lord French, with better opportunities of judging than any other man in the country, declared in the year 1912, when Lord Haldane's work was completed, that this "great and distinguished statesman," as he subsequently called him, had "inaugurated and made a military fighting machine and a system of national defence such as this country never had before": and since a military authority like General Knox, in his book *The Flaw in our Armour*, speaks of Lord Haldane, differing from him in policy, as "the greatest War Minister we have had since the days of Cardwell": and since so conscientious a critic of military affairs as Lord Sydenham declares that this country never entered upon war in a better state of preparedness than in August 1914: and since so thoroughgoing an anti-German as Mr. Arnold White, who has since abused Lord Haldane, said in 1909 that his achievement "stamps him as one of the master-

minds of our era": and since a technical organ like the *United Service Gazette* said in August 1914 that Lord Haldane was "the most able of the War Ministers England has ever had"—we might almost conclude that to attempt anything in the nature of a justification for Lord Haldane's work at the War Office would be not only an impertinence, as Lord Redesdale has said, but an act of completest supererogation.

Vast numbers of people in this country, however, believe that Lord Haldane betrayed the British Army. How is this possible? How do all these masses of people arrive at so astonishing a conclusion—a conclusion the very opposite to, and the absolute contradiction of, that which experts like Lord French have publicly pronounced in the ears of all men? The answer is that they have been told to think so by the only newspapers they read.

But what will these deluded people think of their authorities when they learn that these very identical authorities were saying in 1912 almost the same thing of Lord Haldane's work at the War Office as Lord French had the gallantry and honour to say in 1916? What trust and confidence can they have any longer in the intelligence, the candour, or the honour of newspapers which, two years after acclaiming a minister as one of the greatest organizing geniuses who ever served his King and his country, raise a street-arab's howl not only to drive him from the service of the nation, but to prevent him from again opening his mouth in public?

I will not insult the intelligence of my reader by quoting the utterances of the lowest and most unprincipled of these newspapers which so powerfully affect the judgment, not only of the clerk and the shop-girl, but of the gentlemen of Kensington and the ladies of the Primrose League; it shall be enough for my purpose to cite as witnesses in favour of Lord Haldane two newspapers so respectable and so self-conscious of their position in the world that they have not yet brought themselves to contemplate the halfpenny as a possibly sufficient reward for their daily service to the nation. I will quote from *The Times* and from the *Morning Post.*

On July 11, 1912, the military correspondent of *The Times* said of Lord Haldane:

> He has made the General Staff a power in the Army and throughout the Empire. He has perfected the Expeditionary Force and has backed it with the Special Reserve. He has created the Territorial Force, has initiated the Officers' Training Corps, and has been a warm friend and adviser to those private citizens to whose energy and enthusiasm is due the National Reserve.

And in a leading article in the same issue the editorial mind declared that the changes which Lord Haldane "had effected in our military system, so far at least as the auxiliary forces go, have been so extensive that he may be said to have relaid its foundations. . . . On the whole we are disposed to believe that what he has built will in its main lines endure. Its distinctive characteristic is that it admits of expansion." And the editorial mind pronounced judgment in the following sentence: "As a statesman Lord Haldane has done good work for this country in circumstances of peculiar difficulty."

On March 25, 1911, the *Morning Post* declared in a leading article:

> As Secretary of State for War, he has accomplished more in five years than any of his predecessors since Cardwell. He found the military forces a mighty maze, with hardly a plan, just as they had grown up sporadically, in consequence of successive fits of popular interest in matters of defence. He has given them an organization. That represents a great work.

Such were the opinions of two respectable Conservative journals in the years 1911–12—two respectable Conservative journals which since the outbreak of war have aligned themselves in a hue and cry against Lord Haldane with the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News*, the *Daily Express*, and that greatest of all the triumphs of the English middle-class mind, *John Bull*.

Before summoning Lord Haldane to speak in his own

defence I would ask the reader to examine the counts in the indictment which charges this "great and distinguished statesman," this "most able of the War Ministers England has ever had," this fellow-creature whose achievement "stamps him as one of the master-minds of our era," with betrayal of his sovereign's confidence and with betrayal of the British Army and the British people.

Lord Haldane stands charged before the bar of public opinion (*a*) with reducing the Regular Army, (*b*) with reducing the Artillery, (*c*) with abolishing the Militia, and (*d*)—most serious crime of all—with opposing Lord Roberts in that distinguished soldier's campaign for National Service. Later on we shall examine in their proper place those other charges which have grown out of these, those charges which actually amount to treachery in the sphere of diplomacy. For the present we limit ourselves to an examination of the charges which we have enumerated above, and which are intended to suggest, as we have said, that Lord Haldane deceived his King and his countrymen.

(*a*) When Lord Haldane took office the troops which are called the British Expeditionary Force, the most important of our land forces, numbered 80,000 men. When he had finished his work, this number was increased to 170,000. In place of a reduction, then, we find that Lord Haldane more than doubled the most important of the Crown's land forces. Furthermore, we shall discover that Lord Haldane had given to this great army a cohesion and a subdivision of authority which had never existed in the British Army before, and which rendered it not only as powerful and as efficient as his sovereign desired, but which rendered it, as Lord French says, the finest army that ever the sun shone upon. And further still, we shall find that in every single detail of efficiency, from the most important matter of sanitation and surgery down to the scarcely less important matter of transport services, this army was so perfectly prepared by our "great and distinguished statesman" that to the wonder of the whole world it was moved with an absolute precision of detail, equipped in every single

particular, and without one smallest casualty, from the shores of this country to the battlefields of France. Instead of reducing the striking power of the Regular Army, Lord Haldane more than doubled it, and in doubling it rendered it infinitely more efficient than it had ever been before. "He inaugurated and made," said Lord French, and those two words are worth repetition, "*inaugurated* and *made* a military fighting machine and a system of national defence such as this country never had before."

The charge that Lord Haldane reduced the Regular Army has its origin, which I cannot persuade myself is not a malicious origin, in the fact that he disbanded certain battalions in order to increase the fighting efficiency of the new machine. If the reader will bear in mind that what Lord Haldane achieved at the War Office was not a reform but a veritable revolution he will be quicker to see the absurdity of this charge. Let me put it in this way.

Suppose that an architect is set the task of converting a ramshackle community of scattered houses into one self-contained edifice: suppose that out of those old buildings, disconnected from each other and with no real coherence of plan, he is instructed to produce a single building equipped with all the improvements and advantages of modern science: suppose further that in this task he is obliged to use the bricks of the old houses because more bricks cannot be got voluntarily or obtained in sufficient time (time in this case is of the essence of the contract) by compulsion.

What must he do? His only course is to assort the bricks obtained by pulling down the old dwellings, rejecting those that are unsuitable for the new structure, and exchanging these unsuitable bricks, which are quite useless for his purpose, for other material which is deficient but essential to the new building. In this way science may enable him to construct a new building of much greater capacity than the old buildings.

It was in this way that Lord Haldane got rid of eight weak battalions abroad. They were useless for the struc-

ture of the new Expeditionary Force. They could not be fitted into that perfect weapon of instant offence. And by getting rid of them he was able to build up additional artillery, cavalry, and auxiliary services which were required to make that force a machine of great rapidity in mobilization and of *double* the size and military efficiency of any expeditionary army that had been created before.

Under the readjusted terms of service the reserve available on mobilization rose from 85,000 to 135,000, so that even allowing for the 22,000 men whom he was alleged to have reduced—most of them useless troops overseas, who added nothing to our fighting efficiency—the forces available on mobilization were largely increased. In his book on *The British Army of To-day*, Captain Atteridge, an independent writer and a very able military critic, works out the increase obtained in this way, an increase of the forces available on the outbreak of a serious war, as equivalent to 100 per cent.

(*b*) The question of artillery was left to the experts, that is to say the General Staff, who decided that the requirement of the Expeditionary Force in this respect was 66 batteries of Horse and Field Artillery. In order that there should be no mistake in this important matter, Lord Haldane being very sensible of the value of artillery in modern warfare, the number of available batteries, which in 1905 was only 42, was increased to 72 and ultimately to 81. And this addition was effected by the introduction of new howitzer guns which were of the greatest service to the Expeditionary Force and, as we shall presently see, to the French Army, *which was entirely without heavy guns at the outbreak of war.* "Not a single battery," says an expert in the *Daily Chronicle*, a newspaper whose war news has been consistently the most reliable, and entirely free, from the very beginning, of panic and rumour, "not a single battery was ever reduced." Further this expert continues as follows:

> On the contrary more batteries were rendered capable of being put into the field. Owing to the

new plan of definitely allocating a smaller number of batteries for training purposes instead of keeping a larger and fluctuating number at home, it was possible to put into the field 72 batteries instead of 42, as had before been the case. All these were additional to the Indian and Colonial establishments of artillery. In all the nonsense talked by ill-informed persons there is no more ridiculous statement than that the Regular R.H.A. and R.F.A. were reduced. On the contrary, the artillery forces were substantially increased and made much more efficient through the reforms described.

Much more could be said under this count of the indictment, but the rational man hitherto misguided by his newspapers, and already somewhat gravelled to find (*possibly for the first time*) that so great a soldier as Lord French has described Lord Haldane's achievement as a military fighting machine such as this country never had before, will be satisfied when he knows that in the case of the artillery, as in the case of the Regular Army, Lord Haldane's "reductions" amount to very substantial *increases*, and increases with the additional value of far greater efficiency.

(*c*) Lord Haldane abolished the home-serving Militia in order to provide for that enormous wastage in modern war which his foresight prepared him to expect, when his critics were only thinking how to trip the Government out of power. Lord Haldane got rid of a force which was entirely without a war organization, and which was only recruited for service at home, and substituted in its place the Special Reserve, for the creation of which he received at the time the commendation of the military correspondent of *The Times*—a force which is enlisted for foreign service, and which is not only an integral part, but one of the most valuable parts, of this country's war organization. It is not too much to say that but for the perfect efficiency of the British Expeditionary Force, with its invaluable backing of the Special Reserve, the winter of 1914 would have found the German armies encamped along the coasts

of France with Calais as firmly in their iron clutch as Antwerp.

(*d*) The last count in the indictment, and the one to which every violent-minded person appears to attach the most importance, is the charge that Lord Haldane opposed Lord Roberts's campaign for National Service. Because he opposed it, every one who thinks either that National Service would have prevented war, or would have given us the victory within a few months of fighting, is naturally inclined to conclude that Lord Haldane most shamefully abused his trust as Minister for War.

The newspapers read by these people only tell them that Lord Haldane "rebuffed," or "snubbed," or "insulted" Lord Roberts, who himself had enjoyed unique powers at the War Office, far greater power than Lord Haldane's, when we consider his immense prestige and the fact that Britain had only just emerged from a prolonged war with a small people which had greatly humiliated her in the eyes of Europe, but who left the British Army "in a condition of chaos and weakness." These newspapers tell their readers that Lord Haldane, the greatest War Minister since Cardwell, rejected the scheme of Lord Roberts, who effected no reforms of any kind during his reign at the War Office, and for that reason they would hang him; but they do not tell their readers *why* those schemes were rejected.

Lord Haldane, who knew Lord Roberts very well, and had a great admiration for him as a commander and a great liking for him as a fellow-creature, never insulted Lord Roberts. Indeed, he went out of his way, during his first speech in the House of Lords, to use expressions of affectionate regard for the distinguished soldier. But as a statesman, as a master of organization, as the man responsible to his countrymen for the fighting efficiency of the British Army, he did meet the criticisms of the National Service League with the vigour they deserved, and in discharging this duty he certainly inflicted wounds.

I attribute the disgraceful attack upon Lord Haldane which broke out in 1914 entirely to his attitude on the

question of National Service. I will not believe so ill of my misguided countrymen as to entertain the conjecture that this wild and unscrupulous campaign had its origin in vulgarian contempt for philosophy and literature. I do not believe for one moment that all the forces of the vulgarians were marshalled to destroy this great minister, this ripe scholar, this quiet, dignified, and noble gentleman, only because he remarked to a German professor at a London dinner-table that he almost regarded Germany (the Germany of Goethe, and Hegel, and Lotze) as his spiritual home. Nor can I bring myself to believe that these scurrilous attacks, these mean, venomous, and servants'-hall aspersions on the fame of a great public servant, hinted here, whispered there, and presently bruited about without shame and without pity or pain wherever the vulgarian speaks at random, arose from the fact that Lord Haldane went to Berlin in the hope of averting a European conflagration.

It is more reasonable, and a kinder judgment on my miseducated countrymen, to suppose that all these mean and unworthy whisperings had their rise in something less contemptible.

My own view is, after listening on a number of occasions to private-house abuse of Lord Haldane, that the sole origin of the crusade to crush him and drive him out of public life is the attitude he presented as Secretary of State for War to this question of National Service.

The idea of National Service as a duty which every citizen owes to the State, and a duty which neither begins nor ends in military service, is a fine idea and a true idea. As it happens, Lord Haldane had been a preacher of this idea long before it was narrowed down to military service; and he favoured the idea of national training as a part of the education of young men. It was the particular application of this great idea adopted by a particular set of people which Lord Haldane rejected—rejected, as we shall see, on the advice of his military experts. He has always held that every man owes a duty to the State which gives him home and security; he appealed to the

young men of all classes in the country on this very ground when he was forming his Territorial Armies ; and throughout all his speeches on national duty this inspiring idea is to be found—the idea of a duty owed by every man to the State, whose traditions should be in his blood and whose welfare should be his first national concernment.

Lord Haldane thought that under a voluntary system, *with a thoroughly thought-out organization*, expansion would provide all that might be requisite in case of need, without imperilling those great, urgent, professional, long-service armies in distant places which the island-centre of a vast empire absolutely necessitates. And when we reflect that over five million soldiers have been raised by voluntary enlistment for this war, and that by the voluntary accession of more millions of skilled workers, men and women, including doctors, men of business, and munition workers, a tremendous organization has also been created behind that huge army, all without compulsion, it is clear that there is at least something to be said for this opinion. Lord Haldane, let us never forget, created that thoroughly thought-out organization which made expansion possible.

Men of sense and judgment feel convinced that the discipline of the nation (a most important matter) would be greatly improved by National Service. They deplore, as everybody must deplore, the ugly temper manifested by masses of men during industrial conflicts, and the horrible intemperance which still disgraces the great centres of industrialism, and the physical slackness, carelessness, and coarseness which are such distressing features in vast numbers of the young men of huge cities. Rightly deploring these things, they come to a conclusion for which there is a very great deal to be said, namely, that compulsory service in the armed forces of the Crown would be a moral advantage to the nation. Sensible people such as these, however, would not assail Lord Haldane as a traitor, although they very deeply regret that he did not adopt National Service during those wonderful six years in which he revolutionized the War Office.

But let me ask reasonable people who hold such an

opinion as this to consider one governing fact in the present discussion. King Edward's Minister for War, who was in that office to leave no stone unturned in providing a powerful and efficient Army, had nothing whatever to do with improving the moral character of the people. For him, as Minister for War, there was one duty and one obligation—to place behind the word of his sovereign a force well able to see that that word was honoured. His duty was to adopt what he conceived to be the best means for solving a very complicated military problem. His business was to get the best Army he could for the money granted to him by the State; and since we have the word of Lord French for it that he inaugurated and made a military fighting machine and a system of national defence such as this country never had before, we must conclude, there is no escape from it, that Lord Haldane honoured his master's trust and fulfilled his duty to the nation.

If he did not adopt Compulsory Service, or Conscription, or National Service, we may conclude that he had excellent reasons for not doing so; and the smallest inquiry into this matter would satisfy us that this conclusion is right. Lord Haldane did not refuse to consider the hypothesis of National Service. On the contrary, having formed the best brains of the Army into a General Staff (one of his most useful achievements at the War Office), he handed this idea of National Service over to his military advisers and instructed them to report upon it as soon as possible. The whole business of military organization was in fact considered *de novo* at that time, the time of the Agadir incident. And after full consideration National Service was rejected by the General Staff of the British Army. It was rejected by the General Staff, after a most careful examination, on rational military grounds which commended themselves to the shrewd and careful judgment of King Edward's War Minister. It was definitely rejected because such a change would have utterly weakened, deranged, and probably destroyed our organization for war. Above everything else, while the change from one system to another was being made, there must have been a long

and most perilous hiatus, a period of confusion, a time of neither one thing nor the other, which would have been extremely tempting to a jealous enemy. In a time of profound peace such a change might have been attempted, but in a time when Europe was constantly disturbed by political unrest no change of that kind could be made without the gravest danger. This we shall see later on, when I come to quote Lord Haldane's own words on the matter.[1]

It is a curious and interesting fact that Lord Haldane should be charged, years afterwards, with the very same crime in his administration of the War Office which was brought at the time against that other friend and servant of King Edward, Lord Fisher, in his administration of the Navy. These two men, to whom our country owes an immeasurable debt of gratitude, in seeking to obey their King's order that the forces of the Crown should be made as powerful and efficient as possible, both got rid of rubbish in the course of building up greater strength. Lord Fisher was abused up hill and down dale by enemies only a little less evil-minded than those who now abuse Lord Haldane, because he scrapped any number of obsolete ships in the process of building an incomparably superior fleet than the country had ever had before. But nobody dares to say that Lord Fisher reduced the Navy. Lord Haldane scrapped a few weak temporary battalions raised in the emergency of the South African War, exactly as Lord Fisher scrapped obsolete ships—he scrapped these battalions in order to increase and strengthen the British Expeditionary Force. *His* enemies, however, less scrupulous than the enemies of Lord Fisher, fasten upon the disbanding of these few battalions and tell their deluded victims, day after day, week after week, till the thing becomes incontrovertible nonsense, that Lord Haldane reduced the Army. Why this rancour, why this venom, why this dishonesty? It is, I believe, because Lord Haldane frustrated the darling scheme of the middle-class mind for keeping the working-classes in their proper place.

See Appendix, Note E.

And Lord Haldane only frustrated that scheme on the advice of intellectual and responsible soldiers who pronounced it to be, the times being what they were, the most dangerous adventure on which it was possible for this country to enter.

Few people realize, I think, the great intellectual improvement in the British Army during the last ten or twelve years. Before Lord Haldane's advent to the War Office, the British Army was governed by what may be termed the field-marshal mind—an inheritance from the days of the Duke of Cambridge. Field-marshals came, field-marshals went, and the confusion at the War Office remained very little disturbed by the process of exchanging one field-marshal for another. The field-marshal mind in military matters was not unlike master-of-arts Christianity in religion. Master-of-arts Christianity is attractive, picturesque, and sometimes extremely benevolent, but it is not Christianity. That is to say, it is not the complete dependence upon God, the utter and unquestioning love of mankind, commended by Christ. In like manner, the old field-marshal mind had many excellences and attractions, but it was not a military mind. It had several intensely interesting ideas concerning discipline, and the facings of a scarlet coat, and the behaviour proper to a British officer; but of the science of war it knew nothing. The frightful scandals of the Crimea were repeated in the South African War; and after the South African War, another field-marshal was installed at the War Office, under a Conservative Government, to put matters right for all time. But, as one critic tells us, when a Liberal Government came into power at the end of 1905, the British Army was "in a condition of chaos and weakness"; or, as another critic puts it: "there were many grave defects in our Army system." This second critic proceeds:

> The primary defect was the absence of any real organization for war. And organization for war is only possible if the plans and details and the necessary provisions are made in peace, so that there is no necessity to change the organization or improvise an

organization on the occasion of war. That was the great principle which Moltke laid down sixty years ago, and it is the basis of all military efficiency.

This great principle, *which never existed before in the British War Office*, was brought into governing existence by Lord Haldane. He set up a thinking and reflecting department; he gathered about him the best brains of the Army; and in the closest association with these thoughtful and able soldiers, during a period of six years, he converted the entire British Army into an astonishingly perfect organization for war, and at the same time backed this incomparable professional army with the Special Reserve and the Territorials. In the brief period of six years Lord Haldane brought into existence an Imperial Staff, an Expeditionary Force which was able to hold up the flower of the German Armies, changed the old home-service Militia into an integral part of the British Army called the Special Reserve, founded the Officers' Training Corps,[1] converted the dwindling and unpopular Volunteers into the flourishing Territorials, and saw to it that in every single particular, and not least of all the particular of medical arrangements, these great organizations for war should be absolutely efficient.

All the facts in this whole matter could not be better stated than they were stated by a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* early in the present year. This writer compares certain statements of Mr. Arnold Forster, after the Boer War, with the military situation in August 1914. Mr.

[1] M. Maurice Barrès, the distinguished Academician, visited Oxford during his visit to England and expressed admiration for the spirit of the University. He tells us in his articles *L'Angleterre Pendant La Guerre* the answer he received: "Oui, me répondent ces messieurs, cette guerre a montré de la façon la plus éclatante ce que nos universités peuvent fournir à la nation dans la plus grande crise de son histoire. Nos jeunes gens furent les officiers de cette guerre. Grâce à Lord Haldane (celui-là qui était ministre au moment de la déclaration de guerre), il y avait dans chaque université un noyau de jeunes étudiants qui étudiaient sérieusement l'art militaire. Ils formèrent le cadre pour la grande armée Kitchener. Sans eux, comment aurait-on pu fournir un cerveau et une direction aux armées britanniques?"

Arnold Forster said that "*under our present system not a single regiment, battery, or battalion is ever fit to take the field.*" It took us six months at that time to raise a force of 146,000 men. "There were actually not guns available enough in the country to furnish the batteries in the field." "The best which the country could do," says the writer of the article, "was to dribble out men to South Africa, many of them hardly trained, and most of them inadequately equipped." And he concludes his summary of attempts to reform this appalling condition of things in these remarkable words: "Mr. Balfour's nerveless and distracted and feeble Government went out of office leaving the British Army in a condition of chaos and weakness. It was well for us that Germany did not strike then."

So excellent is this writer's summary of subsequent events that I take the liberty of quoting several pages from the article, venturing on the remark that if the average person in this country paid more attention to periodicals of the character of the *Fortnightly Review* he would be less easily deceived and less frequently in a condition of mind to be doped with the misrepresentations of partisan journalism.

The writer of the *Fortnightly* article proceeds as follows from the point of the "chaos and weakness" in which the British Army was left by the last Government at the end of 1905:

> In these circumstances the Liberal Government came into office and power. If it be a secret, at least it is one which can now be divulged without indiscretion, that King Edward regarded the state of the military forces of this country with the gravest disquietude, and he was not satisfied as to the condition of the Fleet. It was apparent that international relations on the Continent were in a liquid state, and the shadow of the present war was dimly discernible. If hostilities occurred, it was realized that neither the British Fleet nor the British Army was prepared for hostilities. Since His Majesty's death discussion has arisen as to the part which he had in forming the Dual Entente. At the least it is admitted that the

King, by his charm of manner and his statesmanlike outlook, contributed powerfully to the healing of the differences which had for so many years divided us from France. But His Majesty did more than that. From the day that the Liberal party obtained its immense majority in the country, King Edward determined that no effort on his part should be wanting to secure reforms in our naval and military affairs, so as to enable us to take our share, if necessary, in any war which the future might have in store. His Majesty never wavered in his support of Lord Fisher during the period when that officer—in face of bitter criticism and some unscrupulous opposition—was carrying into execution his series of naval reforms, which shifted the centre of our naval influence from southern to northern waters; gave to the country new ships peculiarly suited to the new conditions, officers and men in touch with the latest developments of physical science as applied to naval warfare, and a system of rapid naval mobilization.

The work of naval reform had been initiated by Lord Fisher shortly before the change of Government occurred; it was continued under the new administration, and with the support of the King. The army organization was still in a "rotten" state; we were in a worse position than when the South African War occurred. What could the King, as a Constitutional sovereign, do? Among the ministers who were certain to be invited to take office by the new Prime Minister was Mr. (now Lord) Haldane, who was not only familiar with German conditions, but spoke and read German. He was therefore in a peculiarly favourable position for studying the German military system and extracting from it any guidance which might be useful in improving the British military machine. King Edward suggested to the new Prime Minister that Lord Haldane should be asked to accept the portfolio of Secretary of State for War. The suggestion was accepted. Lord Haldane must have realized that he was accepting a thankless task. Where Lord Lans-

downe, Lord Midleton, and Mr. Arnold-Forster had failed, could he hope to succeed? The War Office was in a state of chaotic disorder; there was no General Staff; the Army was lacking in warlike form; the Volunteers were shrinking rapidly in numbers if not in efficiency. At the desire of his sovereign, and with the promised support of his colleagues, Lord Haldane agreed to fill the position which Mr. Cardwell had occupied with so much advantage to the nation under a Liberal Administration many years before.

This is neither the time nor has the present writer any inclination to embark upon a technical explanation of the work carried out by Lord Haldane. But this must be said: he realized that the first necessity was a General Staff. Such an organization had never before existed in this country. He created it. Then, supported by the General Staff, he tackled one problem after another. It was determined that never again should the military organization be so defective as to compel this country to dribble out, under panic conditions, troops inadequately organized and not too well equipped. He was fortunate in having among his advisers Field-Marshal Sir William Nicholson and other officers of distinction, who worked with him cordially and whole-heartedly in the various tasks to which he set himself. Above all, the new military administration based its plans on the historic principle that, as this country consists of islands, and the Empire is a maritime Empire, the first line of defence must be the Navy. Lord Haldane, before he could have had a thought that destiny would lead him to the War Office, had become known by his speeches as an advocate, in association with Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, of a strong fleet. "The two things this country most needs, he remarked on one occasion, "are an instructed people and an invincible Navy." *Lord Haldane, indeed, was the first statesman publicly to advocate the formation of "a North Sea Squadron," at a time when practically every new ship of the British*

Fleet was concentrated in the Mediterranean, and a man-of-war under the White Ensign was very infrequently seen in the North Sea.[1] Lord Haldane at a City meeting, which many business men may still remember, urged that in view of the naval measures which Germany was taking, this country could no longer afford to continue to ignore the new centre of danger. He spoke to the unconverted, who remained unconverted. The country did not realize the danger ; nor did the Unionist Government, then in office. He was right, as events have shown. On the basis of the maintenance beyond challenge of our naval supremacy as against Germany and any other Power, and in knowledge of Lord Fisher's work, Lord Haldane and his advisers took in hand the reorganization of the Army. A chaotic crowd of regiments was converted into an army. Expansion was carried out in some directions and contraction in others until all the pieces fitted together, and the scheme of forming an Expeditionary Force, not of 40,000 but 160,000 men, thus took shape.

It was realized that the size and character of the naval forces which were being organized in Germany, and the efficiency of the German naval organization, increased the danger of invasion. The Volunteer Force, as it then existed, was a collection of companies of ill-trained men, without an apology for field organization or proper equipment. It was transparently unsuited for home defence, and was unavailable for other purposes. In circumstances of not a little embarrassment the organization was changed. A new impulse was given to the patriotism of the young men of the nation ; they were asked to make further sacrifices. The foundations were laid of a field force for home defence, organized and trained as no volunteer force in the world had ever before been organized and trained. Lord Haldane and his advisers confided in the spirit of the nation, and events showed that their confidence was not mis-

[1] The italics are mine.—H. B.

placed. Who to-day speaks in derision of the Territorials?

Thus during Lord Haldane's comparatively short term of office the Expeditionary Force was formed, the Volunteers were transformed into Territorials, an Imperial Staff was created, the Officers' Training Corps was founded, and improved schemes of training were inaugurated. Those tasks were carried through with lightning speed, and the essential work had been completed when Lord Haldane left the War Office to take his seat on the Woolsack. During the latter period of his administration Field-Marshal Viscount French was Chief of the General Staff and the principal adviser of the Secretary of State. On the night of the day when Lord Haldane delivered up his seals of office, Lord French, speaking in the City, remarked :

> Lord Haldane took up the position of War Secretary at a time of great stress and trial, a time when most important problems of national defence were waiting solution, and problems which appeared to be well-nigh impossible of solution with the means which the country placed at the disposal of its military administrators.
>
> *To the eyes of many the task was almost a superhuman one.* But Lord Haldane's great brain, his desire for work, and his imperturbability to opposition were triumphant over every kind of difficulty, and he left the Army having, he thought he might fairly say, inaugurated and made a military fighting machine and established a system of national defence such as this country never had before, and which was far more suited to our present needs than anything had been in the past.

The military correspondent of *The Times* referred to the change at the War Office on the following morning, and again, four days later, reverted to the work which had been accomplished by Lord Haldane. In the latter article he recalled the conditions which existed in December 1905, when the Liberals were returned to power :

> The nation and the Army were disheartened and in despair owing to the fruitless efforts which had already been made to apply the lessons of the South African campaign. Recruiting was in a state of chaos owing to changes in the conditions of

service, which between 1902 and 1905 succeeded one another with startling rapidity. . . . The distribution of the then existing Auxiliary Forces, their want of homogeneity, the lack of proper staffs, of field artillery, and of adequate administrative services for them, were all factors which precluded any serious attempt to organize them scientifically for war or to train them properly in peace.

As for the Militia, it had been freed from all obligation to find drafts for the Regular Army in war. The old Militia had been abolished, and as a result there was every prospect of the Regular Army finding itself at no distant date once more in the parlous and reserveless condition that obtained in the Crimean War. To add to the troubles of the new War Secretary, the party which gained an overwhelming majority at the polls in January 1906 was deeply pledged to retrenchment all round, and especially in matters of military expenditure.

During the past six years the immediate readiness of the Expeditionary Force for overseas action has been the primary objective of the General Staff and of the War Office administration, and the restored feeling of self-confidence that prevails in the Army is the best evidence of the success of the efforts made in this direction.

War was soon to test the new organization. What was the result? There was no long period of warning, as was the case before hostilities broke out in South Africa. Down to the very eve of the sending of the British ultimatum the issue as between this country and Germany hung in the balance. During that interval Sir Edward Grey, as Foreign Minister, made it plain that the French Government was fully possessed of knowledge of what we could and could not do in case of war. No pledge had been given. We could throw our Fleet into the scale and we could launch the Expeditionary Force, which under the new regime had been converted into an instrument of war of unparalleled efficiency—a razor-like weapon. Germany, by the invasion of Belgium, turned the balance. Suddenly the nation, which but a few days before had had no suspicion that war was probable, found itself involved in a great European struggle.

On August 4th the ultimatum expired. The country was then left in ignorance of what military measures were being taken, except that it learnt that

Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener had become Secretary of State for War at a moment when the probable intervention of her Army in Ireland was the subject of the hour. On August 16th, the day before the Belgian Government was forced to fly to Antwerp, it was dramatically announced that the entire Expeditionary Force—*not* 40,000, *but* 160,000 *men*—had been safely landed in France, without a single casualty.[1] Five days later its concentration had been completed, and it had occupied the position assigned to it on the line from Condé to Mons.

In this manner the work of Lord Haldane and his advisers was put to the test. *Never before had any country transported so large a force in so short a time.* The exploit, in which the Navy, the mercantile marine, and the Army all shared, completely upset the calculations which the German General Staff had made, with the assistance of their active agents in this country. Events showed that Viscount French, the Commander-in-Chief of this Army, had spoken with full knowledge and accuracy when he had declared that Lord Haldane, during his term of office, had "inaugurated and made a military fighting machine and a system of national defence such as this country never had before." If ever an army took the field "complete to the last button," with splendid arrangements for the commissariat, the medical services, and supplies generally, that army was the Expeditionary Force thrown across the Channel like a thunderbolt, to the complete derangement of Germany's plans. What would have happened to the French Republic if, when the die was cast, the British Army had been in the condition it was when the South African War occurred, or if it had remained in the state of greater chaos which existed when Lord Haldane went to the War Office? Small

[1] It is not clear that the Sixth Division had actually been sent off by August 16th ; but it was mobilized with the others on August 3rd, and followed at the moment which Lord Kitchener considered most appropriate a few days later.—H. B.

though the force was—this country in the past had never had a completely organized army one-quarter its size ready to move—it proved sufficient, so fine was the material and so efficient the organization, to save civilization from a threatened doom. The British Expeditionary Force, launched against the hosts of Germany, turned the scale at the critical moment.[1]

But that does not exhaust the record. Foundations had been laid on which Lord Kitchener, who proved in the emergency a supreme recruiting agent, could build up new armies. Lord Haldane merits some credit for the smoothness with which the new armies were raised. In the history of warfare there has been no exhibition of patriotism and no demonstration of organizing ability to approach the effort put forth when the character of the war became apparent. Recruits poured in. The military authorities proceeded with splendid resourcefulness to organize the new armies of peril—the armies of Europe's peril. This country was ill-fitted to meet the strain which the equipment of the new armies involved. Supreme in the elements of sea-power, its capacity for creating military munitions was strictly limited—had always been strictly limited, and necessarily so in view of our small military effort. Within eighteen months of the beginning of the war the Prime Minister was nevertheless able to announce that this country, in spite of the many casualties which had been suffered, had operating in the various theatres no fewer than *a million and a half of men.* Consider that figure! Contrast it with any former military effort which this country has ever made, even in its day of direst emergency. We had 30,000 men only at Waterloo! Must we blush for our generation? What should be said of the Jeremiahs who told us on the eve of the

[1] We shall see in a later chapter, on the witness of a Harmsworth publication, that the British Expeditionary Force assisted French armies very handsomely by lending them some of its big guns, with which armament none of the French armies was provided.—H. B.

> war that this England of ours was decadent; that we could exert no influence if the war-cloud on the Continent burst? When the Prime Minister spoke of a million and a half of men on the fighting fronts, there must have been about a million and a half of other troops in this country either trained or in training. And not a conscript amongst them! The raising of these new armies, their training, and their equipment; the transport of these new armies and their supply; the fighting of these new armies, wherever they have confronted the enemy, constitute a series of triumphs which stand unparalleled in the history of this or any other race.

Nothing more need be said. Indisputable for all honest men, for all men willing to be convinced, for all men who realize the moral duty of holding right and true opinions, are these facts of the whole matter: First, that King Edward, in seeking peace, was not unmindful of the hazard of war. Second, that the King did not err in giving his trust and confidence and friendship to Lord Fisher and Lord Haldane. Third, that both by land and by sea this country most faithfully fulfilled its obligations to its allies. And, fourth, that the British Army of August 1914, which twice met and broke the furious onset of the German legions, not merely proved itself an army of imperishable glory, but, in giving France time to mobilize her vast army and make those changes in her strategy necessitated by the German invasion of Belgium, saved France, saved England, and perhaps saved the whole world from a calamity such as few men have the vision to imagine.

And now Lord Haldane shall speak for himself. I make no apology for printing one of his speeches almost in full, first, because it is a very wise speech, a very noble speech, and a speech which the average person will find good for his reason to dwell upon, but because I do not suppose that a single word of this very important and instructive speech was ever printed in those newspapers which provide the vulgarians of this country with their political opinions. Let the reader, who is already be-

wildered to know why his newspaper did not tell him of Lord French's tribute to the unique work of this War Minister, and who is still utterly amazed to find that, instead of reducing the British Army, Lord Haldane enormously increased its fighting efficiency, let him further reflect upon the strange fact that the speech which now follows was never printed in his paper, which has room, no doubt, for murders, divorces, and fashions, and certainly room for misleading the opinions of its readers.

Lord Haldane spoke on National Duty on July 5, 1915, at a meeting to which the Prime Minister sent the following message:

> Lord Haldane is the oldest political and personal friend that I have in the world. For the best part of thirty-five years we have been associated in close and unbroken intimacy. We have worked together, and fought side by side through many vicissitudes of fortune in the pursuit of what we have believed to be great and worthy causes, without (so far as I can recall) more than a passing shadow of difference in opinion, and always with the same ideals in view. I can never adequately express the debt which I owe to the breadth of his outlook, to the large range of his varied knowledge, to his acute perception of political perspective, and, above all, to his selfless loyalty and devotion. It has been given to few men to find and to keep such a friend.
>
> But quite apart from and beyond these personalities, I wish to put on record my sense of the inestimable value of the work which in many different spheres he has done for the State. A profound and accomplished lawyer, he has worthily sustained the best traditions of the Woolsack. *Inter arma silent leges.* And now that we are engaged in the greatest war in our history, or in that of the world, I should wish my countrymen to realize that it is more due to him than to any other man that our Army was ready to undertake the mission to which it has been called.

The Territorial Force, which is winning its laurels and covering itself with glory in every theatre of the war, is his creation. The magnificent work which is being done by the Staff is largely the result of his initiative and inspiration. Long years of patient and unobtrusive effort, conducted under his guidance and stimulus, are bearing their fruit, with the addition every day of fresh chapters to the glorious annals of the British Army.

I may take the opportunity of contradicting a statement which I am told is still believed in some quarters—that at the outbreak of war Lord Haldane claimed or desired to return to the War Office.

There is not a word of truth in this silly story. I was myself at the time Secretary of State, and Lord Haldane was good enough to assist me for a few days at the office to cope with the overwhelming pressure of business. He was from the first moment a strong advocate of Lord Kitchener's appointment.

Let me add that no man in our time has made more fertile and lasting contribution to the reconstruction and better organization of national education in its best and broadest sense; a reform which has already done much, and when developed and completed is destined to do far more to enable this country to hold and better its own in the growing rivalry of the peoples of the world.

You do well to-night to honour him, and I predict with undoubting confidence that your recognition of his character and services will be ratified by history and posterity.

Lord Haldane spoke as follows :—

. . . I have noticed the tone of Job and Jeremiah in certain sections of the Press. I am entirely in favour of rousing up the nation. We have been sluggish and unconscious, and any one who has turned our attention to the real danger, and made us think, has rendered a public service. But you can overdo that; you can produce depression beyond what is desirable.

The situation is serious enough without our making it worse.

Now, just let me ask this question: Are we the only nation that has been taken aback by what has happened, and has been in that sense unprepared? I always try when I am looking at a situation such as this to follow the example of the great military leaders who ought to be our guide in such a case—men like Hannibal and Napoleon, whose habit it was always to endeavour to look over the enemy's ramparts and define what was in his mind.

If we were to look into the mind of the German General Staff, what should we find at this moment? We can only conjecture, but I expect they have some Jobs and Jeremiahs. Was Germany prepared to find her old ally Italy ranged amongst her enemies? Was she prepared to find a torrent of criticism on her methods from the vast majority in the United States? Was she ready to see her commerce and her armed cruisers swept from the seas by the British Navy? Did she count upon India vying with the rest of her enemies in loyalty and help? Did she reckon on the Mohammedan world outside Turkey remaining neutral? Did she think General Botha would lead the Dutch to victory in South Africa, and did she suppose Japan would speedily extinguish her possessions in the Eastern world? If these things had been in the mind of some of those in command of the German General Staff they would probably have said, "The gamble is too much for us, even with our magnificent army."

Do not imagine that in saying that I am in the least underestimating the grave situation with which we are confronted. The armies of the Central Powers are not only extraordinarily powerful, but they are magnificently organized. The problem for us is how we are to deal with the situation. The simple fact on which we must build is this, that taking the Powers that are most immediately concerned, the Allies have 280 millions of population to organize for war against 120 millions.

That is a great fact if we can make adequate use of it; and the question is how we are to make use of that bed-rock fact, because if we can make use of it we win this war. It is not only men that we want to accomplish this end; nor is it only munitions; nor is it only money. There was a book which, when I was at the War Office three years ago, I used to be very fond of. Probably very few of you know it. It was a book written by a brilliant French soldier before the war of 1870, Colonel Ardant du Picq I think was his name, who was killed at Metz in that year, and who wrote a book on the moral factor in war under the title of *Études sur le Combat.*

In that book he laid down the effect of the moral factor which I think has been the foundation of the principles of that magnificent General Staff which our French allies possess to-day. It is not merely numbers and munitions and resources, it is not only energy, although energy is absolutely essential; but it is energy *directed.* And that means organization, and organization necessitates thought, and calls for the application of mind. What we have to do is to create organization, resources, and munitions, and bring men into the field; and bring them always under the direction of that supreme condition. Thought must be at the back, so that we get the staying power, that moral effect which comes from certainty of purpose, and which only concentrated thought and will can give. And it is there that the nation comes in.

We want, in the nation, mind in the form of direct and concentrated and thought-out purpose, which is the foundation of the staying power of the nation, not only in our own case, but in the case of each of our allies. That is my first and basic proposition which I want to develop to you to-night. Now let us look at our own real difficulties. Our real difficulty, the source of the confusion and the reproaches that have taken place, is the fact that we are not naturally or ordinarily a reflective nation. Long ago

a great man, Matthew Arnold, pointed this out in words which have a great application to the problem of to-day, in a book called *Friendship's Garland.* That was published over forty years ago, and Matthew Arnold called his country to reflection. But you cannot alter a nation in a day, and you cannot, when the emergency comes, develop in a man what the *reflective habit* would have given you easily. That is where we are at some disadvantage compared with our enemies.

On the other hand, we have great capacities in this nation—we have a great capacity in certain departments—for reflection. There is the British Navy. That is a thought-out organization—but it depends on a tradition which has been historical with us, which has always been there. The nation's mind has concentrated itself in the case of its Navy. With the Army it was never so easy, and yet in the case of the Army some things have been done which are very striking.

I am going to speak of one here. I speak freely because, though it happened in my time, it was done by a man whom I did no more than set free and help to do it, and I did not meddle with him. I mean that extraordinary Army Medical Service, first organized on a territorial basis in connection with the territorial forces, which has been used in France with such an extraordinary effect that I am told that to-day the Germans are busily engaged in trying to imitate it. I mean the Army Medical Organization, created by Surgeon-General Sir Alfred Keogh.

Now, it is well we should remember that case as an illustration of what can be done in a comparatively short time by a man who really knows what he means, and sets himself to do it. Gentlemen, that is not the only case of reflection. There has been some criticism of the Committee of Imperial Defence of late. Well, I know the work of the Committee of Imperial Defence very well. I sat on it and

worked on it first under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and I have sat on it and worked on it under the present Prime Minister, and I will say this to you: We may have thought wrong or we may have thought right, but we thought very hard on the Committee of Imperial Defence.

First of all the Committee of Imperial Defence had to settle the basic principle of the protection of this country. So far as we were concerned the problem was easy if we alone and in isolation had been attacked alone by Germany. We had a fleet which was double the size of the German Fleet, and an expeditionary force with which at home invasion would have been out of the question, apart from the Territorial Force, which was in reserve behind. But, of course, we had to consider more things than the case of our being engaged in an isolated war with Germany.

We knew that we had another factor in our favour in the case of attack on us alone, that whereas the German Army and Navy are raised by compulsion—that sons, brothers, uncles, nephews, and fathers are taken away from their businesses and cannot remain a long time away without great suffering to the German nation—under the British system with a professional Navy and Army, war can go on for a dozen years.

It was one of the great principles of the Committee of Imperial Defence that we refused to look at the question as though it could only be a home defence question. We realized that other nations were creating great navies—we realized that we should have closely and carefully to consider what part we might bear if we were drawn into a continental war.

Now, gentlemen, there were three alternatives before the Committee of Imperial Defence. There was that of developing our existing system, which was a very highly trained professional army, small compared to the vast continental armies, but very large compared to what they could send and keep in distant regions

for a long period. There was that professional army with behind it *expansion in the shape of a territorial army*. The other alternative was a plan which was put forward for a compulsorily raised home defence army—short trained and not under obligation to go abroad. I can only tell you that the experts of the Defence Committee would not look at that plan, because, they said, "It is not designed either for one thing or another. We can make sure of home defence without it. We cannot make sure that with an army, the very basis of which is that it is only raised for home defence, we should be able to do what may be required of us on the Continent."

I have seen it said that we might have had 600,000 men under that system in place of 150,000. Gentlemen, it is not true that we have only had 150,000 for the Continent. We have at this moment in France over 600,000, and we have got a good many more in other parts of the world. Therefore, apart from other drawbacks which were very great, we rejected that system because we did not think we could get out of it nearly as much as we could out of the Voluntary system.

We are quite aware of the drawbacks of the Voluntary system if you only look at one thing, but we had to consider the defence of the Empire as well as the defence of these shores, and the necessity for a great expeditionary force such as we were advised we could not get if we tried to mix up in one a Compulsory and a Voluntary system. Now, that brought us to the third alternative. It was my business to give my mind as closely as I could to every alternative, and I gave my mind to the question of raising a continental army of 2,000,000 men two years trained. I considered that—I was bound to consider everything—looking to the great increase of armaments on the Continent, and I did consider it, and there was a fatal difficulty in days where the situation was one which might pass or might mature

and prove full of peril. It was the old maxim against swopping horses when you are crossing the stream. To raise an army like this, even if you could have got the nation to assent to it either in 1912 or 1906, would have taken a generation.

The great armies of the Continent have taken at least two generations to build up. How could we have built up such an army in the time that was at our disposal? Even ten or fifteen years would have been too late. Unless we could have got that army into existence at once, by waving a wand, we should have been in a situation of extraordinary peril, because at once our professional army would have begun to disappear, and before we could have got anything approaching even the beginnings of the second army into an efficient state the enemy would have had good reason for choosing his moment and attacking.

At that time the armies of Russia were not organized as they are to-day. Nor was the French Army as it is to-day; and we should have been at the mercy, and they all would have been at the mercy, of the German Army. And then there was another difficulty. There were then, at any rate, three parties in the German State. There was the great German nation, in some respects very like our own people, but with this difference, that they had no part in politics, and therefore if the Government raised its hand they were constrained to follow.

Then at the other extreme there was the war party, the German General Staff, and those who surrounded it—what is called the Junker party—that had been maturing war and preparing a tremendous machine, and was always endeavouring to persuade the German nation that it would be a good thing to use it. And then, in between, the balance was held by a third party, the great middle party in Germany, which included many of the diplomatists and a great many of the business men, and was very powerful, and that party did not want war—at any rate did not want it then; wanted Germany, at any rate, to be richer and

stronger before she embarked on any policy of adventure, and, above all, wished to develop the material prosperity of Germany.

Now, that party had a suspicion rooted in it which I do not think we in this country generally realized. We are not an imaginative nation, and we could not conceive of anything so far from the truth as that it should be supposed that we had entered into a secret combination with France and Russia to ring round Germany and fall upon her unawares and crush her; and yet that was a superstition which was widely spread at that time in Germany—a pernicious error which the war party did the utmost to foster by circulating every speech and article they could collect from this country which seemed to argue this kind of intentions. Perhaps you will realize why I felt it incumbent on myself to do all I could to make friendly speeches.

I know something of Germany. I knew when August last came the meaning of what had happened despite all our efforts. The moment the war party in Germany dominated and unsheathed the sword it was with me a question of far more than even Belgium, and I said, "We fight for our lives." I had no doubt of the necessity of our taking part in this war. Had we stood out, with the war party of Germany in the ascendancy, I think our shrift would have been very short.

I pass that by. At any rate you see the principle: a great navy and a highly organized expeditionary force, with expansion from a national territorial army beyond, which should be able to render assistance if required in the protection of common interests. We did not want to be dominated by Germany, and we had to take the necessary means to prevent it. It was our principle to have a strong navy, with such an army as I have described, and that was the judgment on which we acted. I will only add that a vast amount of nonsense has been written by people who appear to have very little understanding.

It remains to be seen whether we have been right and whether we have acted so as to meet the case. I am pretty sure no other estimate would have put us in a better position. I am pretty certain it would have put us in a worse position. You cannot swop horses in the middle of a stream, and we had been in the middle of the stream for the last fifteen years.

Now, let me pass to the important point which was raised in 1912. We were made uneasy in that year because we were made acquainted with a new feature. It was known in the Press and generally, but it fell to me to get early news of it. Germany introduced a new Fleet law, which meant a great naval increase. It was communicated to my colleagues, and we at once took action. Mr. McKenna had laid down an increase in ships, and Mr. Churchill, building on that, raised the British Navy to a point of size and readiness for war in which it was something like two to one against the German Navy. Well, that is an answer to people who say that nothing was done. I am far from suggesting to you that in the light of what we know now we might not have considered whether even more was not possible, but I am not sure that we should have come to any different conclusion. The nation could only do what it could do. We might all have been better prepared in other ways of which I have not spoken, but not, I think, much better in the direction of which I have spoken.

Gentlemen, the difficulty which we have to confront is the difficulty which arises from our national habit. Our national habit is to be content with things as they are. We have great energy and great resourcefulness. No man is better in a tight place than a citizen of the British Empire. But, generally he has not been thinking about it much beforehand. Well, when I look back, the most difficult of all campaigns is not the campaign about the Army, not the campaign about the Navy—that is easy—but the

campaign of trying to get people to educate themselves into the reflective habit.

I have been since the year 1898 engaged in a campaign of education; and my friend and late colleague, Mr. Pease, who has done more than any Education Minister to make our ideas mature, knows how extraordinarily difficult it is to wake up the interest of the nation in education. Not that something was not done. Not merely were there the reforms which he made and which are very valuable, but between 1898 and now ten new teaching universities were created in this country. They have radiated out their influence in all directions, and if they had only given us the Officers' Training Corps they would have given us a service which we may well be grateful for to-day.

The education campaign is only typical of the extraordinary difficulties which everybody has to encounter who tries to waken this nation before it chooses to be wakened to the business of organizing itself. The efforts of the Education Department, the application of science to industry, and all the questions which are agitating people's minds just now, would have been easier if, fifteen years ago, we had begun to think of these things and applied our minds to them.

But I have not asked you to come here and weep with me. My eyes are fixed on the immediate future, and the future beyond that, and I want to urge you to work with me in this. I think we can do a great deal in this war. We can win if the national effort is rightly organized. We and our allies have got splendid chances of co-operation, and we must see to it that we distribute the burden and the task and bear our full share, each alike, in his own way.

Three years ago, when I was at the War Office, and in the years before that, the new General Staff, which contained some of the most brilliant generals that are now fighting at the front, taught me various

things. They taught me that for success in war clear conceptions were absolutely essential. You must know exactly what it is you wish to accomplish in war if you are to succeed. At present we are face to face with two alternative possible ways of beating the enemy, and everything turns on our having a perfectly clear conception and distinction between these two ways, and not confusing them, because if we confuse them we shall not only fail in energy, but we shall fall between two stools.

One way that people talk of is to pour troops into Germany. Now, Germany has a very great and highly organized army, and also a network of strategic railways, and it is a very difficult business to pour men into Germany, invade and crush her, unless you have gone through the preliminary process of wearing down the enemy by attrition. That is where your population of 280 millions against 120 millions comes in; and it is that superiority in numbers which gives room for a clear conception of what you want to do. It is *that* that we want to get into the national mind; and if it is in the national mind it will be in everybody's mind, and it will be done.

If you choose the mode of attrition you must realize its obligations and prepare now. And here it is necessary to give a word of warning. You must not turn out isolated brigades, and attempt what I may term firework feats. You must not lose men in taking positions you do not intend to hold or cannot hold. You must save all your forces, and take care that you wear down an enemy who is trying to wear you down. You must prepare your positions, your entrenchments, and your artillery, ordinary and heavy, for the purpose, and you must concentrate in getting that ready, however long a time it takes.

You must not grudge any time that gives you the result. The method of attrition may turn out to be a real method in this war. I am not dogma-

tizing. It is not for me to express military opinions, but only opinions on matters of common sense, and each ally must play its part. The French are playing their own splendid part and the Russians are playing a part that is too little understood.

We are, indeed, an unreflective nation. I see proposals put forward to mobilize the men of science and mobilize even the Royal Society. Now, no man has insisted more strongly than I have on the necessity of science and its application to industry . . . but to mobilize science in the abstract is to mobilize a mob, and a mob of scientific men is not much more useful than a mob of soldiers. You want to determine the precise problems which you desire to see solved, to summon exactly the right men to do that, to associate them with the experts, military and naval, whose necessities they have to deal with, and to organize in as careful a way as you would organize in any ordinary department of everyday business. . . .

Before I sit down I want to say a word or two not only about war, but about peace. I don't mean the terms of peace. I don't mean to discuss that, but it is about the situation in which we shall find ourselves when peace comes.

Let us take care that we are not as badly prepared for peace as we were for some of the exigencies of this war. What will have happened to us? We shall have very little capital left. There will be a tendency to transfer business to the United States, and we shall have thrust back upon us a vast number of soldiers come back from the war who will have to be employed. Let us see that we don't find ourselves a huge discontented island in the North Sea as the result. Much can be done by attacking that problem early. If you think about it now a great deal can be done.

They will be difficult times. Much will be changed. We shall have to build up again the ramparts of wealth and prosperity, and it will be essential that

our manufacturers should have thought of the situation ahead, and we should have thought systematically and scientifically how to build up chances of employment. Vast numbers of makers of munitions will be unemployed, and manufacturers will not be sufficiently re-established to employ them.

The War Office and the Board of Trade are thinking of it, but it is a problem so vast that *we* ought to be thinking of it—the whole nation. That brings me to another point. On 26th June last, about two months before the war, I came here to make a speech with Mr. Lloyd George on the inwardness of the Budget. We developed prospects arising out of the Budget which were not on the face of the Bill but were latent in it. We spoke of building up a better race. A system of national education was in that Budget; and besides there was something that is vital at this moment—I speak in the presence of a great expert on this subject, my friend Mr. Herbert Samuel, who was the minister in charge of the public health. He and his experts and the Board of Education had ascertained that of all the children who were born, 10 per cent died in the first 12 months, and of the whole of the children who might have come into the world, 15 per cent died who need not have died. Nearly the whole of that wastage, 25 per cent, and it was more if you work out the figures actuarially, can be saved. And yet here we are with a falling birth-rate! It is an urgent problem.

I am well aware of the necessity of saving every penny we can save. But do not let us be penny-wise and pound-foolish. These reforms are almost as vital as the supply of munitions of war. We dare not flinch from them. Set to work to see that these things I have mentioned and indicated are done, and done at once! . . .

The examples which I have given you are examples which are only isolated ones. The problems abound. What is the moral? We must not look merely to

the Government; we must organize ourselves. Men must think and work too, because they will play a tremendous part in some of these social problems of which I have spoken. We must set ourselves to learn to think and to act as we never thought and acted before. Then it may be that the war and the convulsion which has awakened us out of our slumbers may prove to have been a blessing. At least let us make the most of such an opportunity as we have. We needed in the lethargy into which we had got an intellectual and spiritual awakening. Perhaps it has come! Ah! gentlemen, our one mind must be the mind not only of the nation, but of the awakened nation. Our leaders cannot do everything, and we must not leave it to them. Each one of us is deeply responsible individually for doing what he can to save his country in the greatest emergency in which it has been for many a generation. We support a Government which is in reality and in effect a Government of Public Safety. Well, do not let us lose courage. Do not let us flinch from this great effort. Let us turn the necessity of it to our profit. Let us feel that what has happened may be the making of us as a race, aye! and our salvation from the state of indifference into which we had fallen. There are some old words of Robert Browning which come into my mind, and I will quote them to you as I conclude:

> There are flashes struck from midnights;
> There are fire-flames noondays kindle;
> Whereby piled-up honours perish,
> Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle;
> While just this or that poor impulse
> Which for once has play unstifled
> Seems the sole work of a lifetime
> That away the rest have trifled.

The midnight call has come. Let us see to it that our lamps are trimmed.

In the course of his reply to a vote of thanks Lord Haldane said:

VISCOUNT HALDANE
From a portrait by Fiddes Watt

> Gentlemen, I am deeply moved by this occasion. In some ways I have always felt myself lacking in the gifts of public life. I am no orator. I have not the capacity for stirring great masses of men. My political life has been in some ways a lonely one, and would have been more so but for devoted friends. But I have tried during these long years to think as closely as I could—to think out ideas which might bear fruit. And yet to-night in your attitude, in the generousness of your response, in the kindliness of your welcome, I feel that my life has indeed not been wasted. You have crowned it with a prize, and I am grateful to you.

Can any man read this calm and quiet speech, so full of wisdom, modesty, and vision, without coming to the conclusion that it were a far healthier thing for such a country as Britain to listen more often and more willingly to the utterances of a mind like this, than to lend its undisciplined feelings so greedily to the claptrap of the demagogue and the hysterics of a conscienceless Press? In this speech of the great minister I am aware of an unexaggerating common sense, a practical wisdom, and a quiet and disciplined imagination which explain for me why he was so trusted by that shrewd king who "disliked exaggeration and detested mischief-making."

Lord Haldane has returned to his early love, the Law.[1] He is to be seen daily sitting from early morning until late in the afternoon taking a leading part in the deliberations of the two supreme tribunals of the Empire —the House of Lords, which hears the appeals from England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which, in the name of the sovereign, dispenses ultimate justice to the rest of the Empire. It was his dream a quarter of a century earlier to build up these great tribunals into one Supreme Court of the Empire. The House of Lords remains unchanged still as a judicial institution, and in form this dream remains still unaccomplished. But in substance he ac-

[1] See Appendix, Note F.

complished it when, as Lord Chancellor, he carried the recent Act which strengthened the body of Law Lords, who sit in divisions between which the members are interchangeable. By this Act he added two paid Law Lords of the highest learning and ability to that corps of judges. He also prevailed on two other highly distinguished lawyers to accept peerages and to devote their lives, unremunerated, to this great work.

The Judicial Committee in particular has been Lord Haldane's special care. To-day he sits there interpreting the constitutions of the Dominions and Colonies which make up the Empire. One of its most real links is the Privy Council in its Judicial Committee, a body that commands high respect and confidence among the four hundred millions of the subjects of the King—subjects of every nationality and every colour, and under systems of law which range from those in the Western world, based on the customs of old France, to others in the Far East, based on the Shastras and traditions of India. In that dominion of the King-Emperor Lord Haldane's name is held in deep respect, for he has played a great part in holding the scales of justice impartially between the Government and the natives. There is a story told about the Supreme Tribunal which sits in Downing Street in the court with the shabby entrance which I will rescue from oblivion. A traveller in Northern India found a hill tribe assembled for the religious purpose of a sacrifice. "To what god do you make your offering?" he asked. "We know not his mystery," was the reply, "but he is a god so great and powerful that he has made the British Raj [the Government at Calcutta] give us back the land it had taken from us. And we know the name of him to commemorate whose justice we make sacrifice; it is the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council."

A member of Lord Haldane's family once told me an interesting story about his childhood. He had an old Scotch nurse, who took him, aged six, to see the House of Lords, which was in recess. She led him through the chamber and asked the attendant to let her place the boy on the Woolsack. When she returned with him she told

the Highland butler of the family what she had done, and added, "One day the bairn will sit there in his own right!" "Aye, Mrs. Ferguson," was the reply, "but your heid will be weel happit by then." He was right. The old nurse, to whom Lord Haldane was devoted to the day of her death, passed away before the goal of her ambition for him had been bravely reached.

LORD HALDANE'S MISSIONS TO GERMANY

. . . The melancholy scene I had just gone through had shaken me, and I needed sympathy. I told Sala what had happened. "The old story," said Sala; "*life a dream!* Take a glass of brandy." He then inquired who my friends were. "Three admirable members of Parliament," I cried, "who, donning the cross of charity——" "I know," interrupted Sala; "the cleverest thing out!"

Friendship's Garland

CHAPTER III

LORD HALDANE'S MISSIONS TO GERMANY

[*In view of the recent answer given by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons, it is apparent that we cannot hope to see the full record of the Berlin conversations before the war ends. What appears in the text of this chapter relative to the substance of these conversations is the result of a collation from a variety of sources, German as well as English. As, however, accuracy in such a matter is of the highest importance, I thought it right to communicate with Lord Haldane and ask him to look at the proof of this particular chapter. I have his authority for saying that "in no point is it inaccurate."*]

THE Liberal Government," says Mr. Oliver in *Ordeal by Battle*, not very accurately, "came into office in the autumn of 1905. Ministers," he continues, "can hardly have had time to master the contents of their various portfolios before German aggression burst rudely in upon them." He then proceeds to suggest, with the complacency of a good Conservative (whose Government, having left the War Office in a condition of "chaos and weakness," had just departed amidst almost universal derision), that this German aggression was dictated by the fact that a Liberal Government had come into power!

"It is a highly significant fact," says he, following up this complacent hint, "that early in 1906, only a few months after Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's advent to power,[1] he found himself faced with the prospect of a European war"—and mark what follows, without even the decency of a full stop to mitigate its complete contradiction—"which was only averted when our Foreign

[1] As a matter of fact it was in the very next month.

Minister"—that is to say, Sir Edward Grey, with the full concurrence of his Liberal colleagues—"made it clear to Germany that in such an event this country would range itself upon the side of France."

I desire to treat Mr. Oliver with courtesy and respect. He is sincere, he is courageous, and he writes like a gentleman. His main offence, it seems to me, lies in this, that he ventured to write a book on a subject of the very gravest nature, and at a time when Britain's good name was of priceless worth to her, without being perfectly certain of his facts and without taking the greatest trouble to see that he was not doing violence to those facts. But at this point it does seem to me that Mr. Oliver has treated his reader's intelligence with a degree of roughness which deserves particular reproof. For immediately after this statement that Britain had delivered an emphatic answer to the "warning" of Germany, he proceeds to say: "The British answer to it was to utter renewed protestations of friendly confidence"! And yet, saying this, he actually quotes in a footnote the following sentence from Mr. J. A. Spender's *Foundations of British Policy*: "It was the general belief at the time that nothing but the support which the British Government gave to the French averted a catastrophe. . . ."

Let me tell Mr. Oliver and his numerous disciples—a host of intelligent people who, fascinated and hypnotized by a very seductive narrative style, have accepted all Mr. Oliver's facts and all Mr. Oliver's conclusions from those facts—the true story of what are styled in *Ordeal by Battle* the *warnings* of Germany, the story of the three principal warnings—the *warning* of 1906, the *warning* of 1908, and the *warning* of 1911.

The "Warning" of 1906

The Liberal Government was formed, with some difficulty, in December 1905. The trouble which had divided the party over the South African War was over, but a certain amount of friction still remained. The section led by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the section led

by Lord Rosebery, which included Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Haldane (three close personal friends), were only drawn together by what they judged to be the menace of Protection. Lord Rosebery did not take office, but the three North countrymen who most emphatically represented the strength, dignity, and eloquence of Liberal Imperialism accepted the invitation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to join the Government. Sir Edward Grey became Foreign Secretary, Mr. Asquith went to the Treasury, and, at King Edward's express wish, Mr. Haldane accepted the seals of the War Office.[1] Thus, in this Liberal Government which on Mr. Oliver's supposition invited an attack by German aggression, were three of the strongest intellects in the House of Commons, three men whose principles of a strong, rigorous, but rational imperialism must have been very well known at the German Embassy in London, if not to the statesmen of the Wilhelmstrasse, and three men who had never uttered a single word which suggested either pusillanimity or betrayal of international undertakings.

Early in January the trouble between France and Germany was very serious. The Germans, who in the region of foreign politics have the touchiness of a parvenu, felt that their dignity had been flouted by the French Foreign Minister. They insisted upon M. Delcassé's resignation. Naturally enough, after this evidence of German feeling, the French became wisely anxious, and in the field of their anxiety was the question of British support. If France were wantonly attacked by her neighbour, would Britain lend the aid of her land-power as well as the aid of her sea-power?—that is to say, would Britain land an army in France, and if so, of what size would that army be?

The British Foreign Secretary would not enter into any engagement which might bind his country improperly. But he consulted with the British War Minister, and having gained the assent of the Prime Minister, Mr.

[1] "Nobody else," Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman once said, "would touch it with a pole."

Haldane made arrangements at the War Office for a conference between his military advisers and the French General Staff. It was made perfectly plain that in no case whatever would Britain lend her support to an unprovoked attack on Germany, but the military men were told to consider in what way the two friendly countries could best act together in the event of a German attack on France. No one was to be bound, but possible military eventualities were to be thought out. And the British War Minister did something more. He set his generals to work on a complete investigation of the condition of our military forces, with the direct instruction to report on the greatest number of troops we could land in France if emergency arose, and how quickly the landing could be effected.

Thus, during all the distractions of a General Election, and certainly before he could have mastered his portfolio, did Mr. Haldane meet this *first warning* of German aggression. Mr. Oliver will hardly suggest that he could have done more, seeing that he had succeeded to the Conservative Government's British Army of "chaos and weakness." To have flung that poor army at the head of Germany, or even to have strutted and blustered and worked himself up into a fine music-hall passion of indignation, might have satisfied the hot feelings of gentlemen like Mr. Oliver; but it would hardly have been kind to the British Army, to France, or to the British Empire. What Mr. Haldane did do, on the other hand, was of the very greatest service both to the British Army and to France. He began to put the chaos into such order that it presently became a military fighting machine such as this country never had before.

The result of the investigation by the generals was, of course, most disquieting. Only a very small force could have been sent to France in those days, perhaps 80,000 men, and even so only after a delay that would have been fatal. This appalling state of things, we may say, was one of the chief contents left by Mr. Oliver's political leaders in the portfolio of the minister, and we may also say that it was this appalling state of things which the War Minister

so completely, so triumphantly, and so mercifully *mastered* to the great satisfaction of his generals.

Lord Haldane saw at once that the master secret of modern warfare was *rapid mobilization.* The Germans had discovered that secret. His business was to meet Moltkeism with Moltkeism. The Germans have since complained that he stole this secret from them during his friendly visit of 1906. But the truth is that rapidity of mobilization as the key to the whole question of modern war was no secret to any one who took the trouble to look into military science. Nevertheless it is significant that a layman like Lord Haldane initiated the British Army into this secret. It was he who revolutionized the military science of Great Britain, who did away with sprawling incohesiveness, and who knitted together, by means of the greater unit complete in itself, a striking force which could be set in motion with a minimum of delay. We shall see later on how extraordinarily successful he was in this revolution, and how that revolution begun in 1906 saved Europe in the autumn of 1914.

But this was not all that the War Minister did in those perilous days. Faithful to his wise master and to the highest principles of his own mind, while he laboured as War Minister to get order and efficiency out of chaos and weakness, Lord Haldane strove with all the keenness of his intellect and with all the fire of his soul to better our relations with Germany. In the light of subsequent events, of course, the Germans now regard this admirable diplomacy of Lord Haldane as the trick of King Edward's blandest, silkiest, cleverest, and most dishonest trickster; but in honest truth it was nothing of the kind. It was a genuine effort made by a very wise man and a perfectly upright man to save the peace of Europe; and while it certainly did enable us to put our house in order and to come to a working understanding with France, it was never intended as a policy for gaining time, and never used in after-years in the direction of offence.

Before proceeding to relate what Lord Haldane attempted in the field of improving our relations with Germany, it may

be well, seeing that slander and calumny have not refrained from assailing his family honour, asserting among other matters that he has German blood in his veins, to give the reader some brief idea of the minister's credentials.

Richard Burdon Haldane was born on the 30th July 1856, the son of a Scottish gentleman, Robert Haldane of Cloan, who married Mary Elizabeth Burdon Sanderson, a sister of Darwin's friend, Sir John Burdon Sanderson. The family is an ancient one, dating back to the thirteenth century. There have been Haldanes at Gleneagles ever since those days, and the present owner of Gleneagles, Lord Camperdown, is a Haldane in the female line. Among the notable people connected with the Haldanes are Admiral Duncan, the hero of Camperdown, and Sir Ralph Abercromby of Aboukir. Two grand-uncles of Lord Haldane are famous in the religious history of Scotland and Switzerland. On the mother's side he was the great-grandnephew of a previous Lord Chancellor, the famous Lord Eldon, and his not less distinguished brother, the famous jurist, Lord Stowell.[1]

One of Lord Haldane's brothers, Dr. J. S. Haldane of Oxford, is an eminent physiologist with a European reputation, whose services to the nation in providing masks against the German gas-attacks was only an episode in a life of devotion to science which has been of the greatest blessing to workers in mines; his service to the British Admiralty both before and during the war has been of very considerable national advantage. Another brother, Sir William Haldane, is a well-known citizen of Edinburgh, and the Crown Agent for Scotland; his sister, Elizabeth Haldane, a doctor of laws, a translator of Hegel and a

[1] "Gleneagles House, built in 1624 . . . can only be reckoned a late edition of the house of the Haldanes—a race not scintillating along the march of history like the Lords of Graham, alternately lost in shade or glittering in the sunshine, but holding, through troubled, trying centuries, a calm, dignified, unobtrusive state, till, reaching the ages suited to their high moral development, they flashed upon the scene—here 'a minister of peace to guilty man,' and there the world-famed hero of Camperdown. . . . As for the Haldanes proper—those of Airthrey—their fame is in all the churches and at every fireside where religion is a matter of lively interest."—Hugh Miller.

biographer of Descartes, is one of the most practical, and certainly one of the most persuasive women in what may be called the higher branches of the Woman's Movement. The mother of this distinguished family, a friend of many notable men and women, is still in the enjoyment of an excellent memory at the age of ninety-one. Perhaps I may be allowed to say that it is when I think of this very gracious lady, in all the dignity and beauty of her extreme age, that my indignation is most deeply stirred against those scurrilous journalists (few of whom a man of breeding would admit to his dinner-table) who have attempted not only to blacken but to blast the honour of the most distinguished of her children.

At the age of seventeen Richard Haldane went in the summer session to the University of Göttingen, on the advice of Professor Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.[1] This eccentric Professor of Greek, who taught everything else except Greek, had the greatest hopes of his pupil, and wished the young man to come under the influence of Hermann Lotze, Göttingen's famous professor of philosophy. Richard Haldane, who, like Aristotle, is a man breathing libraries, was interested in German literature, even as were such irreproachable patriots as Carlyle, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, and Professor Cramb (he is also deeply interested in French literature); and he himself wished to study philosophy under the influence of Lotze. In one of his numerous addresses to University students which have been so extraordinarily helpful and inspiring, he spoke many years afterwards of that noble teacher:

> Thirty-six years ago I was bidden to choose for myself whether I would go to Oxford or to a German

[1] It has been pointed out to me by a famous professor at Edinburgh University that Scotland has always had closer cultural relations with the Continent than England has had in all her history. Scotland and France were devoted to each other centuries ago. Carlyle was the first British interpreter of German thought. And it is from her relation with Germany that Scotland has advanced in religious intelligence at so much greater a pace than England. The intellectual condition of the Scottish churches is of a high order, and the early doctrinal narrowness has practically vanished.

University, and I chose Göttingen because Lotze was there. I was only seventeen, little more than a boy. I remember vividly how spiritually as well as intellectually anchorless I felt in the early days of my residence in the old University town where lay the Hanoverian centre of learning. Göttingen was, in those days, full of great men. Gauss and Riemann and Weber were dead, but Wöhler was there, and Benfey and Sauppe and von Jhering and Ritschl—names that stood in the "seventies" for what was highest in Germany in science and classical learning and jurisprudence and theology. Yet the figure that stood out above all the others was that of my old master, Hermann Lotze. I had the privilege, boy as I was, of seeing him often in his study as well as of listening in his lecture-room, and to the end of my life I shall hold the deep impression he made on me—of a combination of intellectual power and the highest moral stature. . . . I have often wondered whether Browning had not visited Göttingen before he wrote his *Christmas Eve*, and whether it was Lotze he had in his mind when he describes how the spirit took him from place to place, until at last—

> Alone by the entrance door
> Of a sort of temple—perhaps a college,
> Like nothing I ever saw before
> At home in England to my knowledge.
> The tall, old, quaint, irregular town—
> It may be—though which, I can't
> Affirm any,
> Of the famous middle-age towns of Germany;
> Is it Halle, Weimar, Cassel, Frankfort
> Or Göttingen, I have to thank for 't?
> It may be Göttingen—most likely.

Then he describes how he enters the lecture-room and sits down among the students, and a professor comes in:

> I felt at once as if there ran
> A shoot of love from my heart to the man, . . .
> Who stood surveying his auditory
> With a wan, pure look, well-nigh celestial,

> Those blue eyes had surveyed so much,
> While under the foot they could not smutch
> Lay all the fleshly and bestial.[1]

Some of the results of his study at Göttingen may be seen in those two volumes *The Pathway to Reality* which contain his Gifford Lectures at the University of St. Andrews in 1902–4—philosophical lectures which show the influence of Kant and Hegel on his mind and Lotze on his character—lectures full of moral earnestness, the highest idealism, and a courageous and unflinching devotion to truth.

On his return to this country he continued his University career at Edinburgh, winning the Ferguson Scholarship of 1876, which was open to all the Universities of Scotland (Edward Caird was at Glasgow in those days), and taking a First Class Honours degree. This was a time when Hutchison Stirling was introducing Hegel to the English mind for the first time, and when T. H. Green at Oxford and Edward Caird at Glasgow were beginning to fire the minds of British students with an enthusiasm for German philosophy. He went to the Bar at the end of 1879. Ten years afterwards he took silk, but long before that he was a marked man among the lawyers of the day. In 1885 he entered Parliament as the Liberal member for Haddingtonshire, a constituency which never played him false for the whole of his House of Commons career—a term of five-and-twenty years—although its member was never a Whip's man and freely exercised his own discretion in party warfare. A Conservative Government was in power when he entered Parliament, and with this Government Mr. Haldane, who has never been an intolerant partisan, worked in closest co-operation for the changing of London University from a merely examining into a teaching University; ten years afterwards another Government asked him to take the chair of the Royal Commission on University Education in London. This Commission sat for four years, and Mr. Haldane managed to preside over

[1] *Universities and National Life*, by Lord Haldane, pp. 26–8. (John Murray.)

it, so keen and unabated was his enthusiasm for education, even when he was War Minister in 1906 and Lord Chancellor in 1911. No other man in the country has done more to encourage and establish universities and to broaden the whole character of our educational system.

From the first he was known as a great lawyer, a tremendous worker, an entirely disinterested and honourable politician, and above everything else as an enthusiast for clear-thinking and rational progress. He defined his idea of Liberalism in a preface to a volume of addresses called *Education and Empire*:

> There is a Liberalism which some of us believe to be the Liberalism of the future. It holds that the faith which it has made its own cannot stand still, but must advance with the advancing needs of new generations. To-day, at the beginning of the twentieth century, we as a nation have to face the problem of preserving our great commercial position, and with it the great empire which the great men of past generations have won and handed down to us. That empire it is our bounden duty to hold as a sacred trust, and to pass on in such a fashion that those who come after may be proud of us, as we are proud of the forefathers who did their work before our time. The duty we have to discharge requires an effort. *That effort must assume the form neither of swaggering along the High Street of the world, nor of sitting down with folded hands on a dust-heap.* It is rather to be sought in clear views and activity of the kind that is at once unhasting and unresting. Around us is surging up a flood of new competition. If we are to hold the ground which our predecessors won before the days of that competition, we shall require above all things enlightened views about the common constitution which unites us with our colonies and dependencies.

This Liberalism, which is perhaps the politics of every educated man in the country, never mind what party he belongs to, is not the Liberalism of the smoking-room, the club, and the local committee. Lord Haldane, like Mr.

Arthur Balfour, never gave himself to the man in the street. He had friends—great and true friends—chiefest of all among politicians, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, and Mr Balfour; and every man who ever worked with him, from Lord French to Mr. Sidney Webb, came under the spell of his naturalness, his candour, his honesty, his good-humour, his indifference to cheap popularity, and his solid intellectual greatness; but he never had a crowd of henchmen at his heels. He was too busy to bother about such matters.

Many of his holidays were spent in Germany, where with Professor Hume Brown he went to bathe himself in memories of Goethe, that exalted spirit, that profound thinker, and that sublime poet, admiration for whom will be for ever felt and expressed in this country with or without the permission of our vulgarians. In this manner, Lord Haldane not only kept up his German language, deepened his love for Goethe, and broadened his knowledge of German philosophy, but he made himself acquainted with what was taking place in the mind of Germany. Better than any man in this country, better perhaps than any other man in the world, he knew the psychological changes in modern Germany; and from 1906 onwards, when he came to know the true and awful state of the British Army, he saw that only the most delicate statesmanship, only the most ceaseless vigilance, could avert a calamity.

Lord Haldane's admiration for German literature was shared, but with infinitely less discrimination, by that fire-eating prophet of force, the late Professor J. A. Cramb. The professor tells us that "Goethe is, perhaps, the most serene artist in words since Sophocles," and says of him that "amongst the children of men not one has striven with a loftier purpose to divine, even though darkly, the bond of the Many and the One, and thus to justify the ways of God to man, and of man to God." Further, he says that "German scholarship has not left a single period in its annals unillumined by some work which is marked by distinction or power." And this:

There is no such stainless mirror of a nation's soul

> as German literature. In every age it is racy of German earth, going the round of its rivers and mountains and valleys. In the thirteenth century it is in Thuringia, the feudal castles; in the sixteenth, Saxony gives its tone to Reformation literature and hymns; the varied art of Silesia dominates the seventeenth, as that of Suabia the eighteenth century. Romanticism has its home in Berlin; the fatalism of Vienna and Munich succeeds "Young Germany"; and in the twentieth century Berlin again leads in this, one of the greatest world-literatures.[1]

His contempt for English ignorance is very great. "A few weeks ago," he says, "the head master of one of our public schools exhumed a letter of the late Mr. Gladstone, in which that eminent politician cast a slur upon the whole of German literature. . . . The astonishing thing is that in the second decade of the twentieth century an Englishman should have been found who, having exhumed such a verdict, did not from very shame instantly cover it again in complete oblivion. Instead of this, he incontinently published it in *The Times*, not once only, but in two different issues. The publication of this letter is discreditable at once to the critic, to the exhumer, to the Press, and to the nation." He hopes that "during the next few decades"—Lord Northcliffe should pay attention to this hope of the great English militarist—"there may gradually arise here in England a wall, as it were, of cultured opinion, which should make the blunt enunciation of such judgments by a prominent politician all but impossible by the ridicule to which they would at once expose him, and their ratification by the head master of one of our public schools absolutely unthinkable."

Finally:

> Germany has one of the greatest and most profound schools of poetry—yet how many Englishmen have the secrets of its high places, or access to its templed wonders? Since the decline of Alexandria there has been no such group of daring thinkers as those of Germany in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth

[1] See Appendix, Note G.

centuries: yet to most English men and women the *Critique of Pure Reason* and the larger vision of Hegel's *Logic* are sealed as the *Enneads* of Plotinus.

If an English militarist who could hardly contain his feelings of adoration when one day in the streets of Berlin he saw Treitschke remove his "soft grey-felt wide-awake hat"—*for the day was hot*—if such a worshipper of militarism and strife and war, and such a hater of Liberalism and Pacifism, may express admiration for German literature, surely Lord Haldane, whose contempt for the Treitschke school is born of true scholarship and what Sainte-Beuve calls *an immovable evenness of soul*, may be allowed to acknowledge his debt of spiritual gratitude to the real and enduring masters of German culture.

With the Morocco crisis in his mind he began to make several speeches, one of them in German to the Germans in London. His object was to get rid of German touchiness, while he and his generals worked night and day to save the British Army from "chaos and weakness." These wise, temperate, and entirely statesmanlike speeches attracted attention in Germany, and in 1906, the very year of the crisis, he went to Berlin, as War Minister of Great Britain, to be the Emperor's guest at the September manœuvres of the German Army. Lord Midleton, one of his Conservative predecessors, had received such an invitation, and although some difficulties were put in the way of this visit, King Edward, the Prime Minister, and Sir Edward Grey thought that the invitation should be accepted. The King's only anxiety, apparently, was whether Lord Haldane, as a beginner at the War Office, might not be somewhat ill at ease among Germany's professional soldiers. The minister, who saw the King at Marienbad on his way to Berlin, where he encountered Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria,[1] was able to reassure His

[1] An amusing story is told of this encounter. Ferdinand wanted to discuss a great *coup* with which his mind was bubbling over. The King refused to hear a word of it, and as a constitutional monarch waited for his minister's arrival. When Lord Haldane did arrive, he put him into a room with Ferdinand, and there left him. Lord Haldane, who had no instructions on Balkan affairs from the Foreign

Majesty very good-humouredly on this point, and with the best wishes of everybody, the King most of all, he set off for Berlin, accompanied by Colonel Ellison, who had served as secretary to the Esher Committee on the War Office, and knew a very great deal about the armies of foreign Powers. From many sources of information, both public and private, both British and foreign, I will endeavour to reconstruct the narrative of this important visit to Berlin.

The British minister was received in state on his arrival at the railway station, and was escorted to his hotel by a detachment of the Guards. Several state servants and two officers of the General Staff were attached to his person, and he was installed with Colonel Ellison in a suite of rooms which the Emperor reserves for his guests. The atmosphere was correct but frigid; the newspapers were polite but not cordial; and the general reception of our minister seems to have expressed very accurately the feelings which then characterized Anglo-German relations —uncertainty and suspicion.

On the following day the Emperor arrived from Potsdam to present new colours to his troops, and Lord Haldane, who had previously called at the French Embassy and visited the German War Office, received from him at this ceremony an open-air welcome. Next day, at the great parade, which Lord Haldane attended as a civilian in plain clothes, the Emperor sought him out, and, his face shining with pride, spoke of his splendid troops. The scene was one of some impressiveness. The citizens of Berlin in vast numbers crowded the parade ground; in the reserved positions were representatives of foreign Powers, most of them in uniform, and many of them accompanied by ladies; and there in the midst of his magnificent army, surrounded by his princes and generals, and mounted on a great horse brilliant with trappings, was the little pale-faced man with the withered arm in whose hands—hands which were often shaky or

Office, at once began to talk about chemistry, and went on talking about chemistry till King Edward opened the door and let him out. The King always told this story with a great relish.

threatening with the emotions of fear and anger—lay the issues of peace and war. Suddenly this chief figure was seen to break away from his soldiers and to gallop towards the spectators, reining in his horse before a carriage in which a civilian was standing, dressed in tall hat and frock-coat, Mr. Haldane, the War Minister of England. It was an almost unprecedented compliment, and augured well for the hopes of the peace party. Photographs have preserved the scene. The Kaiser leaned forward from his tall horse, and in the presence of a number of people, and without lowering his voice, asked Mr. Haldane what he should do without that great army, situated as he was between the Russians and the French, apologizing for the remark with good-humour since France was the ally of Great Britain. And Mr. Haldane also replied with good-humour, saying that he would rather be behind that army than in front of it. This incident was noted by many people, and industrious ladies in neighbouring carriages made haste to take snap-shots of the scene. It was taken to mean that the Kaiser had paid England a public compliment.

That night Lord Haldane and Colonel Ellison dined at the Schloss, where he met Prince von Bülow, the Chancellor. Instructed by Sir Edward Grey as to what he might properly say, Lord Haldane appears to have made a good impression on the German Chancellor—an impression of Britain's wish for a better understanding with Germany, of Britain's realization that such an understanding could not be hurried, of Britain's determined and unbreakable loyalty to the Entente with France. After dinner he saw the Emperor alone, and the Emperor certainly concluded from that conversation, which was brief and friendly, that Lord Haldane truly and honestly represented the mind of King Edward. At this period the Emperor was firmly persuaded that Delcassé had sought to drag England into a war with Germany over Morocco, but he was nevertheless seeking friendship with France. As for England, he had faith in her good intentions.

As an evidence of his confidence, the Emperor gave

Lord Haldane the most generous opportunities of studying the work of the German War Office. Accompanied by Colonel Ellison, our minister went day after day to the German War Office in the Tiergarten. The Chief of the General Staff, von Moltke, was perfectly frank to the two representatives of Britain, and not only allowed them to see the mechanism of the German war machine, but with Lord Haldane discussed the political situation without bitterness of any kind. According to Mr. Wile, von Moltke was a Christian Scientist and, like Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, belonged to the peace party in Germany. Of Prince von Bülow's attitude I shall speak at greater length a little further on in this narrative.

The result of Lord Haldane's visit was of real service to Britain. In the first place it gave us time to rescue the British Army from its condition of "chaos and weakness," it provided the two representatives of this country with several most valuable ideas for the improvement of the British War Office, and it also helped to establish very much better relations with Germany. It is perfectly true that certain sections of the German Press were uneasy, disliking Lord Haldane's visits to the Great General Staff, and hinting pretty plainly that behind this polite and prying visit of the British minister was the figure of "Uncle Europe" weaving his web of intrigue along the frontiers of Germany. But there is no doubt that most people in Germany welcomed the visit, and no doubt whatever that the Emperor, who stood between the war party and the peace party, was immensely pleased by it. It need scarcely be said that King Edward was as pleased by Lord Haldane's success as the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary.

The whole of Mr. Oliver's argument in Part III of *Ordeal by Battle* is vitiated by the premise that throughout her diplomacy Germany, the all-wise and the all-strong and the all-knowing, was hoodwinking the rest of the world, and in particular throwing dust into the eyes of Britain. On this premise, why in Heaven's name should she be so extravagantly foolish as to give England

six warnings, beginning with this first warning of 1906 —warnings so emphatic that Mr. Oliver almost loses his patience over the crass stupidity of men like King Edward, Sir Edward Grey, and Lord Haldane for not seeing them? Why, in Heaven's name, should she be so stupid?

Look at this matter with more reasonable eyes. Instead of seeing in the six occurrences cited by Mr. Oliver the six deliberate *warnings* of a Machiavellian power (when was Machiavelli ever so kind?), regard them as exhibitions of nervous anxiety, as symptoms of want of control. Regarded in this light, the whole policy of Germany becomes explicable and consistent. Regarded in this light, there is no need for the footnote of contradiction or the parenthesis of absurdity. The entire thesis can be stated without the interruptions and inconveniences of a violent antithesis.

Germany, with a population of 65,000,000, found herself, for the first time in her very brief history as an empire, surrounded by 170,000,000 Russians and some 40,000,000 Frenchmen who had come to a political understanding. It was a saying of the Emperor that he had no Himalayas between himself and Russia; and he also held that the war of 1870 had left in the heart of France a desire for revenge which had not yet ceased to influence her foreign policy. He spoke of both these matters quite frankly to a number of people, some of whom I know very well. The understanding between France and Russia was a menace which could not be ignored. Forced by this threatening situation to look closely to her armour, Germany made prodigious efforts to increase the efficiency of her war machine. The uncertain and rather shadowy figure of King Edward behind this understanding of Russia and France was another cause for uneasiness. No other course was possibly open to Germany—a Germany that would not listen to any idea of disarmament—than to increase her forces by land and sea. Now, let us ask ourselves how Germany could best discover the true feelings of these great world Powers towards her position in the world. Behind the politeness of diplomacy, what

was the real truth?—and diplomacy, let us say and there leave it, was not always polite to Germany. We can imagine how every activity of these three Powers, in which Germany was not consulted, would heighten anxiety and increase suspicion. Surely the best way to test the truth would be from time to time to assert Germany's right to be consulted by these associated Powers in their arrangements and agreements, wherever by any stretch of imagination Germany's commercial interests might be said to be concerned. By such methods she could at least see which way the wind of the Entente was blowing.

From the date of the Entente two parties in Germany rapidly grew up and developed in sharply divided camps. The first party was led by the Junkers, and commanded the sympathies of the Army: this was the war party. The war party refused to believe that King Edward was a peacemaker, and, like a great host of people in this country, believed that our amiable King was the most astute and dangerous diplomatist in Europe. They were as furious with *their* peace party as the anti-German jingoes in this country with our peace party. It made them rage to see their Emperor and their stupid merchants so easily duped by the charms of the English King. For them, Lord Haldane was a python, and their Emperor a rabbit. They wanted their All-Highest, their great Supreme War Lord, to throw off the habits of a *lepus timidus* and save his country from the ever-increasing menace of invasion. Russia was making ready, France was making ready, and England, who intended to let these two Powers do the butcher's work for her while her Navy kept the ring and she herself waxed fat with industrial profits, was merely soothing Germany to sleep with these missions and embassies of friendship. They saw it all so clearly—as clearly as Mr. Oliver sees warnings in jumpiness.

On the other hand, the peace party was inclined to trust King Edward. It hated the idea of war, it saw the madness of war, and it desired to come to an understanding with England, so that the menace

of Russia and France might be lifted from their frontiers. It preached that war was both an economic mistake and a crime. It encouraged the idea of conquering world-markets by the improving of education. It wanted to be left undisturbed with its pretty considerable income from an ever-increasing commerce. This party consisted of some of the first men in Germany, and it comprised the majority of the nation.

Behind these two principal parties were two others. Behind the peace party was the growing force of social democracy, which proclaimed, whenever the police let it, that the armaments of the war party not only pressed upon the wage-earners, but were actually provocative of war; and behind the war party, which chiefly regarded war as the sharpest and shortest means of defence, was a flaming body of almost drunken imperialists, a body not wholly unlike the most violent of our own jingoes, which, loathing the Socialists with an abysmal loathing, and despising the fat merchants with the profoundest contempt, shouted itself hoarse in the honour and glory of Pan-Germanism. This party, which eventually succeeded in bringing about war, although very powerful and utterly unscrupulous, was not at any time a numerous party. The special correspondent of the *Daily Mail* in Berlin has said: "I doubt if one man in ten thousand in Germany ever heard of Bernhardi before August 1914."

In the midst of this modern Germany, seething with alarms and contentions, a Germany suddenly self-conscious and only lately a Great Power, there was one man, a man with English blood in his veins, who had the power to choose between peace and war. At one moment a man like Prince von Bülow was at his ear; at the next a man like Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg. At one moment he read of King Edward's triumphant reception in Paris, and at the next of a German Socialist meeting which condemned armaments. He had friends among his marshals and generals, and friends among his bankers and merchants. He heard at one moment

what the Army was thinking, and at the next what practical men of affairs, like Herr Ballin, were thinking. And for this strange, impulsive, rather able, and remarkable man, who held in his hands the issues of peace and war, and who believed himself answerable to God for the welfare of his Germans, and who was beset on both sides by the champions of the two great parties in his Empire, there was one question above all other questions which he had to answer, he and none other, *Could he trust King Edward?*

Did King Edward really represent the mind of England? Did Sir Edward Grey really represent the truth of British diplomacy? Did Lord Haldane really speak the absolute truth when he said that England desired better relations with Germany, and would not support Russia and France in an unprovoked attack upon Germany? These questions haunted the Emperor's mind, *a mind which has never been free of an obsession*, and until the summer of 1913, that is to say for seven years, he answered them on the whole in England's favour. So long as King Edward lived there was no war. For seven years human life was lived in Europe as if there were no royal autocrats to decide for it whether its children should be butchered, its fields laid waste, and its heart broken; as if there were no diplomatists to lay mines of death under the hearthstones of domestic happiness, while they smiled and shook hands like cheats at a card table; as if men were moral and rational beings who had outgrown the savage and the pirate. Seven years of happy peace for the private person, for the contented peasant in Saxony, and for the brave crofter in Scotland, but seven years of watching, waiting, fearing, and trembling for the diplomatists of Europe.

Lord Haldane helped to convince the Emperor that he could trust Great Britain. He returned to England in 1906 (having removed friction and laid the foundations of a better feeling) with the conviction that so long as the German peace party could be kept in the saddle there would be no war. And he set to work, as no British minister before him ever set to work, and opposed by

many men in his own party, some of whom are now national heroes, to inaugurate and make for this country a fighting machine and a system of national defence such as it had never had before, *in case the German war party should ever get into the saddle.*

The "Warning" of 1908

No man of intelligence will dispute the proposition that if it was in the highest interest of this country to preserve the peace of the world, no course of conduct could be wiser or more hopeful than a course of conduct which tended to keep Germany's peace party in power and Germany's war party out of power.

This was the policy of Sir Edward Grey, and it was the only Anglo-German policy to which King Edward, who detested mischief-makers, lent his encouragement. The King, who was kept very well posted in these matters, and who knew every incident in the Haldane visit to Berlin, desired to deepen the good impression of his minister by personal politeness to the Emperor. He shared entirely the view of Lord Haldane that if once suspicion gave the war party an excuse to climb into the saddle, the peace of Europe would be gone.

Let me caution the reader from confusing this war party with the fanatics of Pan-Germanism, who only cheered from behind. The war party was composed of able men, cool-headed and unemotional, who held the opinion that every year the Emperor delayed *a war of defence* the more doubtful would be the issue of a conflict with France and Russia, and perhaps Britain, who were drawing at every turn into a closer understanding, and who would most assuredly (so they argued) one day fall upon Germany.

It was to keep *this* party out of power (a party which had a good deal to say for itself) that Sir Edward Grey laboured, with his sovereign always in the most loyal support. And the labours of Sir Edward Grey were perfectly well known and entirely approved of, both in Paris and in Petrograd. Never once, so far as I am

aware, did Sir Edward Grey take a step of even moderate importance without consulting Russia and France. His labours, it will be easily imagined, were not lightened by those journalists, and also those private individuals, in this country who persistently propagated the malignant falsehood that the policy of this country, devised by King Edward, was to hem Germany in and presently to fall upon and destroy her. But, hindered as he was by these mischief-makers, Sir Edward Grey, very loyally assisted again and again by Lord Haldane, laboured with all his heart and with all his brain to avert the calamity of war. That is to say, he sought on every possible occasion to convince Germany that our desire for peace was sincere, that we should never countenance any unprovoked assault upon her, and that we were perfectly agreeable to working with her both in Europe and in Asia. But while the foreign ministers talked, the naval attachés, the military attachés, the permanent officials, and the journalists of both countries, whispered to their friends that war was inevitable.

In November 1907 the German Emperor paid a visit to King Edward at Windsor Castle. He brought with him Baron von Schoen, who had succeeded Herr von Tchirsky as Foreign Minister, and his Minister for War, General von Einem. The newspapers of the world, always excited and suspicious when Anglo-German relations were in evidence, jumped to the conclusion, merely from the character of the Emperor's entourage, that the visit was not merely an act of courtesy. In this conclusion they were right. But few of them guessed at the time how very nearly the peace of Europe was secured for a generation during those brilliant junketings at Windsor Castle. Later on something of the truth leaked out, but the whole story has not even yet been told.

It is possible to furnish the reader with an outline of what occurred. Sir Edward Grey was at the Castle for the reception of the Emperor. Lord Haldane remained after his departure as minister in attendance. Conversations took place of a serious character, and conversations directed

to something more than a general understanding between the two nations. It seems quite evident from what was disclosed a few months later that the German Emperor was less interested in the state banquets, the theatrical performances, and the brilliant pageantry of his uncle's Court than in his own pet scheme of a railway far away in Bagdad. There in the midst of all this glittering ceremonial, attended by two of his ministers, his ambassador, and his helmeted guardsmen, was the impulsive, eager, and dreaming Bagman of the German Empire fighting for his permanent way across the ancient pastures of Persia. The beautiful ladies looking at each other's diamonds and the gentlemen of England rather bored by the crush of fashion little imagined that this central figure of the pageant, who joined in all the gaiety of the occasion with an apparent abandonment to its transient excitements, was only happy because one of his dreams for his own country appeared to be coming true.

It seems that some kind of verbal agreement was reached in Windsor Castle during those days of festivity concerning the Bagdad Railway. Apparently Great Britain had expressed her willingness that the German Emperor should go ahead with his railway, provided that her own obvious interests were safeguarded, and that her partners in the Entente, not omitting the Russian partner, were consulted before any agreement was ratified. From what followed it is quite certain that some such stipulation as this was made by Great Britain and agreed to by Germany during these informal conversations at Windsor Castle. The Emperor was to get his railway.

This may seem to the reader a small matter, but in truth it was a matter of considerable importance. It showed the Emperor that our attitude was not hostile, and it might have shown him, if he had been wise enough to see it, that here was a door by which Germany could enter the Entente. So far as I can gather, he himself was not averse from the proposition of a conference between his country and the Entente Powers, but he would have been more pleased apparently if the agreement had been one between England and Germany. This is not difficult

to understand. It irked him to find that he could move nowhere in the world without first consulting the other Great Powers. Wherever he turned, except in the least desirable parts of Africa, he was met by opposition and by barriers. But unless I am seriously misinformed he did on this occasion express his willingness to enter into a conference with Russia and France as well as with ourselves.

But the Emperor, as we shall see, had counted without his Chancellor. In his eagerness to get his railway and to feel that he was expanding Eastwards, he had forgotten that Prince von Bülow's policy was to weaken, not to consolidate, the Entente. He had imagined himself, in his almost feverish desire for this railway, to be in sober truth an absolute monarch.

I have good reasons for saying that King Edward was highly delighted by the result of the Windsor visit, and those who were about the King at that time can testify that his satisfaction amounted almost to enthusiasm. The minister whom he trusted, and who was already building up a great military fighting machine at the War Office, had so conducted his business of diplomacy that the German Emperor was like a schoolboy in the affection he manifested towards his uncle, and all seemed merry as a marriage bell.

For the first time since the beginning of strained relations, a feeling of confidence seemed to exist between Germany and England. It looked as if the Kaiser had definitely made up his mind to trust the fair word of King Edward and to shake off the obsession of a Franco-Russian understanding. He was cheerfulness itself, spoke freely to everybody of his satisfaction with the negotiations for his railway, and made a number of suggestions which he thought would add to the strength and security of Britain.

In the following year came what Mr. Oliver calls the *second warning*. The bright promise of the Windsor Castle negotiations faded away with the autumn of 1908, and once again the two nations were plunged into feverish

discussions concerning armaments. What had happened? The explanation is simple enough. Prince von Bülow, who was not altogether suspicious of England, and did indeed on occasions (as I have personal reasons for knowing) attempt to establish a friendly feeling with this country, *was* suspicious about the Entente. Count Bernstorff will allow me to say, I hope, that Prince von Bülow was working him at this time very hard indeed to improve Anglo-German relations, and that he himself really did take considerable pains to obey his instructions. A visit which I paid to Berlin assured me of two things, first, that Germany was living in a high state of nerves concerning the alliance of Russia and France, and, second, that there was grave suspicion of Britain's real attitude towards Germany. But Prince von Bülow put himself to considerable trouble in order to convince every Englishman he encountered that he desired to establish a working arrangement with this country—a working arrangement, however, which seemed to me as if he aimed to detach this country from Russia and France. Germans never doubted that they could deal with Russia and France; what they feared was that France might drag England into a war against Germany, even perhaps against England's will. The diplomatists of Germany are perhaps the most stupid in the world, but they have sufficient intelligence to recognize that the diplomacy of France is matchless in quickness of perception and brilliance of inspiration.

Prince von Bülow appeared to feel that while he could trust this country alone, he could not trust it in conjunction with our allies. He appeared to think that while England quite honestly desired peace and friendly relations, her engagements with France and Russia might presently entangle her in a war against Germany. That is the real explanation of his quarrel with the Kaiser. He seemed to me to be working very hard indeed to improve Anglo-German relations and to weaken Entente sympathies. In any case his policy was to do nothing which could possibly strengthen the Entente, and in a conference over the Bagdad Railway, which brought in

Russia and France, he saw a step which would go very far to make that Entente a more formidable menace to German peace. We can imagine the unhappy Kaiser, with von Bülow on one side of him and von Schoen on the other, striving to save the Windsor Castle negotiations from collapse, and finally, after many months of argument and counter-argument (he was not just then very popular with his people), yielding to his masterful Chancellor.

What was the inevitable result of this failure? The very fact that Britain refused to come into a conference without Russia and France tended to prove that the Chancellor's position was well-grounded. It enabled him to say very emphatically to Baron von Schoen, "I told you so!" and to say in politer language much the same thing to his royal and imperial master. The Emperor could not save himself from the inevitable conclusion. He still clung to his faith in King Edward's word, but in case that word should be false, in case the Entente was a deadly preparation for war against Germany when the hour was ripe, he must increase his defences. Just as Lord Haldane and Lord Fisher were toiling to increase the fighting forces of Great Britain *in case* Germany should play us false, so Germany fell to strengthening her military resources *in case* the Entente should play her false. And while the Entente Powers were increasing their forces without fuss and without excitement, Germany set about increasing her forces in a spirit which suggested panic.

Let me at this point say something about the German Emperor, since in no very inconsiderable degree the fate of Europe rested in his hands. If it be possible to arrive at some truthful idea of this man's mind, we shall be less likely to go astray in deciding the causes of the war.

I remember very well that Mr. W. T. Stead remonstrated with me a few months before his death in the *Titanic*, because I had ventured to rebuke the Kaiser for cheapening the idea of God by continual reference to the Supreme in speeches which struck me as odiously

tribal and ferocious. I remember that I quoted in my article the phrase of Mach, "God is a great word." I hated to think of the Kaiser, with skull and crossbones decorating his busby, employing the great word God so that brutal-minded people and shallow-minded people made a mock of religion. Mr. Stead remonstrated with me very earnestly for my article, because that article betrayed, he said, a total ignorance of the Emperor's personality. He told me that the Emperor groaned in secret over the moral condition of the Germans, convinced that he would have to answer at the bar of heaven for the soul of his people. He had received from the hands of his ancestors a simple, thrifty, God-fearing, and quiet people, a people notable throughout the world for their sobriety and plainness, their indifference to the follies of the hour, their contempt for luxury and ostentation, their devotion to the sentimentalism of their poets and the idealism of their philosophers. But, visible to the Emperor's eyes, visible to the eyes of every visitor to modern Germany, was a change, almost a revolution, in these Germans. Luxury had become a passion with the commercial classes, atheism and socialism were pervading all classes of the democracy, and imitation of other peoples had become the mania of the whole nation. Mr. Stead assured me that the Emperor himself had told him how he groaned in his soul over the condition of his people, how he sought on every occasion to recall them to the noble memories of their mighty ancestors, and how he shuddered to think of the question of God, to which he was perfectly certain he would one day have to reply, "What have you done with My German people?"

Such was the impression made upon Mr. Stead by the German Emperor. From other men who have had many opportunities of studying the Kaiser in the intimacies of social life, but not men with whom he would be likely to talk about his soul (some one has said that a letter shows not only the character of the man by whom it is written but the character of him to whom it is sent), I gather the following ideas concerning this mysterious person. He

is what is called a man with a temperament—a sensitive, changeable, emotional, and easily excited man, a man who at one moment is in the clouds of serenity and at the next in the abyss of despair. When he is pleased, and he is not averse from flattery, he shows a most cheerful face to the world, laughing and joking with all the heartiness of a schoolboy released for an unexpected holiday; but when something occurs to depress him, he is sullen, morose, and occasionally vindictive.

From his youth up he has never been without a ghost. He is one of those men, common enough, of whom it is really not an exaggeration to say that they could not be happy without some miserable, depressing, or haunting thought to darken and occupy their minds. The Kaiser has been dominated from youth up by these obsessing fears. During his reign he has been afflicted in this manner by three principal obsessions: the first, that fear described by Mr. Stead, or as some would call it a fear of the Socialists; the second, a fear of China and the East, the Yellow Peril as it is called—a fear which really ruled his mind for a number of years and filled him with nightmares of anxiety; and the third, the last and the most potent, a fear of Russia, or, as it is described, the Slav Peril.

In the year 1908 this last obsession was only beginning to take form and to gain power. It was in no shape at that time to enable the war party in Germany to play upon the War Lord's feeling; but it was there, subconsciously influencing his actions, and occasionally making him dream. His fear that the whole of Europe would some day be swept away by an invasion of swarms, hordes, and uncountable millions of Chinamen, had exhausted itself. China had now become for him a convenient market and also a stage for imperial display; he liked to think of himself as God's protector of those yellow millions, and German Kultur's first apostle to those poor heathen. But with these pleasant and romantic dreams in his mind, the shadow of another fear began to fall across the peace of his soul. These barbarous Russians, these despised and hated Cossacks, these uncivilized Muscovites swarming in vast millions on the frontier of Prussia, which way were

they looking for expansion? To his neighbour Austria the Slav Peril had existed for years: had indeed flung Austria into his arms: had ruled and dominated Austrian diplomacy to the exclusion of everything else; but for him, the Prussian King, this Slav Peril had only been the fear of a small brother; he was well able to look after Austria; let the Russian Tzar keep his hands off the ramshackle Empire or he would smash him to powder. In such a mood the Slav Peril had no terrors for the War Lord's soul.

Prince von Bülow seems to have dropped the first poison of this fear into the Kaiser's mind during the year 1908. Nothing must be done, in that statesman's view, to bind Russia and France and England closer together. The safe thing to do was to treat France as an equal in reduced circumstances; to treat England as a friend, more or less well-meaning, but opportunist; and to ignore Russia as much as possible, treating her in consultation with other Powers as a nation too barbarous and uncivilized for decent peoples either to associate with or to trust. Nothing has struck me more forcibly in my recent journeys in Europe and America than the almost passionate distrust of Russia which I found to prevail wherever I went. Nations most friendly to us and to France in our struggle with Germany shake their heads over our association with Russia—and yet Russia, as every student of history knows, has fought more wars for the deliverance of smaller nations than any other Power. Prince von Bülow knew very well that Russia is one of the most refined, gentle, and peaceable nations under heaven; he knew, too, that her infinite resources presented a most convenient field for exploitation by thoroughgoing scientific Germans; and he played the wisest game a suspicious German statesman could play in striving to keep Russia as far away as possible from French influence, because, succeeding in this, he not only weakened the danger of an armed attack by these two partners in the Entente, but he preserved the undevelopment of Russian resources for the exclusive profit of his industrious fellow-countrymen.

It seems evident from what followed that Prince von Bülow was more or less willing for his royal master to make friends with King Edward, while his entire diplomacy was directed to breaking up the Entente, danger from which oppressed his mind to a very acute degree. He risked war to make trouble with the Entente over Persia; he risked the countenance of his royal master by publicly rebuking him for speeches which could only tend to strengthen the Entente; and finally, in pursuing his policy, he sinned himself out of his impulsive master's patience. The Kaiser got rid of him in the year following the failure of the Bagdad negotiations (1909)—a failure which was a really grievous disappointment to the Emperor. At his departure, William the Second, who had been on good terms with his English uncle all this time, summoned to his side a Chancellor who was disposed to accept the Entente as an unalterable fact and who was very much more decidedly a peace man than Prince von Bülow. Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg—"*an earnest apostle of peace and friendship with England*," as the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Mail* assures us—became the fifth Chancellor of the German Empire.

King Edward's death, which moved the whole world as no other monarch's death in all history moved it, fell upon an hour when the world was at peace. His greatest ambition had not succeeded: Germany still remained outside the Entente, suspicious, nervous, self-assertive, and occasionally provocative; but although the strength of Germany was very great, she picked a quarrel neither with Russia nor France, and behaved with a very fair propriety towards Britain. King Edward had helped to keep the world's peace; he had been a real and affectionate peacemaker; but he had not been able to lift the fear of war from his beloved Europe—every country of which he knew and loved and found very good.

At the King's death the diplomatic relations of the Great Powers were correct, but behind the diplomatic relations were the forces of hatred, jealousy, suspicion, and fear, working with all their evil might to bury the grave of the great peacemaker under the ruins of Europe.

In Germany the war party watched the Entente with fear, hatred, and suspicion; and among the Entente nations were many who saw in Germany's feverish preparations to be stronger than the Entente the lust of world-dominion. King Edward, with all his amiable qualities, and served as he had been by most able and devoted ministers, had failed to remove from the German mind one little, second-rate, and rather pitiful failing, that distrust of another which in a parvenu makes for bad manners and in a self-conscious nation makes for war.

The "Warning" of 1911

Before we examine the most serious of all these "warnings," I must ask the reader to put out of his mind the conviction fostered by his newspapers that the *statesmanship* of Germany desired, planned, and brought about the dreadful war of 1914. I would ask him to approach this matter with as open and as unprejudiced a mind as possible, telling himself that it is more rational to search for truth than to accept without question the ready-made judgments of other people. And to prepare his mind for such an examination, I would ask him to read most carefully the following statement, made so late as June of the present year (1916) by M. Sazonoff, at that time the Foreign Minister of Russia. M. Sazonoff, who of all public men I have ever met is the most gracious, the most refined, the most deeply religious, and the most charming, and who has been infinitely the best friend of this country in Russia for the last twenty years, is a man whose loathing for the worst elements in Prussian character amounts to a spiritual disgust, and whose love for the character of the best Englishman, with his moral earnestness and his modest demeanour, amounts to a spiritual enthusiasm. History may record it as a curious fact that at the outbreak of this tremendous catastrophe, which we call the world war, there were two men at either end of Europe watching over the foreign affairs of their two countries to whom mystical religion was the central fact of life. Sir Edward

Grey, who loves music, spends one day of every week in complete solitude, meditating in the woods and fields, seeing no one, speaking not a word, and emptying his mind of world business to receive the strength which comes from communion with the invisible and the eternal. M. Sazonoff is also a man who loves nature with a religious enthusiasm, and is deeply convinced of the nearness of the spiritual world.

In the very important statement of which I am speaking, M. Sazonoff said :

> In seeking to exculpate himself in the eyes of his compatriots, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, in an excess of zeal, surpassed all that he had said hitherto. The Chancellor declared *inter alia* that Great Britain, France, and Russia had been closely bound by an alliance against Germany. Only the Germans could believe this absurd assertion. As a matter of fact, the Imperial Chancellor knows as well as I that before the war no pact united Russia, France, and England. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg pretends that France and Russia would never have risked a defiant reply to Germany if they had not been sure of the assistance of Great Britain. Now, the real course of political events was this. Despite their completely pacific feelings, France and Russia decided to destroy the arrogance of Germany and to render her incapable once for all of the custom of treading on the corns of her neighbours. The crude German policy had as a result that the Triple Entente, which for a long time was without material and definite form, became a powerful political alliance having as its object the protection of the rights and interests of its members and the maintenance of European peace.
>
> Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg accuses Russia of the guilt of the war by a hasty mobilization. Now the Chancellor carefully avoids mentioning that the Russian mobilization took place after the Austrian and after the mobilization of a considerable part of the German Army. Moreover, the whole world remembers the premature announcement of this

mobilization to the people of Germany by the *Lokal-anzeiger*.

I am ready to admit that Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg did not wish the war and was not the direct promoter of it, but numerous persons in the Chancellor's entourage did ardently desire it. The ultimatum to Serbia was drawn up under the direct influence of an eminent German diplomat, and it was submitted to the approval of William II without the knowledge of the leader of German foreign policy. This fact proves that Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg was not master in his own house, but, on the other hand, it is difficult to admit that the Chancellor was not well aware of the intrigues of the enemies of European peace and that he knew nothing of them. The present war is exclusively due to the canker of Pan-Germanism which has preyed upon Germany for twenty years and which has now reached her vital organs.

Nothing more important concerning the origin of this war has been said by any other statesmen of the belligerent countries. Examine it closely, and the whole story is there—a story which explains why Germany talks almost as one man as if she was fighting a war of defence, and which explains also the amazing violence and the unbridled hatred which the Kaiser and every one of his subjects feels for this country.

To begin with, we have the statement: "Despite their completely pacific feelings, France and Russia decided to destroy the arrogance of Germany and to render her incapable once and for all of the custom of treading on the corns of her neighbours." And to end with, the statement: "*I am ready to admit that Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg did not wish the war and was not the direct promoter of it*, but numerous persons in the Chancellor's entourage did ardently desire it."

In other words, there are two parties in Germany, a war party and a peace party; the war party, having at last not climbed but sprung suddenly into the saddle, determined to strike Russia and France while the forces

of Germany were stronger than the forces of those two great countries on either side of her. And, for their part, France and Russia decided to destroy the perpetual menace of German aggression.

Here is the whole story of the war.

It is a story of one single human failing—the story of suspicion. Germany was suspicious of Russia and France: Russia and France were suspicious of Germany. Neither the one party nor the other could trust each other. And, in the end, when this suspicion had crushed all three of them under a frightful burden of debt, all three of them determined to put an end to suspense, anxiety, and the fear of financial ruin, by a war to the death.

Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Emperor's own Chancellor, *did not wish the war and was not the direct promoter of it*. . . . Let the reader keep this very emphatic and keynote statement in his mind while he reads the story of England's effort to preserve the peace of the world.

In the year 1911 the German Emperor came to London on a visit to King George, who was diligently following in his father's footsteps as a constitutional monarch who earnestly desired the peace of the world. The Emperor had the best reception he ever received in this country, and was something of a popular hero among English people. He made speeches of a most friendly character, showed himself to the crowds in the streets, and went out of his way to be simple, unaffected, and agreeable. To some of us it seemed that he had a genuine desire to wear henceforth on the world's stage the mantle of his dead uncle, Edward the Peacemaker. One of his simple and friendly acts was to signify to Lord Haldane, who was entertaining some of his generals to luncheon, that he would like to be of the party; and when Lord Haldane inquired whom he would wish to meet among Englishmen, the Emperor replied that he would like to meet those whom otherwise he might not be likely to meet. The result of this intimation was a party which attracted newspaper attention—a party which consisted, among others, of Lord Kitchener, Lord Curzon, Lord Morley, Admiral

Sir Arthur Wilson, Mr. J. A. Spender, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the leader of the Labour party. In this company, the German Emperor came off his high horse, showed himself in an agreeable mood, and so far as I can gather made a pleasant impression on the guests.

When he left England the newspapers were full of good wishes and felicitations; all that our public men had ever said in favour of the Emperor or his people, from Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and Mr. Bonar Law downwards, seemed as if they were really true. Even Lord Northcliffe's newspapers were apparently without suspicion down to as late as October 17, 1913, when one of them said:

> We all acknowledge the Kaiser as a very gallant gentleman, whose word is better than many another's bond, a guest whom we are always glad to welcome and sorry to lose, a ruler whose ambitions for his own people are founded on as good right as our own.

While in that very year of 1911 the special correspondent of the *Daily Mail* in Berlin wrote in one of Lord Northcliffe's most popular magazines an enthusiastic description of the Emperor, speaking of the "deep personal attachment that binds him to Britain and to British hearts," and protesting that "none of the countless innuendoes levelled at the Kaiser causes him greater impatience and distress than the charge that he is the enemy of England. . . . It has been his dream since youth that England and Germany should march shoulder to shoulder. . . ."

And yet, after this magnificent reception in London, in July of this very same year, came what Mr. Oliver calls the "*fourth* strident warning from the gong of the German Chancellory." The German cruiser *Panther* suddenly appeared at Agadir in Morocco, as though to flout France and sting her into action. Perhaps it was decided to see how far England was committed to France, the England which had just shown herself in so excellent a mood towards Germany. If that were so, the answer was soon forthcoming. Three weeks afterwards, in a memorable speech at the Mansion House, Mr. Lloyd George an-

nounced amidst the greatest enthusiasm that England would not suffer France to be attacked by another Power. This speech, be it noted, could not have rung with so emphatic an emphasis of conviction but for the fact that the military organization of the country was at that time in really working order. Lord Haldane was perfectly able to dispatch an expeditionary force to the Continent; and, thoroughly aware that the situation was threatening, he stopped the usual manœuvres and devoted all the money for that purpose to completing arrangements for instant mobilization—an action which did not escape the attention of Germany. Germany was, moreover, perfectly aware of the conferences which then took place under Lord Haldane's administration between the General Staffs of France and Great Britain.

Although the crisis passed away, thanks in some measure to the vigorous action of the British Government, the good relations between Germany and England were to all intents and purposes destroyed. Britain became violently suspicious, and the German war party influenced German national feeling by saying in various keys, "I told you so!" The Kaiser found himself attacked on all sides by this war party. He was told that to trust England any further would be an act of suicide; England was behind France and behind Russia, egging on the two Powers as hard as she could to attack Germany; it was futile to dream of breaking up the Entente; the Entente, indeed, as they had always said, was King Edward's instrument for smashing Germany. It was a good and logical argument, but quite untrue.[1]

[1] The special correspondent of *The Times* at Amsterdam sent the following information to his paper on July 31, 1916:

"Count Reventlow, addressing a large meeting at Munich on the development of Anglo-German relations, said it had been clear to Admiral von Tirpitz that English and German paths crossed. For twelve or thirteen years English policy sought to constitute a Continental coalition for the annihilation of the German Empire. He did not doubt that England had striven for and organized this war with all reflection, and that she was seeking with all her power to render annihilation a fact.

"'Only against, and not with, England shall we attain that security

For the present the Kaiser stood firm. He sent a private message to one of our ministers, not Lord Haldane, by a personal friend in England, saying that he was concerned about the cloud which had gathered over our relations, and suggesting that the two Cabinets should confer together. The initiative came from Germany. Herr Ballin, who was a peace man, with every reason for being so, played a part in bringing the views of the Emperor before this minister, and it was in some measure at least due to his influence, and his evident desire to avert a war which, whatever its results on land, must infallibly destroy Herr Ballin's prosperity as a shipowner, that Sir Edward Grey began to build up again the hope of establishing good relations with Germany.

It was thought that the best possible way of establishing these good relations would be to send a minister to Berlin able to speak with authority of our determination to support France and able at the same time to find out what was passing in the German mind. Instead of using the ordinary means of diplomatic communication, which might have deepened the Kaiser's suspicions and appeared in the nature of a rebuff, the Government most wisely decided to send a minister who spoke the German language very perfectly, who was personally acquainted with the Kaiser and his chief ministers, and who was also well informed as to the working of the British Foreign Office. Lord Haldane was chosen for this most difficult mission, and after Sir Edward Goschen, the British Ambassador in Berlin, had come over here to discuss matters, Lord Haldane, ostensibly as a private citizen interested in education, set out for Germany. He was accompanied by his famous brother from Oxford, Dr. J. S. Haldane, who knew Germany, who was interested in education, and who was to act as private secretary.

So much hope did Germany attach to this visit, that on

for the future which is vital for the strength of the German people. Let us not deceive ourselves. England stands to-day still unbroken. The much-talked-of financial collapse of England will not take place. We must wage the war with a single purpose, and because our life is at stake we can and will have no consideration.'"

a rumour reaching the Bourse in Berlin, which gained credence for a brief time, that Lord Haldane's visit had nothing to do with political questions, there was an immediate fall in the prices of stocks.

Lord Haldane arrived in Berlin on February 8, 1912. This time there was no guard of honour, no ceremony, and no imperial suite of rooms at his disposal. He arrived as a private individual, and as a private individual was met by Sir Edward Goschen's motor-car and by a considerable body of journalists resident in Berlin. He was driven to the Hotel Bristol, where rooms were engaged for him. That same morning he had a private conversation at the British Embassy with the German Chancellor. On the next day, followed by journalists, he saw the German Emperor and Admiral von Tirpitz together. And on the third day, still followed by journalists, who reported every one of his movements, he saw the Chancellor again. In addition to these conversations he saw many high officials, though of minor importance; and throughout his visit and for some time afterwards the German Press discussed very little else except Anglo-German relations.

The *Vossische Zeitung* was fairly friendly. "England," it said, "has prevented Germany from going forward; but it has been of no comfort to her. We do not grow fat on the pleasure we take in other people's misfortunes." But it added, "Those Englishmen who come to seek our friendship we will welcome; we shall greet them with a sympapathetic esteem." The *Post* insisted that England's policy had necessitated increases in Germany's armaments. The Berliner *Neueste Nachrichten* fiercely warned the German Government against trusting English diplomacy, and declared emphatically, "There is only one way of assuring our future and of assuring the peace of the world: to augment energetically and at all points the forces of our army."

The French newspapers were interested but reserved. The general attitude among French journalists was that of the *Daily Graphic* in London, which one of them quoted with approval. This quotation was to the effect that if in the opinion of the British and German Governments the

moment had come to negotiate for an Anglo-German understanding, "England could not confide the care of such a *rapprochement* to a more able and sympathetic personality than that of Lord Haldane; there is no Englishman who knows Germany better than he, who possesses more than he the confidence of the German people: he stands in the first rank of our statesmen; in case there should be an *entente*, no one would be better able than he to safeguard our interests. But is the hour as propitious as the personage?" (translation).

Less than a week after that visit, on February 14th, Lord Lansdowne said in the House of Lords:

> . . . It is lamentable that these misunderstandings and these apprehensions should exist, and it is the duty of all right-thinking people to endeavour to dispel them. In any effort to do this His Majesty's Government will, I am convinced, have the support of those who oppose them in regard to other questions. . . . And may I be permitted to say, seeing the Secretary of State for War (Lord Haldane) in his place, that if his genial presence at Berlin on a recent occasion has at all contributed to so desirable a result, if he has come back with anything in the nature of an olive branch in his buttonhole, we shall congratulate him on this side as warmly as he will be congratulated by his friends on the other side of the House.

Mr. Bonar Law, speaking in the House of Commons on the same day, said:

> . . . No man in this House is more anxious for a good understanding with Germany than I am, and no one would regard with more horror a war between this country and Germany. I am quite sure that the Foreign Secretary is just as anxious as I am that there should be a good understanding with Germany.

And when a new German Ambassador arrived four months afterwards, *The Times* welcomed him in the following manner:

> The main features of the situation as between ourselves and the great Empire Baron Marschall von Bieberstein comes to represent are so plain that we

> can hardly suppose he will not grasp them immediately. He has only to reflect upon the statements which our leading statesmen of both parties have been continuously making for the last ten years in order to master those features without delay. Those statements are all marked by the same characteristics. They all reveal in the plainest and most direct terms our genuinely national desire to live on the best of terms with our German neighbours. Nobody who knows England can doubt the sincerity of that wish, and all Englishmen who know Germany are confident that it is reciprocated by the great majority of the German people.

There was no question of a desire on both sides of British politics for good relations with Germany; nothing was felt in either political camp but the very heartiest wishes for Lord Haldane's mission; and, if we may believe *The Times*, there was no doubt whatever in the English mind that *the great majority of the German people*, not merely a few, not merely peace cranks and commercial opportunists, but *the great majority of the German people*, desired to live on the best terms with their English neighbours.[1]

The time, you will observe, had not yet come for abusing Lord Haldane for going to Berlin to try and improve Anglo-German relations, nor was the time come to say that "Germany" had always wanted war and had been deceiving our foolish ministers for a number of years. To read the newspapers then and now is to be reminded of that interesting instance of journalistic *volte face* recorded in *Friendship's Garland*, when *The Times*, having violently and righteously denounced a French pamphlet, which argued that treaties are not binding, denouncing it as "the dreams of an agitator in the language of an academician," very soon afterwards justified the action of

[1] This view is over and over again categorically expressed by the *Daily Mail's* correspondent at Berlin. In *The Assault*, for example, he says: "At a liberal estimate, no one can ever convince me that more than one million five hundred thousand Germans really wanted war."

Sardinia in the war of Italian independence with these words: "It is very irregular, it is contrary to all diplomatic forms. . . . Yes, but there are extremities beyond all law, and there are laws which existed before even society was formed"—language not unlike the German Chancellor's, when he apologized for the invasion of Belgium. "King Victor Emmanuel and his sagacious counsellor," said *The Times*, "have achieved success by remembering that fortune favours the bold." Whether the moral principles and logical consistency of British journalism have improved since then, let each newspaper reader, who studies his journal intelligently, decide for himself.[1]

What was the purpose and what was the outcome of Lord Haldane's mission to Germany in February 1912?

The purpose of this embassy, as we now know, was to ascertain why good relations between the two countries had become overclouded, and to assure the German Government that the British policy of goodwill which had characterized King Edward's reign still persisted. It was a mission, we must be careful to remember, which had its origin in Berlin. The German Government desired direct conversations between the cabinets of St. James's and Berlin. They wished to get rid of misunderstandings. Lord Haldane was sent to Berlin, as an answer to this invitation, not to make treaties, but simply for frank and friendly conversations which might clear the air.

It is understood that in his opening conversation with the Chancellor, Lord Haldane established a most friendly confidence, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg declaring with absolute truth that for two and a half years the aim of his policy had been to come to some agreement with England. Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, says the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, "is an earnest apostle of peace and friendship with England." He speaks of his "singular high-mindedness and rugged integrity." Everybody who has the least acquaintance with German affairs knows

[1] Our extraordinary equanimity in making these changes causes foreign people to think that we are either exceedingly stupid or profoundly hypocritical. "To Hell with Serbia" one week, and soon after "No Peace Piffle," is more than most foreigners can understand.

perfectly well that this is true. Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg was an earnest peace man, and, as M. Sazonoff says, as everybody knows, *he did not want war.*[1]

Lord Haldane made it perfectly plain to the Chancellor that the Triple Alliance had given Germany tremendous strength, and that any increase in her fighting forces was a very serious matter for other Powers. So far as we know, Lord Haldane did not question Germany's right to increase her armaments, but it is known that he asked the Chancellor to consider whether an increase in the German Navy, which must unquestionably be met by a double increase in the British Navy, could facilitate friendly relations. The whole course of his negotiations turned on that point. The Chancellor made a tentative proposal on the subject, a proposal to see how far he could go in making an offer to spread German shipbuilding over a number of years; in the meantime he referred to a particular proposal on the question of British and German action in the event of war which he had already made to the British Government. This proposal, we now know, was a formula of absolute neutrality, which bound both parties not to enter into any combination against each other. Lord Haldane pointed out the obvious objections to the wording of this formula, and suggested the British Government's alternative of mutual undertakings against aggressive or unprovoked attacks and against all combinations, military and naval agreements, and plans directed to the purpose of aggression and unprovoked attack. The Chancellor was not satisfied with the extent of this counter-proposal.

From an interview which was given by Lord Haldane to the London correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* on March 7, 1915, and which was stated publicly to have

[1] The moral downfall of the Imperial Chancellor, his contempt for treaties, and his unscrupulous brutality towards Belgium, can only be accounted for by the violent necessities of German nationalism. His case, I think, is likely to become historic. In a few hours a man notable for his rectitude and for his peaceful intentions, a man of real culture and steady goodness, was transformed by the exigencies of his nation into a ruffian, a prevaricator, and a deliberate perverter of truth.

been given by the desire of the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey, who revised its text, a good deal was made known of what passed between the British envoy and the German Chancellor and the Emperor. The information derived from the report has since been supplemented by official and semi-official statements on the subject made in Berlin.[1] From these sources it appears that Lord Haldane's conversations took place on the basis that his first duty as representing the Government here was to make it plain that he could only speak on the footing that absolute loyalty to the *ententes* with France and Russia must be the condition of any further progress towards an understanding with the German Government. He went on to say that we could not be reckoned on as neutrals if France were attacked or if the neutrality of Belgium were violated. He also insisted that if Germany entered on a policy of increasing her naval development we should lay down two keels to every one she laid down. When, shortly afterwards, she proceeded to introduce a new Fleet Law, this course was at once adopted, as a reference to the British Naval Estimates, which were increased from 36 millions to 51, and to the discussions in Parliament shows. There was no delay, and there is no doubt that Lord Haldane communicated to his colleagues in the Cabinet and the Committee of Imperial Defence the whole of the valuable information he had obtained in Berlin, where he secured an advanced draft of the new German Fleet Law which was afterwards promulgated. There was still hope that Germany might modify her policy in view of the frank statements he had made while there, and the assurance of complete absence of intention on the part of Britain to enter into aggressive combinations against Germany. But he appears to have been rendered uneasy by the uncertainty whether the pacifically minded Bethmann-Hollweg would retain his ascendancy, and

[1] See also a long account from the German point of view of these negotiations, and of their subsequent developments in the hands of Sir Edward Grey, in the last edition of Count von Reventlow's recent book on German foreign policy from 1888 to 1914.

whether the war party would not insist on the idea of further naval increases. While he pointed out to Germany the grave consequences which must ensue if they did so, he firmly and at once refused the formula proposed to him of unconditional neutrality, which would have hindered his country in the fulfilment not only of its own treaty obligations, but of its duty to maintain its own interests by protecting the northern coasts of France from hostile occupation.

There was nothing in this conversation which darkened the clouds, and it soon became apparent that the friends of peace in Germany were aware of the good turn events had taken. It was generally understood that while the British envoy had made it perfectly plain to the Chancellor that Britain would put an extra shilling on the income tax rather than hazard her absolute security at sea, he had nevertheless made it equally plain that Britain had no thought in the world of lending her support to any aggression on the part of France and Russia.

The conversation with the Emperor and his admiral was even more hopeful. The Emperor wanted an agreement with England, and in order to get that agreement he was willing, under some pressure, to delay the development of his navy. Admiral von Tirpitz was not quite so willing, but Lord Haldane's insistence that an agreement which was accompanied by rivalry in shipbuilding would make no impression whatever in England, influenced the Kaiser to decide against his admiral. At this time, there is no doubt that the Emperor was on the side of the peace party, still wearing, if a little loosely and awkwardly, the mantle of Edward the Peacemaker. And the fact that Germany dropped a battleship from her programme may be taken as evidence that the Emperor was not at that time completely under the domination of Admiral von Tirpitz.[1]

Hopes rose higher and higher in Berlin ; the good news spread from those in the secret that Germany and England

[1] We shall see presently, in a very remarkable statement by Count Reventlow, that as a result of Lord Haldane's visit Germany dropped not *one* battleship, but *four*.

were coming to an agreement, and that the clouds over Europe were beginning to show signs of drifting away. A visit paid by Lord Haldane to the French Ambassador did not affect the good spirits of Berlin. No one of any consequence suspected that England was breaking away from France or Russia, nor did the statesmen of Germany expect an *entente* with England. But it seemed likely that obstacles to a *détente* were being got over, and that peace was assured.

Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg was known as a peace man. To one of his German friends in Berlin he used at that time the phrase that it was "the dream of his life" to come to an agreement with England. Some people in Germany knew, too, that peace had only been kept after the Agadir incident by the hard work of this Chancellor, helped though he was by the Emperor, and also it must be said by M. Jules Cambon. Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, it must be repeated till it gets into the English mind, was a peace man—a man who would not listen to the gamblers among the war party, and who cordially detested the nonsense of Pan-Germanism. When war came he abandoned his principles, threw honour to the winds, and in the defence of his country ceased to defend morality. But there is overwhelming evidence that till nationalism destroyed his soul in the crisis of war, this man strove for peace.

Lord Haldane came to the conclusion that so long as Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg was Chancellor and in real power war might be regarded as an improbable contingency; but he does not seem to have formed so pleasant an impression of Admiral von Tirpitz, or to have been altogether happy concerning the activities of the war party. He saw some of his German friends while he was in Berlin, and no doubt gathered from them, if not from the Chancellor himself, that powerful influences were at work to prevent an agreement with England.

"Lord Haldane," says the astonishing Mr. Oliver, "would have acted more wisely had he . . . never entered Berlin at all." It was made clear to him, he says, "that Germany desired a free hand to establish herself in a position of supremacy astride of Europe. So Lord Haldane

returned profitless from his wayfaring. . . ." Such words as these could never have been written if Mr. Oliver had put himself to the pains which the gravity of the matter morally and intellectually demanded, to ascertain the facts. Alas that such random words should pass muster, among large sections of the English people, for sober history.

It is interesting to know, as I can vouch for, that the Emperor of Russia expressed his particular gratification at the success of Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin. The Emperor of Russia was, and is still, a man entirely devoted to peace. His satisfaction over Lord Haldane's mission was the spontaneous expression of a good man for something which seemed to restore the feeling of confidence between the Great Powers. If certain of the French newspapers were anxious at first as to the exact nature of this mission, that anxiety soon disappeared with the formal assurance that Lord Haldane had made it perfectly plain in Berlin that Britain would have nothing to do with any proposal for absolute neutrality. Both Russia and France were pleased with this effort to restore confidence.

It is not history, it is not even romance, it is wild nonsense, to suggest that the German Government was not striving for peace at this moment. The Emperor wanted peace, the Chancellor wanted peace, and *rapprochement* with England was the ideal, as the *Daily Mail's* correspondent at Berlin assures us, to which the Foreign Minister, Herr Kiderlen-Waechter, was devoting his energies. The war party, of course, was working for war; but the responsible Government of the country was earnestly working for peace.

The two Foreign Offices found themselves in a better position, with their relations sensibly eased. But the Chancellor was unable to promise a restriction in shipbuilding which satisfied this country, and the formula for neutrality could not be agreed upon in terms which commended themselves to both nations.[1]

[1] One of the great difficulties in dealing with Germany lies in the fact that she has three Foreign Offices. This fact is very often overlooked. The Imperial Chancellor has his Foreign Office, the Foreign

Any one, we should have thought, might have concluded from the fact that Mr. Winston Churchill's extraordinary activity at the Admiralty did not check on Lord Haldane's return to England, but increased, that the envoy brought back from Berlin certain intelligence which confirmed his earliest view of German politics, namely, that vigilance can never be relaxed in our relations with that Power. Careful students of events must have been amused, knowing of the great changes at the Admiralty, when they read in their newspapers two years afterwards that Lord Haldane returned from Berlin in 1912 with nothing but dust in his eyes. Lord Haldane returned with the new German Naval Law in his pocket, and with the knowledge that certain dangerous elements in German life were working against the Chancellor.

As before, everything depended on the continued ascendancy of the peace party. The fact that Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg was finding it difficult to resist the pressure of Admiral von Tirpitz told everybody who had ears in his head that the war party was gaining new influence. It told Lord Haldane, of course, that Prince von Bülow was exerting pressure, and that Admiral von Tirpitz was beginning to dominate the Kaiser. Like every other Cabinet Minister, and like every other responsible politician, he saw that there were only two things to do—to increase the efficiency of navy and army, and to make no speech and to take no single step which could entitle the German war party to claim the reins of power.

The reader shall now be presented with an opportunity of seeing what sort of a figure Lord Haldane cuts in German eyes. The mere fact that execration of England is the strongest passion in Germany might have told our newspapers that Lord Haldane was a very effective envoy ; but apparently the blindness of party spirit prevented many of them from seeing the obvious significance of that passion. If the reader will put on German

Secretary presides over the Foreign Office proper, and the Emperor has his own personal staff of diplomatists who compose yet another Foreign Office.

spectacles for a moment or two, he will be able to see the facts of the mission in a truer light.

In the latest edition of his recent book on German foreign policy (*Deutschland's Auswärtige Politik*, 1888–1914, 3rd edition), Count Reventlow gives a great deal of fresh information, from the point of view of official Berlin, about Lord Haldane's two visits to that city. He appears to have had access to official sources of information, and I hazard the opinion that into the sympathetic ears of the Count Admiral von Tirpitz has poured the full flood of his overburdened heart. The picture he draws of Lord Haldane is, however, none the less as untrue as the picture drawn by the hostile critics here. But it is untrue in a very significantly different sense. Instead of Lord Haldane appearing as one who was soothed and duped by Germany, he is, on the contrary, depicted by Count Reventlow as a Machiavelli by whom innocent and confiding Germany was soothed and duped: "In him the German Government saw an upright friend of peace and an upright friend to the German Empire. He has revealed himself as the opposite of both."

Count Reventlow, in the first place, gives an account of Lord Haldane's visit to the Emperor in 1906. Sir Edward Grey, we are told, had announced himself ready for an improvement in the relations between Great Britain and Germany, if Germany was willing to put no more difficulties in the way of France in Morocco. "A suitable person to initiate the new departure," says the Count, "was Lord Haldane, later so well known in Germany as the promoter of friendship and good understanding. In 1906 he was War Minister and had set himself the task of bringing about a thoroughgoing reorganization of the British Army. Haldane belonged to those in the Cabinet of Great Britain who were not only instructed as to the content and aim of the British-French-Belgian military conversations and conventions, but had taken a leading part in them. He regarded it as his problem to create an organization which should be capable of dispatching to the Continent, in case of the outbreak of war, the largest possible expeditionary army in the shortest possible

time. In order to solve this problem, which was rendered a specially difficult one by the peculiar conditions of the British Army, Haldane succeeded in getting permission from the German Government to investigate in Berlin the military system in Germany, with assistance from her military authorities. This permission seemed as though it might be given safely, and was gladly conceded on account of the proof it apparently offered of an approach to friendliness on the part of England. In this fashion the British War Minister obtained an opportunity, not often afforded to the War Minister of a foreign country, of getting a thorough grasp of the German military system, and of getting it at the highest source. This turned out to have been for Great Britain and her ally France, who both really looked on Germany as their future enemy, of high importance. Moreover, Haldane was able by his study of the German military system to procure valuable experience and knowledge which enabled him to organize the British Expeditionary Force which was destined to fight in the coming war against German troops. When he returned to British shores, Haldane made speeches in which he declared that the relations with Germany were improved. In Germany there prevailed, as is always the case when things like this take place, easygoing confidence and hope. People thought that there had only been some misunderstandings between the two countries which might easily be cleared up by calmness and goodwill, except so far as concerned the wicked violence of the chauvinists on both sides, become so for individual or industrial reasons." [1]

"The knowledge and experience," says Count Reventlow, "which Lord Haldane obtained on the occasion of this visit bore fruit." Indeed it did! But it is ridiculous to say, as he does, that Lord Haldane's attitude was in reality unfriendly or that it concealed sinister purposes. The Germans knew at this time that England regarded the peril of France with apprehension, and that, in her own interest, she was disinclined to be a passive spectator of any attempt to dismember France. But it is wholly

[1] Page 295.

untrue that either then or afterwards there was any military convention or secret alliance, or anything more than a willingness to make a study of the situation which would arise in France and Belgium in case of an attack by Germany, a study which was requisite in order to enable England to prepare her forces for a possible military emergency.

Count Reventlow attributes to King Edward and his ministers an intention to join in encircling Germany; such an intention never existed. This was one of the misapprehensions which Lord Haldane did his best to destroy when he next visited Berlin. Count Reventlow devotes much space to what he calls the "mission" of Lord Haldane to Berlin in 1912, its attendant circumstances and consequences. He quotes the subsequent speech of Lord Haldane in 1915 at the National Liberal Club already referred to, and contrasts the view set out in it with that of the German Chancellor. The latter said in his speech in the Reichstag that Lord Haldane assured him in 1912 of the "genuine desire of the English Cabinet for an understanding." Count Reventlow declares that this so-called genuine desire was a mere figure of rhetoric. Lord Haldane had, as the result of years of work, based largely on knowledge obtained in Germany in 1906, "powerfully reorganized the British Army, and especially the Expeditionary Force," with serious results from a German point of view, inasmuch as Germany had now the prospect of an attack, by forces organized like her own, on the flank of her army if it advanced. And yet Lord Haldane ventured to come again in 1912 to pose as the known and trusted friend of Germany. He asked for confidence, and it was given him. Count Reventlow says that the Imperial Chancellor, of whom he is a keen critic, reported that Lord Haldane was unfavourably impressed by the news that a new German Fleet Law was impending. The Chancellor, according to this critic, was too easygoing. The German Admiralty, as the result of the Morocco crisis of 1911, were then pressing for an increase of the German Fleet, and wanted the addition of six battleships besides more armoured cruisers, but he

declares that Lord Haldane urged the inexpediency for both Germany and Great Britain of provoking a race in shipbuilding, and succeeded. The result of the pressure he brought to bear was that when the new Fleet Law was brought in shortly afterwards, in March, it provided only for three battleships, and of these only two were to be completed in definite years, the third being put off indefinitely. The result of these and other modifications, says Count Reventlow, was that the Fleet got almost nothing of what it so direly needed, great armoured ships. "*During the visit of Lord Haldane the plan for adding to the Fleet by new construction was cut down by more than half.*" [1] Although he had obtained this result, he complains that Lord Haldane nevertheless refused to accept the German formula for an absolute neutrality of both countries in case of war, and set off for London, having only proposed the limited formula for good relations which Sir Edward Grey afterwards offered officially. The negotiations then passed into the hands of the German Ambassador in London and the British Foreign Secretary. With them were taken up the threads of other negotiations on topics about which Lord Haldane had conversed freely, but yet without proposing any detailed heads of agreement. Among these were the Bagdad Railway and the extension of the treaty relating to Delagoa Bay, entered into between Germany and Great Britain in 1898. Count Reventlow says that both the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey had intimated in December 1911 that Great Britain did not desire to prevent Germany from expanding in Mid-Africa. Lord Haldane opened a general conversation with the German Chancellor on the topic, but only as a *nebenzweck* (subsidiary object). The discussion was handed over to the German Ambassador, with whom it was pursued in London by Sir Edward Grey. But whereas the old agreement of 1898 had been based on the idea that the Portuguese Colonies would come into the market, much had happened in the meantime. In the days of King Edward the British Government had assisted Portugal financially, and her colonies were, as the result, unlikely to come into the

[1] Page 428.

market. Still, the Portuguese colonies in Africa would require money for their commercial development. Railways would become very important. In this way Germany and Great Britain would gain new positions of great influence if they could agree to apportion definitely their spheres of influence. "This was approximately what the British Government wanted people in Berlin to believe in and hope for, and it had a corresponding result. Well on in the year 1913, when the agreement had for some time been concluded and signed by the representatives of the two countries, the German public was still believing that negotiations were being carried still further, and was waiting with expectation for their outcome. They did not understand why the result did not appear, and could not explain to themselves the silence of the German Government. The real truth was that after the negotiations had been concluded and the signatures and paraphrasing had taken place, the British Government had insisted on the transaction being kept secret. The moment was not propitious; the German entry into Portuguese colonial territories must first progress and be correspondingly supported by German capital, so as to create real German 'interest.' Thus the agreement was doomed to remain in the cupboard, a costly but not utilizable treasure. To-day it is impossible to doubt any longer that these negotiations were only entered on and the agreement was only concluded in order to hold back the German Empire, and at the same time to suggest to the German Government the idea that an intimate co-operation with Great Britain was in prospect. The British Government desired to persuade the German people of its goodwill and peaceful intentions because it wanted to gain time for its plans as regards the East and for the completion of the armament of Russia."[1]

This story is, of course, a travesty of the real course of events, as Sir Edward Grey will doubtless reveal in due time. Count Reventlow, it will be noted, abstains from reproaching Lord Haldane himself with having to do with these particular negotiations, although he endeavours to

[1] Page 434.

fix him with having cast dust into the eyes of Germany in the earlier diplomatic conversations.

The verdict of history will be passed on the charge with which Count Reventlow's apologia of 477 pages concludes: "The lust of Great Britain for extension of her rule and her commerce have been the motives which have led her to organize the world, and to set it in motion in order to start a war of annihilation against a friendly people." [1]

The situation in 1912 was this: With slightly better relations between Downing Street and the Wilhelmstrasse, there was in the minds of men in both countries a feeling that any provocative word or action might bring to Europe the awful calamity of war. The British Government had done its best. The head of the German Government and other high personages in Germany had done their best. But suspicion was not destroyed; mistrust and jealousy and fear were still at work; and these mean movements in the heart of man, dignified by grander names in the case of empires, began from this moment to express themselves with less shame and more hardihood in the newspapers of the two countries, spreading an ever-widening sense of anxiety and distrust among the peoples, to the growing satisfaction of those Germans and those Englishmen who wanted war and who have ever believed that war is inevitable.

No honest man, looking back to those days and faithfully examining his own conscience—remembering that thousands and hundreds of thousands of young men have been slain, mutilated, blinded, and driven mad by this war, and also that thousands and hundreds of thousands have lost in this war the most beautiful and sacred objects of their human love—no honest man, I say, looking back to the year of 1912 but must thank God if he then strove for peace, and was not upon the side of those who spoke at random or uttered the sentiments of hate.

"By opprobrious epithets," says Sir Thomas Browne, "we miscall each other, and by an uncharitable logic, from

[1] Page 477.

a disposition in a few, conclude a habit in all." And he warns us that "by a word we wound a thousand, and at one blow assassine the honour of a nation." He contents himself, in detecting faults in other people, with an admonition or instructive reprehension; "for noble natures, and such as are capable of goodness, are railed into vice, that might as easily be admonished into virtue; and we should be all so far the orators of goodness as to protect her from the powers of vice and maintain the cause of injured truth."

Dostoevsky tells us in a beautiful passage beginning, "Every day and every hour, every minute, walk round yourself and watch yourself, and see that your image is a seemly one," that, passing by a child with a scowling face and black thoughts in our minds, we may implant upon his "defenceless heart" that which will grow up and perhaps harm him.

By a word we wound a thousand. What an inscription for the newspaper offices of Europe!

LAST EFFORTS FOR PEACE

. . . I remember Mr. Frederic Harrison beginning to harangue, with his usual fiery eloquence, on the enervation of England, and on the brute mass of us who are not Comtists. Arminius checked him. "Enervation!" said he; "depend upon it, yours is still the most fighting people in the whole world. Malignancy!—the best character of the English people ever yet given . . . is still this of Burke's :-"The ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good-nature, and good-humour of the people of England." Your nation is sound enough, if only it can be taught that being able to do what one likes, and say what one likes, is not sufficient for salvation. Its dangers are from a surfeit of clap-trap, due to the false notion that liberty and publicity are not only valuable for the use to be made of them, but are goods in themselves, nay, are the *summum bonum!*"

Friendship's Garland

CHAPTER IV

LAST EFFORTS FOR PEACE

GREAT BRITAIN was perfectly prepared in 1912 to fulfil all her engagements; she was more ready than any of her allies; and at the outbreak of hostilities in 1914 she alone was in a position instantly and entirely to substantiate every word of her undertakings with armed force.

It is, therefore, a travesty of reason to say that the British Government were taken by surprise, or to assert, as some base people have had the hardihood and the extreme wickedness to suggest, that Lord Haldane did not sufficiently warn his colleagues of the dangers ahead.

Because he and his colleagues made speeches which were aimed to strengthen the peace party in Germany, aimed, that is, to avert the awful calamity of war, it is concluded by stupid and evil-minded people that no preparations were made for an armed struggle either then or in the future. Those preparations had already been made. There was nothing to do but stand by and wait for the hour, if the hour should come. A reasonable man will see that if ministers in this country had made provocative speeches, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg—who did not, as M. Sazonoff says, want war—would have been dismissed from his high office. The war party were doing everything they could to compass this dismissal. The swaggering Crown Prince went about openly manifesting impatience with his father and the Chancellor; Admiral von Tirpitz was pressing his policy relentlessly; and in the background was Prince von Bülow, who had always feared

the Entente, watching every move on the European chessboard, and, among very powerful sections of German opinion, expressing his criticisms of the Chancellor's diplomacy.

The idea that Germany would never have made war if she had been perfectly certain of British intervention needs to be very thoroughly examined before it is accepted as truth. Germany, it seems probable, would not have risked a war with France and Russia if she had been certain that Great Britain would support her allies; and so long as she was absolutely certain that Great Britain would support those allies, she refrained from war. Lord Haldane in Berlin, and Sir Edward Grey in London, made it so transparently clear that Britain would not permit France to be attacked, made this fact the unalterable postulate, the irrefragable condition, the everlasting *sine qua non* of all their efforts towards an understanding with Germany, that so long as there was nothing to prevent Britain from keeping her word, Germany held her hand.

From 1912 to 1914, although the Germans knew how industriously this country and her allies were at work to perfect their organization for war (an industry which made the war party in Germany exceedingly busy with their tongues and pens), the peace was kept. Because Germany knew that Lord Haldane meant what he said she dared not attack either Russia or France. Suspicious, troubled, doubting, and sore afraid, she looked on and saw the preparations which were being made in France and Russia for the hazard of war; but because of England kept the peace. So far, then, the understanding established by Lord Haldane and Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg had worked for good. Two years had passed since those conversations, and there was still peace.

Let an Englishman put on German spectacles and see how the history of those years presents itself to his eyes. France had made a loan to Russia to which certain very important military conditions were attached; Russian railways were to be built towards the German frontier, and that frontier was to be strengthened. France had replied to a new military law in Germany by a new

military law of her own. Great Britain, standing stedfastly and honourably to her engagements, had brought her small but admirable new army to a state of almost exquisite perfection for expeditionary purposes, and was making gigantic increases to her already overwhelming fleet.

Of course, from our point of view all these increases were justified: they sprang entirely from German provocation; but to the German in the storm centre of the world, particularly those Germans who distrusted England and believed that this country would one day precipitate war on the Continent in the interests of her trade, these tremendous preparations could only intensify suspicion and dismay.

The British Government, who had many other sources of inspiration besides Lord Haldane, though none more wise and dependable, believed that the peace party in Germany was preponderant, and hoped that it could be maintained in preponderance by two definite strokes of British policy—the continued declaration that in no case would this country allow France or Russia to be wantonly attacked, and the faithful assurance that Great Britain, desiring to maintain friendly relations with Germany, would not lend herself to aggression on the part of her allies. With these two declarations made quite simply but with the earnestness of their sincere intention, silently and ceaselessly this great country increased the strength of her fighting forces by land and by sea.

Was this policy a false policy? and did it really fail? It was the policy of King Edward, the policy to which he had devoted his reign, and it was the policy of the Conservative party and the Liberal party. No man even questioned it at the time. There was a suggestion for National Service from outside political parties, a suggestion which would have introduced the utmost chaos into our military machine at a critical hour, and might have plunged the whole country into industrial conflict; but no responsible party in British politics questioned the wisdom of the British Government in declaring its wish for friendly relations with Germany and its determination to stand by France and Russia in the case of a wanton attack.

No man at the time said that this was a false policy: and no man of any sense or position has questioned it since the outbreak of war. And did this policy fail?

It failed only when the conditions were so violently changed that the Germans doubted, not the will or the truth of England, but her physical ability to fulfil her engagements. It failed, that is, when important people in this country and in the north of Ireland sent to Germany for rifles, spread mutiny among the armed forces of the Crown, and openly boasted that an Act of the British Parliament would be opposed to the point of civil war. Not till that hour, that most evil and unpardonable hour in the history of modern and constitutional England, did the German Junkers dare to take the risk of a European war. So long as this country was in a condition which suggested that above every other consideration she would support France in the event of an aggressive attack upon her, so long did Germany hold her hand. And *directly* this country was involved in a most serious internal dispute, Germany struck with all her might.[1]

In 1912 died Marschall von Bieberstein, who had succeeded Metternich in this country, and who was perhaps

[1] No less a person than Lord Derby, and as late as August 1916, has admitted that the Unionist party contemplated the possibility of civil war in 1914. He said to a meeting in Lancashire:

"I am a firm believer in Sir Edward Carson. Two years ago, when Home Rule looked as if it might result in civil war, it was Sir Edward Carson who placed his case before the people of Lancashire. . . . I believed in him then—I believe in him implicitly now—as I believe what he strove to achieve would have been for the benefit of this country and for the Empire as a whole.

"I want you to look at things as they are, and not as they were, because the difference is extremely great. What was the position before the war? To have achieved success for the Ulster Unionists meant two things—money to pay and men to fight for Ulster. Has not the country somewhat altered since then? No doubt money would be subscribed; but there is one thing absolutely certain: when peace happily comes you are not going to get the men of this country to engage in a civil war.

"If we searched our hearts a few years ago we should probably have looked upon every Nationalist member as a rebel to this country. I venture to say that nobody with a spark of honesty in him would now say so."

the ablest of living Germans; he was succeeded by a singularly agreeable but not very brilliant ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, whose wife was devoted to this country and made many friends in the more educated and refined circles of English society. There is no reason to doubt that Prince Lichnowsky came to this country as an earnest of the Emperor's desire and Dr. von Bethmann-Hollwegg's desire to improve Germany's relations with Great Britain.

At this time Lord Haldane succeeded Lord Loreburn as Lord High Chancellor of England, a distinction which some of the ablest judges in the country, men like the unbending Tory Lord Halsbury, had desired for him in 1905. He left the War Office, as I have already shown, not only with tributes of the highest praise from soldiers like Lord French, but with laurels presented to him by all the newspapers, some of which have never ceased from 1914 to blacken his name with infamy.

From this time forward Lord Haldane had less to do with foreign policy, and he paid no further visit to Germany. He had left the Army in a state of great perfection, he had placed our relations with Germany on a better footing, and he was now free to devote his remarkable powers to the exacting duties of his new office. His oldest and closest friend, Sir Edward Grey, had successfully conducted the negotiations connected with the Balkan War: the diplomatic sky was all but cloudless; the doubtful German Ambassador was dead; the peace party in Germany was still in the saddle; and our great allies, France and Russia, were easier in their minds than they had been for a considerable period.

But gradually a spirit manifested itself in England's home politics which changed the whole atmosphere of Europe. Europe knew well enough that our intense individualism exposed us at any moment to the inconveniences and dangers of great industrial conflicts; but Europe did not know, had never guessed, that a nation so devoted to constitutional procedure, a nation so proud of its position as the mother of parliaments, would ever proceed to the anarchy of civil war in a partisan resistance to the Statute Book. All through 1913 the fight for

and against Home Rule was conducted with a bitterness, a vulgarity, and a want of reason which would have been disgraceful to a third-rate debating society. Responsible statesmen called the most eminent minister in the House of Commons a liar; the vocabulary of Billingsgate was ransacked for the most offensive epithets to hurl at the head of his opponents by a man whose fortune had been made at the Bar, and who had held high legal office in a British Government; the House of Commons was disgraced in the eyes of the whole world by a meanness of mind, a narrowness of heart, and a vulgarity of temper such as seldom exhibit themselves in the youngest parliaments of the most uncivilized people; and behind all this turmoil at Westminster was the wild, frantic, and irresponsible raving of a Press which had raved in exactly the same spirit, though in a milder degree, against the grant of self-government to South Africa.

It was during this time that the German Emperor went over, not body and soul, but nervously and tentatively, to the war party.

In the summer of 1913 a different spirit manifested itself in Berlin. Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg kept his place—it was convenient for the Kaiser to keep him—but society knew, politicians knew, and the newspapers knew, that the Emperor's mind was beginning to consider the wisdom of striking right and left before his neighbours grew too strong for him. Only the fear of England held him at this moment; and then began the campaign for the Emperor's soul by those very close to him, an insidious and yet confident campaign, which aimed to convince him, first, that England was the moving spirit in the threatening Entente, and that this same wicked and cowardly England was decadent, undisciplined, and degenerate.

Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg might strive to maintain good relations with this country: it was not merely a harmless but a very useful office for so weak and sentimental a mind; but let the great War Lord listen to the voice of Austria—the voice of Austria telling him as if an angel of God were at his ear that the Slav Peril which threatened her, threatened him also; and let the great

War Lord give heed likewise to the voice of his mightiest, and most confident, and most faithful generals, who said that to strike now at Russia would be safe, but to strike in two years' time would be too late; and let the great War Lord consider what his statesmen are saying, that a man of the blood of Frederick the Great would not abide the hour of his jealous enemies, but for the safety, honour, glory, and welfare of the Fatherland would strike in his own hour.

I confess that the Emperor's position was as difficult as any autocrat's in history; if he waited he might see his empire burst suddenly in upon from both sides; and if he struck well and surely in his own convenient hour, not only might he destroy the threatening enemies on his frontiers, but add to the greatness, the glory of the Hohenzollerns.

In the spring of 1914 occurred the incident at the Curragh. The Commander-in-Chief issued certain orders which, tactfully given or not, were the orders of a superior officer; they were not accepted by those under him. Ladies in London drawing-rooms were as elated by this act of mutiny as the great and little newspapers which represented the interests of the privileged classes. A chorus of delight was raised. Wherever one went people cackled of nothing else. I said to the daughter of a nobleman, "The talk at your table is like a servants'-hall!"; she laughed and replied, "But it is the servants'-hall." Scandals about ministers multiplied, and scandals about ministers' wives intensified in stupidity and malignity; and through it all was the savage, godless, and hilarious joy at the prospect of breaking a Government devoted to social reform. The greatest people in London chuckled and rubbed their hands with the rarest pleasure. It was the chance of a lifetime. Radicals had said that the Ulster Movement was "bluff"—let the Curragh incident teach them to look for another word. Bluff? It was going to be civil war! They spoke of anarchy as if it were a picnic.

To these numskulls, to the lowest dregs of plutocratic society, and to the newspapers of law and order, this

incident at the Curragh meant dishing the despised Radicals, destroying the power of the most loathed and detested demagogue, Mr. Lloyd George, and the social defeat of a lady, the wife of a minister, more hated than any other person in London. It meant something else to Sir Edward Grey at the War Office. And it meant something else to Lord Haldane on the Woolsack.

To Sir Edward Grey this incident and the subsequent passion it aroused, meant watching Germany with more anxious eyes. Certain people in this country and in the north of Ireland sent a large order for rifles to Germany. The German Government is said to have cleared the traffic in the Kiel Canal in order to let the steamship *Fanny*, carrying these German rifles from Hamburg, steal into the North Sea round Denmark, in order to escape capture by the British Navy. *Why should the German Government be interested in the Orangemen of Ireland?* And while the German Government was thus manifesting its sympathy with the Ulster Volunteers, France was disturbed by the discovery of mismanagement as regards her stores, also by the circumstance that her new system of service with the cólours had not come into operation, and also by the threatening condition of affairs in England.

As regards the British Expeditionary Force, whether it had been as closely geared up during the two years in which Lord Haldane had ceased to reign at the War Office may be open to doubt; the machine itself was as perfect in its mechanism as the great minister had left it, and relations with the Admiralty could not have been better. Nothing was wanting to set this expeditionary machine in instant motion. But it would have been a better thing for this country if the minister who made that machine had been there to work it with the soldiers whose intelligence he had tried and not found wanting.

In July of this fatal year came the first declaration of war, and on August 4th Great Britain was involved in it. Sir Edward Grey, who was living at the town house of Lord Haldane in Queen Anne's Gate, during the whole of those awful days, wrestled in an agony of soul to preserve

the peace.[1] King George, faithful to his ministers and to his father's memory, did everything in his power to bring the German Emperor to reason. But all effort was now in vain. The Emperor had become the tool of the war party, and peace fled from the fields of Europe.

Professor Holland Rose has replied to the criticisms of a friendly neutral that Germany would have shrunk from making war if she had been perfectly convinced that England would not stand aloof; and also to the contention of Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg that France and Russia "would never have ventured on a defiant reply to Germany if they had not been sure of the assistance of Great Britain." So admirable is this reply of Professor Holland Rose, which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* on August 3, 1916, that I shall venture to quote the greater part of it; only remarking on the rather curious fact that, although Professor Rose had under his eyes the recent statement of M. Sazonoff referred to in the previous chapter of this book, he does not comment upon the significant statement of M. Sazonoff that Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg did not want war. It is a statement which so far as I know has entirely escaped the attention of the English mind. Professor Rose says:

> Both these sets of charges collapse when brought into contact with the known facts of the case, as I will try briefly to show from the Official Correspondence of the British and French Governments. That England did nothing to encourage France and Russia is clear from the British dispatches 6 and 17, which show that those Governments tried hard, on July 24th and 25th, to induce England to proclaim her solidarity with them as regards the Austro-Serb dispute. The British Ambassador at Petrograd, Sir George Buchanan, refused to do so, and Viscount Grey confirmed his refusal (No. 24). France and Russia then deplored our independent attitude as involving a risk

[1] Because numerous ambassadors called frequently at Lord Haldane's house during those days, many newspapers concluded that the overworked Lord Chancellor was conducting the diplomacy of the country. They came, of course, to see the Foreign Secretary.

of war; but their regrets prove, at any rate, that we were in no respect committed to them, and that we intended to persist in this non-committal policy. Even on August 1st, when hostilities by Germany and Austria against Russia and France were hourly expected, Viscount Grey assured the German Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, that "Our hands were still free, and we were considering what our attitude would be." This dispatch (No. 123) proves that it was the question of preserving the neutrality of Belgium (on which Germany refused to give any assurance—see No. 122), which alone caused the British Government acute anxiety for the immediate future, anxiety which it clearly manifested to the German Government.

These facts suffice to disprove the charges that Great Britain encouraged France and Russia to "defy" Germany. But there remain the other charges, that the British Government was too pacific, and thereby lured Germany to her doom; that our policy shrouded itself under the cloak of peace in order to deal the dagger-thrust on August 4th. This theory has attracted minds of a certain order, even in this country. But does it fit the facts? They are these: Though, on July 24th and 25th, Sir George Buchanan and Viscount Grey took steps to warn France and Russia that they must not count on British support, yet our Government, on July 27th, made it clear that Germany and Austria ought not to rely on our neutrality in all circumstances. A very significant fact was the countermanding on that day of the orders for the Great Fleet assembled at Portland to disperse for manœuvres. Viscount Grey believed that step would create a great impression (Nos. 47, 48); and in the new school of Realpolitik supreme at Berlin such an act must have weighed far more than verbal warnings, however official.

But verbal warnings were given on that day. Viscount Grey then cautioned the Austrian Ambassador that the consequences of Austria's threatened action against Serbia "would be incalculable." He

also stated to Prince Lichnowsky that that action might "bring other Powers in, and the war would be the biggest ever known"; but he would keep in touch with Germany so long as she "would work to keep the peace." Further warnings were then given to the German Ambassador by Sir Arthur Nicolson, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The precise terms which he employed are, unfortunately, not known; and, if an official and contemporary minute of that conversation exists at our Foreign Office, it might with advantage be published. But the tenor of that conversation is clear from the account given by the French Chargé d'Affaires in London to his Government: "Sir Arthur Nicolson m'a dit que, cependant, le Prince Lichnowski ne pouvait, après la conversation qu'il a eu avec lui aujourd'hui, conserver aucun doute sur la liberté qu'entendait garder le Gouvernement Britannique d'intervenir, au cas où il le jugerait utile." He also described Viscount Grey's warnings to the German Ambassador ("French Yellow Book," Nos. 63, 66).

In the light of these facts (reinforced by the significant holding in readiness of the great British Fleet), how is it possible to assert that our Foreign Office left Germany completely in the dark? True, its language did not partake of the brutal incisiveness that enlivens many a town council meeting. Diplomacy is always polite; and politeness has helped to tide over many a crisis peacefully. Besides, there was nothing up to July 27th that warranted the adoption of threatening language by Great Britain. The Austro-Serb dispute did not directly concern us. But, from the outset (i.e. from July 23rd), Viscount Grey had discerned the danger of a far wider conflict, and had striven to avert it by the well-known suggestion that France and Great Britain should seek to moderate the resentment of Russia, while Germany and Italy pacified Austria. On July 27th Prince Lichnowsky assured him that the "German Government accepts in principle mediation between Austria

and Russia by the four Powers." Not until July 28th did the outlook become almost hopeless. On that day Austria declared war on Serbia, and Germany declined Viscount Grey's suggestion of mediation by the four Powers. The fact that the Central Empires simultaneously adopted courses of action which gravely imperilled the peace of the world seems to show that they had all along been acting in concert; it certainly shows that those Governments were resolved to ignore the serious warnings which their Ambassadors received from the British Government on the previous day.

Further, when Viscount Grey suggested to Germany, that, even though she rejected his proposals, he would accord a friendly reception to pacific proposals of her own, none whatever were forthcoming. The intention to ignore the British Government, and to treat its proposals with disdain, could not be more signally demonstrated. The only question on which there can be any doubt is whether the German and Austrian Ambassadors sufficiently informed their Governments as to the warnings of the British Foreign Office. The terms of the telegram of His Majesty, King George V, to the Kaiser, on August 1st, prove that Lichnowsky had either misunderstood Viscount Grey or had not apprised his Government correctly as to the situation here (French Yellow Book, Appendix II).

There were considerations of a wider nature which forbade anything like sword-rattling at London. Firstly, a constitutional minister must be very sure of the support of the Parliament and nation before he uses language at all approaching menace. Now, both Parliament and nation were indisposed to take vigorous steps on a question which primarily concerned Serbia, Austria, and Russia. A newspaper, which has since been remarkable for its flamboyant patriotism, then put forth the headline, "To Hell with Serbia"; and, if its sulphurous signal had been disregarded, would have added, "To Hell with Grey." And more important considerations than these

rendered caution imperative. With labour troubles rife in Great Britain and a civil war imminent in Ireland, a Foreign Minister who played a game of bluff against two great military empires armed to the teeth and inflamed with passion would have deserved impeachment; and assuredly those who now impugn Viscount Grey for "want of plainness" would then have been the first to clamour against him for dealing in threats which he could not make good. The charges flung at him during the debate of August 3rd, even when the independence of Belgium was at stake, reveal the nagging temper of a large section of the House. Surely, then, he acted wisely in not posing as the arbiter of the Continent. A statesman who speaks like Palmerston needs to have "Pam's" Parliament and nation behind him.

Critics who assert that the war would have been averted if, on July 24–27, Viscount Grey had well seasoned his dispatches with invectives, assume that he knew a great European war to be inevitable. Of course, he knew nothing of the kind. The crisis then did not seem to be worse than those of 1909 and 1913, also arising out of Balkan affairs. His statesmanship had largely helped to solve that of 1913. Why not that of 1914? Clearly he hoped to do so by his suggestion, on July 24th, that Germany, France, Italy, and Great Britain "should act together for the sake of peace simultaneously at Vienna and St. Petersburg," a suggestion at once accepted by France, Russia, and Italy. His policy of conciliation held the field until July 28th, when the actions of Austria and Germany negatived it. But, meanwhile, how could he in any way have threatened them? He was bound to go on with his conciliatory procedure, until the Central Empires rejected it, thereby drawing on themselves complete responsibility for the failure of pacific efforts. Incidentally, his policy had the advantage of facilitating a change in that of Italy. The Cabinet of Rome, being joined to the Triple Alliance only so long as it was of a defensive char-

acter, was free to break loose so soon as it became offensive. Now, the actions of Austria (always abetted by Germany) became more and more aggressive on the days July 23–28. Italy strongly disapproved those actions. But, if the Central Empires, on July 25–27, had been confronted by a joint declaration of Russia, France, and Great Britain, they could have represented it to their hitherto doubtful ally as a deliberate menace, which imposed on her the duty of rallying to their side. In that case it is very doubtful whether Italy could honourably have refused. Certainly, it would have been extremely difficult for her to decide, as she did by August 1st, not to support Austria. The fire-eaters, who claim that Viscount Grey should early have ranged England on the side of Russia and France, forget that such a proceeding would probably have ranged Italy on the side of Austria and Germany. The defensive attitude of the British Foreign Office was in reality far stronger than the offensive attitude adopted by Austria and Germany. The policy of Vienna and Berlin broke up the Triple Alliance. The policy of London closed up the "open order" of the Triple Entente and enabled it to develop into the largest and firmest league of all time.

Finally, did Germany, on August 4, 1914, show the slightest regard for the British remonstrance against her violation of the neutrality of Belgium? Herr Zimmerman then assured the British Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, that Germany "could not possibly give the assurance required, either that night or any night." This almost contemptuous refusal gives the measure of Germany's respect both for her own international obligations and for our endeavour to induce her to respect them. If she brushed aside our protest on August 4th, even at the cost of encountering our immediate hostility, what ground is there for supposing that she would have heeded any warning whatever that we might have given on July 24–27? The supposition that we could then have averted

war is entirely at variance with the known facts of the case. In truth, the more closely British diplomacy is examined, the more worthy it will appear of the eulogium passed by Professor Stowell, of Columbia University, New York—"one of England's glories, and a pattern for generations to come."

The history of the negotiations immediately preceding war could not be more fairly and overwhelmingly presented in brief form. Britain neither drove Russia and France to war, nor left Germany in any reasonable doubt as to the attitude of this country in the event of aggressive attitude on her part towards either Russia or France. These things can no more be gainsaid than the laws of nature or the propositions of Euclid.

How, then, can we explain the gnashing rage and fury of almost the whole German nation whenever the name of England is now mentioned? It is folly to suppose that this hatred is pretended, or that it is unintelligent, or that it is infamous hypocrisy. It is so deep, so general, and so intense that we must conclude there is some rational explanation to account for it. A whole people does not go suddenly mad, or at a stroke become the finished actor of hypocrisy. There are many people in Germany who are hypocrites, and many who are mad with baffled fury; but there are others neither mad nor hypocritical whose hatred of England is just as passionate and indignant as those who pretend and those who are only hysterical. What is the explanation?

Let us ignore the fanatics of Pan-Germanism, and consider the interesting and typical case of the German Emperor. William II, surrounded by enemies, had at last made up his mind to fight a swift and crushing war of defence. "Before God and history," he said a year after hostilities, "my conscience is clear. I did not will this war." France was to be knocked senseless and left bleeding in a week or two, and then, swinging eastward, the disorderly Russian legions, the legions of the Slav Peril, were to be scattered like sheep before the drilled cohorts of the Prussian War Lord. With Russia humbled, shattered,

and cowed, the War Lord could breathe again; and as for France, who would certainly never forgive England, she would not soon disturb his dreams again. His blow there was to fall like a cataract. In this way, with his frontiers cleared, the Entente dismembered, and the rest of the world quaking before the might of Germany, what could prevent expansion towards the East? Austria would be his vassal, Bulgaria was already in his pocket, and Turkey could be had for the asking. It was a war of defence, but in a war of defence, when the enemies who threatened our peace are conquered, we stretch ourselves more freely in the sun. Certainly until France was beaten to her knees, and until Russia was rolled howling back far beyond Polish territory, the German Empire could not feel itself safe. There were those behind the war party who dreamed wilder dreams than these, but I am convinced that for the great multitude of the German nation this is how war presented itself. They wanted to breathe freely. They wanted to be free from the Slav Peril and from the menace of the Entente. The Emperor did not go to war as a proud world conqueror whose plans were laid and whose path of glory is shining in the sun. He went to war like an irritable and terrified man who has made up his trembling mind at last and is venturing much on a gigantic hazard. He went to war protesting that his enemies had forced war upon him, blustering to his people in the language of Cromwell and Falstaff rolled into one man. From the very first he was in this mood.

The account which Mr. Frederick Wile, the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, gives of the last days of peace does not suggest that "Germany" planned, plotted, and hungered for this war. Of the fateful Council of War at Potsdam on July 29th, he says in *The Assault*:

> Its precise details have never leaked out. So much I believe can be here set down with certainty—it was not quite a harmonious council which finally voted for war. At the outset, at any rate, it was divided into camps which found themselves in diametrical opposition. The "peace party," or what was left of it, was said, loath as the world is to believe it, to

have been headed by the Kaiser himself. Bethmann-Hollweg supported his Imperial master's view that war should only be resorted to as a last desperate emergency. . . . Von Falkenhayn and von Tirpitz favoured war. Germany was ready; her adversaries were not; the issue was plain. Von Moltke was non-committal. He is a Christian Scientist, and otherwise pacific by temperament.

Of the Kaiser's arrival in Berlin on Friday, July 31st, he says:

> The brass-helmeted War Lord . . . was the personification of gravity. . . . He did not seem a happy man, nor a tithe so haughty as I always imagined he would be in the midst of war delirium. It was an unmistakably anxious Kaiser who entered his capital on that afternoon of deathless memory.

The afternoon of August 1st, he says—

> passed amid almost insufferable anxiety. Unter den Linden and the Lustgarten, the sprawling area around the Castle, were choked with people tense with expectancy. Dread, rather than war fervour, inspired them. . . . It was six o'clock. The doleful chimes of the Cathedral . . . were summoning the people to the service of intercession ordained by the Emperor earlier in the day. Solemnity hung over the multitude like a pall. Men and women knew now that Russia's answer . . . meant war, not peace. They had not long to wait for confirmatory news. . . . The deed was done. "Gentlemen," the Kaiser is said to have remarked to Moltke, Falkenhayn, and the rest of the military clique, after affixing his signature to the document which meant not only mobilization, but war, "you will live to regret this."

He tells the following remarkable story, vouching for its truth:

> I can vouch for the literal accuracy of a hitherto unrecorded piece of ante-bellum history which bears out my doubts of the Kaiser's immediate responsibility for the war, though it does not acquit him of supine

acquiescence in, and to that extent abetting, the war party's plot.

On the afternoon of Saturday, August 1, 1914, the wife of Lieutenant-General Helmuth von Moltke, then Chief of the Great German General Staff, paid a visit to a certain home in Berlin which shall be nameless. The *Frau Generalstabschef* was in a state of obvious mental excitement.

"*Ach*, what a day I've been through, *Kinder!*" she began. "My husband came home just before I left. Dog-tired, he threw himself on to the couch, a total wreck, explaining to me that he had finally accomplished the three days' hardest work that he had ever done in his whole life—he had helped to induce the Kaiser to sign the mobilization order!"

Examine the two words defensive and offensive, and see what you can make of them. Did the British in Egypt and South Africa and in the Himalayas fight offensive or defensive wars? When Lord Roberts went to Kandahar, was he conducting a defensive or an offensive campaign? When Lord Kitchener set out across the Arabian waste, was he fighting a war of offence or defence? And when Sir Redvers Buller landed in South Africa, was he the leader of an offensive or a defensive expedition? In every one of those instances, surely we reply confidently that our country was fighting a war of defence. And the German Kaiser, believing that the Slav Peril which threatened Austria likewise threatened him, believed and still believes that he is fighting a war of defence.

The fury of the war party against this country is not difficult to understand, except by those amongst us who have persistently upbraided the Government and traduced the character of our working people. Prussia's rage against England is the rage of a baffled and frustrated and ruined gambler. The entrance of England upon the battlefield was the end of German hopes. From the first moment when our diplomacy made it plain to Berlin that we would intervene if she violated the neutrality of Belgium, bitterness of the most acrid kind entered the

Prussian soul; and when we actually declared war upon Germany on August 4th, the storm of rage descended upon us—a storm such as never before has been known among nations.

And yet Mr. Oliver has the boldness to say in *Ordeal by Battle* that the Germans only hate us because they despise us! I hardly know in all literature a more glaring exhibition of prejudice than this statement solemnly made by a man who sat down, when the pillars of civilization were rocking and when the floor of Europe was drenched with blood, to write a book on his fad. Let me quote the actual words:

> It is not a paradox, but merely a statement of plain fact, to say that Germany's chief grievance against ourselves was that we were not prepared to withstand her attack. Her hatred, which has caused and still causes us so much amazement, was founded upon the surest of foundations—a want of respect.

Mark well, that these words were written after battles which covered British arms with a glory greater than they had ever known—battles in which the soldiers of Britain shattered for ever the dream of German conquest. Lord French, coolly smoking a cigarette among his incomparable soldiers, had held up the massed legions of the greatest fighting machine the world has ever known, held them up, shattered them again and again, and had finally sent them reeling from the coasts of France. The seas of the world were swept clear of German commerce: our war vessels and the vessels of our mercantile marine went where they would: the colonies of Germany were falling into our hands: and France was calmly and without haste making her preparations for recovery and advance.

Mr. Oliver falls into the same error as the late Professor Cramb—*he mistakes the rage of jealousy for the cold passion of contempt.* "Everything with man," says Frederick the Great, "depends upon the time when he comes into the world. Although I have come too late, I do not regret it: I have seen Voltaire. . . ." Cramb saw that Germany had come too late, but he mistook the chagrin and bad temper of the late arrival for the contempt of a superior

mind. If you examine the work of von Treitschke you will find that his feelings for England are far too hot and frenzied for genuine contempt. Contempt may certainly be informed with the passion of righteous indignation: but authentic contempt does not froth at the mouth, does not stamp its foot, does not gesticulate, and does not talk nonsense.

The true nature of Germany's feeling for this country is now manifest. So long as we sought peace we were the successful burglar retired from business who desired the protection of the police; but directly we moved our mighty fleet and armed 5,000,000 of our free citizens we were a brutal tyrant. The contempt for the retired burglar was simulated; the fear of *the policeman* was real and genuine.

Our own militarists exhibit a like inconsistency. Professor Cramb, for example, regards Pacifism with a fanatical rage. He will not believe that humanity can ever escape, or ought to want to escape, the fatality of war. He hugs Bernhardi to his breast because that masculine soldier replies to his own question, "What is Germany?" with the answer "It is strife; it is war." And yet we read in *Germany and England* such a phrase as this: "The first dark roll that announces the coming dreadful storm, the coming war." But why "dreadful"? If Pacifism is contemptible, why not say *glorious*, or *delightful*, or *beneficent?* And why, when war comes, and when it is accompanied by those horrible excesses and atrocities which have *always* accompanied war, why should our militarists be the very first to howl out against the inhumanity of the warrior nation which they have never ceased to hold up for our admiration and our model?

The Germans, we were told, loved that bitter saying of Nietzsche's, "Man, after all, does not really desire happiness; only the Englishman does that"—a saying which adroitly places the Englishman "outside the pale of humanity altogether." But directly the Englishman, growing somewhat weary of these gibes, proceeds to make the German nation very unhappy indeed, more unhappy, in fact, than they have ever been before, instead of thanking

us, instead of expressing gratitude and love to this country, the German warriors almost explode with hatred. There is no pleasing a militarist.

As for England's alleged supineness, cowardice, and degeneracy, the matter does not now call for discussion. History will discover at the end of Treitschke's works, at the end of Bernhardi's pamphlets, and at the end of poor Professor Cramb's neurotic lectures, one simple and decisive sentence written by the greatest maker of history that ever lived :—This is not true, (signed) Thomas Atkins.

It is one of my fond dreams that just as Charon was conducted by Mercury to a place from which he could see the world, so some angel of peace may have conducted the pale ghosts of Treitschke and Cramb, hand in hand, to some convenient place above the River Marne when the British soldiers, in a Harmsworth phrase, were kicking the finest armies of the Kaiser across three rivers.

That any man in his senses could solemnly write in those amazing days, when this country was saving its ally on foreign soil, that we were not prepared to withstand Germany's attack, passes my comprehension ; but that he should go so far on the road of nightmare and madness as to say that Germany—Germany bleeding and bruised and broken by our troops, Germany gnashing her teeth with rage and anger against us, Germany disillusioned, balked, and utterly discomfited because of us—to say that this raging, yelling, screaming, and maddened Germany hated us because she could not respect us, this is so staggering and bewildering that it can only be repeated and preserved as a monument of monomania.

I would ask Mr. Oliver and those who share his opinions to read what a special correspondent of *The Times* had to say of this matchless British force so late as August 3, 1916. He says :

> It is almost a commonplace that our First Expeditionary Force was probably the finest fighting army for its size that the world ever saw. Our allies do—our enemies will—allow so much. Either France or Germany, perhaps, might have taken the pick of all their millions and made another army of the

same contemptible dimensions and unconquerable spirit, but such another army was not and never has been in existence.

There are those who fear that the splendour of the old Army may be forgotten in the majesty of the new. There is no danger of that. The honour of the old Army is secure to all time. And it was its example, its precedent and achievement, which made it possible for these new Armies to be what they have proved themselves.

It was the entrance on the scene of battle of this British Expeditionary Force, inaugurated and made by a man whom Mr. Oliver insults without a blush, which told the Germans, as nothing else told them at the time except the British Navy, that their war of defence was in very sober truth a war of defence, and such a defence as would try them to the very soul. M. Venizelos is reported to have said that Germany was beaten on the Marne, but that it would take her two years to realize it.

Far from despising us, Germany feared us more than anything else in the world. Some of her fanatics did indeed endeavour to prove in a string of words that we were decadent, just as people in this country attempted to prove that Germany was dissolute and her army over-trained. But the cool heads of Germany judged truly that of all the Powers she had to fear England was most to be dreaded, and that what her discipline had to meet before she could ever dream of world dominion was that "unconquerable British courage which is never so sedate and stubborn as towards the close of a doubtful and murderous day."

The Kaiser's rage, the rage of the peace men in Germany, the rage of pastors and professors and politicians, came from the bitter taunt of the war party, "We told you so!" Germany now believes almost to a man that King Edward *did* plan to surround her with enemies and *did* plan the triple attack against which they knew at once that Prussian strength, Prussian courage, and even Prussian brutality could not in the end prevail.[1]

[1] See Appendix, Note H.

Germany, it is probable, would never have risked an attack on Russia and France if she had been perfectly certain that Britain would fight. She took the risk of that attack, believing that Britain was so entangled in Irish affairs as to be incompetent of fulfilling her obligations abroad. Because Britain put away the madness of civil war and took her place at the side of France, Germany believes that the supreme end of our foreign policy was the destruction of her commercial prosperity.

In the next chapter I shall endeavour to present the reader with some idea of the part played by this great and steadfast country in a war for the freedom of mankind and the reign of international law. That part, magnificent and glorious as it is, must not so absorb us that we forget the honourable, straightforward, and vigorous diplomacy of Great Britain, which, still preparing for all the chances of war, laboured with clean hands and unflinching soul to preserve the peace of the world. Only by insisting again and again upon that historical fact can we vindicate the memory of a gentle king and bring the better part of Germany to its senses.

PARS BRITANNICA

You imagine that your words must have weight with us because you are very rich and have unbounded liberty and publicity ; you will find yourselves mistaken, and you will be bewildered. Then you may get involved in war, and you imagine that you cannot but make war well by dint of being so very rich ; that you will just add a penny or two to your income tax, change none of your ways, have claptrap everywhere, as at present . . . and thus, at a grand high pressure of expenditure, bustle, and excitement, arrive at a happy and triumphant result. But authority and victory over people who are in earnest means being in earnest oneself, and your Philistines are not in earnest; they have no idea great enough to make them so.

Friendship's Garland

CHAPTER V

PARS BRITANNICA

NOTHING was so remarkable in this country during the first week of August 1914 as the quiet dignity and silent confidence of the British nation. The dreadful spirit which had distressed every friend of this country at the time of the South African War, a spirit which expressed some of the most crude and offensive emotions of human nature, was entirely absent. Quietly, soberly, and sternly this great and steadfast people settled itself down to fight the world's fiercest engine of War and the world's greatest menace to individual liberty. There was no drunken exaltation and no panic.

A man who went about England at that time could not but be proud of his people. A wonderful dignity clothed the whole nation and an almost religious seriousness appeared even upon the surface current of its daily life. The hideous pandemonium of class hatred and party rancour which had disgraced us for so long ceased at a stroke. If the German Emperor could claim that his whole nation was at his back, and that from that hour forward he knew only Germans, the King of England, had he been in boastful mood or had he felt it incumbent upon him to state the self-evident, might have said that the entire British Empire was of one heart and one mind.

For a few days this admirable condition of things characterized the British nation's attitude towards calamitous war. The railways were taken over by the State; the Royal Navy, so silently mobilized, held in undisputed supremacy the sea-ways of the world; the British Expe-

ditionary Force, with all its train of subsidiary services, was transported to France without a check and without a casualty; the long-prepared machinery of the Royal Army Medical Corps was set in motion both here and in France, and from every class and community of the nation sprang an innumerable host of people offering their services to the State. Finally, to lift us up, to strengthen and glorify us, to touch our hearts to tears, the distant dominions of the Commonwealth, the ruling princes of India, and the sorely tried people of Ireland close at our door, immediately laid the sword of their manhood at the feet of the British sovereign. Such a spectacle, the most impressive in the world's history, made for dignity and confidence. The spirit of the British Empire was vindicated before the eyes of all mankind.

A change, however, in the spirit of the nation manifested itself before this glory of Great Britain had struck wonderment into the soul of the world. The men amongst us who can never be happy or feel that they are truly serving the State until they have a muck-rake in their hands began their evil and depressing work of fault-finding. Their first object was to shatter confidence in the Government. Whether they seized an opportunity to pay off old political scores, or whether they were genuinely shivering in their skins at the thought of Prussian feet on their office stairs, we do not know. All we do know for certain is that a conspiracy to get rid of the Government was set on foot, and began instantly to manifest itself in several places. In order to put the nation into the mood they desired—a mood of excitement, hysteria, and fussy activity—these people struck with all their malignant strength at the public confidence.

Some men who took part in this conspiracy were honest and patriotic. They believed that the Liberal party was not fitted to conduct a great European war. They knew that there had been dissensions in the Cabinet about going to war at all, dissensions which had eventuated in certain resignations. There was real excuse for the desire of the best of these Unionists to destroy the Liberal Government; but no excuse at all, either in morals or in

political wisdom, for the methods they adopted. In order to destroy the Government and to undermine public confidence, a campaign of personal slander was set on foot directed at some of the most responsible, some of the very strongest, and some of the very wisest of the King's ministers.

In particular, this campaign of calumny, as humiliating as it was treasonable, directed itself against the Lord Chancellor. Of all men in the Government he was most hated by the unreflecting zealots for National Service. He had dared to withstand Lord Roberts. He had torn the dialectic of these conscriptionists to rags and tatters. This was the head and front of his offence. He had been most instant in the House of Lords in his rebuke of Ulster's rashness and in his chastisement of revolutionary and obstructionist peers. He more than any other (because it presented an incomparable opportunity for improving education) had removed the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales from the sphere of ecclesiastical squabbling and set it unassailable and dignified in the region of high statesmanship. Whenever the vigorous, rather slap-dash, and not very carefully prepared rhetoric of Mr. Lloyd George gave these furious pens of the opposition an opportunity for scratching ironical abuse about demagogues and class-hatred, Lord Haldane, the profound scholar and the far-seeing statesman, appeared upon the scene, and from the eminence of the highest position in the State revealed Liberalism to his fellow-countrymen in its true spirit, as the rational action of the human mind seeking to discover the true methods of improvement and the straight ways of progress. These offences, however, might have been forgotten and forgiven. But who could forgive his exposure of National Service? He was hated by the scribes of a political opposition because he had refused, on the advice of the most able soldiers in the country, to take their counsel and the counsel of Lord Roberts in the matter of National Service.

It is important to repeat here what I have already said, that National Service was rejected by Lord Haldane on the advice of his military officers. *They would not look at*

it. To have adopted National Service would have been, in their deliberate judgment, to dislocate the military machine of this country, to create a dangerous hiatus, and to tempt an enemy to attack us in the confusion which such a change obviously must have involved. They rejected National Service, and concentrated all their efforts on strengthening the army which a former Government had left in a notorious condition of chaos and weakness.

Of what followed it is difficult to write without the hottest indignation and the most burning shame. The Prime Minister, a man of great restraint and almost immovable reserve, declared in August 1914 that if this country was prepared for war it was to Lord Haldane more than to any other man that it owed that position. Lord French had already said of him that he had inaugurated and made a military fighting machine and a system of national defence such as this country had never had before. *The Times* and the *Morning Post* had offered him, even in the midst of most bitter party warfare, their tributes of praise and gratitude. King Edward had trusted him with the greatest of his political ideals. He was known as the closest friend of Sir Edward Grey, whose host and constant support he had been in those days of agony which preceded the declaration of war. His character no man had ever dared to assail. His devotion to his country, for which he had made many sacrifices, was as unquestioned as his scholarship, his integrity, and his extraordinary powers of organization. His utterances on education, on peace, and world-politics had attracted the attention of enlightened men in every country on both sides of the world. He was the highest lay subject in the land; he was a great statesman, a distinguished author; he had been the Lord Rector of one of our principal Universities and was Chancellor of another; he was a personal friend of the most able of the Unionist leaders, and one of the few men in contemporary politics who stood cleanest from the mud of party controversy—but all this availed him nothing.

A scapegoat was wanted, an excuse was needed for panic, and this man was marked down for the hue and cry

of England's greatest enemies—her misleaders of the vulgarians. He had been in charge of the War Office. He had rebuffed Lord Roberts. He had entertained the German Emperor in his house. And he had been known for years as a devoted disciple of the highest and noblest German literature. Mr. Asquith, apparently, could not be shaken just then, much as he was hated; the public held that Sir Edward Grey was a man of honour; but what did the public know, what did the public care, what did the vulgarians of England know about and care about this silent and devoted servant of right reason and the will of God?

What did it matter that he had been the favourite Liberal minister of King Edward? He had not advertised the fact, and the public did not know it. What did it matter that Lord French had given him such extraordinary credit? The public has a short memory—otherwise how could our leading articles escape derision? What did it matter that he had laboured more abundantly and achieved infinitely more for education than any other man in the country? As if the public, our great vulgarian public, care a jot about education!

Then followed the saddest, the most shameful, and the most disquieting incident in contemporary history—the hounding into retirement by a pack of ignorant, unprincipled, and reckless journalists of the one statesman more than any other in the land who had most faithfully fulfilled King Edward's trust and saved his country from the Prussian horde. In the sight of all men, in the view of all nations, our allies and our enemies, we suffered this good man, this great man, and this wise man to be dragged into the gutter by those who get their bread from the gutter.

It was actually said, and even while his fighting machine was saving the coasts of France and shattering the German dream of conquest, that Lord Haldane was an illegitimate brother of the Kaiser, that he had a secret wife in Germany, that he was corresponding with Germans, and that, knowing perfectly well the intention of Germany to make war, he had deliberately withheld this knowledge from his colleagues in the Cabinet. Everything base, mean, petty,

and disgraceful was said and hinted about England's Lord Chancellor. The papers which had laid laurels at his feet two years ago now proceeded to besmirch him with mud. The paper which had placarded the towns and cities of this great country with its abominable cry, "To Hell with Serbia," began to talk about God and to vilify Lord Haldane. Even Mr. Oliver, though he could not bring himself to such depths as these, was unable to prevent himself from wounding sneer. The country was filled from end to end with suspicion and dismay. A traitor in the Cabinet! A spy at the very heart of England! For a moment there was wavering and doubt. For a moment the vulgarians wondered if their newspapers really spoke the truth. And then it was discovered (O marvellous, happy, and God-given chance!) that across a London dinner-table, to a guest of his English hostess, a German philosopher who loved Hermann Lotze, Lord Haldane had once said that because of Lotze he almost regarded Germany as his spiritual home. That was the finishing stroke. What need of further witnesses? Would the vulgarians of England suffer a wretch to sit in the Cabinet who regarded Germany as his spiritual home—actually as his spiritual home? It was impossible to think so.

Thus fell the Lord High Chancellor of England, sacrificed to the most venomous and unscrupulous journalists of this country, men of whom Ruskin said that they would pawn the dirty linen of their souls for a bottle of claret; thus fell our highest and noblest, dragged down by our lowest and our vilest; and thus in the midst of a most serious war, which had at the outset touched us to real greatness, and which required above all other things that we should be resolute and show ourselves resolute to friend and foe, we exhibited ourselves to all mankind as a nation of hysterics amenable to government by newspaper clamour.

We have never properly recovered from that blow. Lord Northcliffe, in his recent travels through France, Italy, Switzerland, and Spain, has sent repeated lamentations to *The Times* that Britain's part in the war is not

appreciated by foreign nations. He calls for a vigorous and skilful propaganda. But it is too late. Only British sailors and soldiers can now vindicate our good name. The effect of all that deadly and depressing newspaper depreciation of this country which marked the outbreak of war has sunk too deeply into the mind of foreign nations to be uprooted by verbal advertisement. The fall of so strong, so intellectual, so eminent a minister as Lord Haldane, a minister who admirably represented the silent strength and the unshakeable composure of this great nation, was a blow at our reputation from which we shall not easily recover.

It may be well for the enemies of Lord Haldane to know how a great man accepts the verdict of the mob. Like another Lord Chancellor who retired in the eighteenth century before a storm of animosity and calumny, Lord Haldane turned with affection and almost with relief to science and philosophy.[1] His conscience was clear. He had done his duty. And he must have known that but for his tenacity at the War Office the whole history of this war would have been different. Undisturbed by "the malignity of party spirit" and the "blindness of party prejudice," unembittered by the gross ingratitude of his fellow-countrymen, he left the hurly of politics for the seclusion of study.

In December of 1915 he laid the results of his study before the Aristotelian Society in the shape of a profoundly interesting paper entitled *On Progress in Philosophical Research.* This paper is a wonderful example of reverence for truth, patience in research, the widest tolerance, and a scholarship which is almost staggering in its reach. It is the work of a philosopher who has followed with discernment the movement of human thought from Plato and Aristotle, through Hegel and Schopenhauer, down to the living men of modern Europe like Bergson, Bradley, and the New Realists. And that he continues to be in touch with contemporary philosophers during his retirement is made evident by the following conclusion to the preface of an impressive book on the philosophy of

[1] See Appendix, Note I.

Bergson recently published by one of the most eminent of the younger generation of American metaphysicians:

> In conclusion, I desire to place on record my sincere gratitude to Viscount Haldane for the encouragement and inspiration which I have received from correspondence with him during the course of this study. While he is in no way responsible for any opinion which finds expression in the work, I nevertheless feel that the success of my efforts, whatever measure of success may perchance have attended them, is in no small degree due to him and to the sympathetic interest he has manifested in a former work of mine. Indeed, apart from a remark made by him apropos of the work concerning the inadequacy of the Bergsonian point of view and the necessity of supplementing it by bringing it into harmony with the fundamentals of intellectualism, I am not at all sure that the present argument would have taken tangible shape.[1]

Only to warn his countrymen of the danger of neglecting education has Lord Haldane forsaken the cleaner region of pure truth for the somewhat sordid lists of political controversy. Never once has he uttered a complaint. Never once has he uttered taunt or rebuke. He has borne the ingratitude of the wise as imperturbably as the vilification of the ignorant. And to all his numerous friends he has only one reply to their question, "Why don't you answer your enemies?"—"Why should I bother? Truth will prevail. And when my countrymen want me they will call me."

Such a spirit I find admirable and lofty; and I would have all those who have been misled as to the character of this nation, and who are sometimes depressed by the apparent victory on every field of our shouting vulgarians, know that it is thus our greatest and strongest still meet the onslaughts of the Philistines. Not by death, but by the power of his living soul—

[1] *The Philosophy of Bergson*, by Professor Watts Cunningham. (Longmans.)

> He has outsoared the shadow of our night,
> Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
> And that unrest which men miscall delight,
> Can touch him not and torture not again.
> From the contagion of the world's slow stain
> He is secure.

The persecutions of ignorance, the clamour of partisan malignity, the base ingratitude of friendship, these adversities are powerless when they assail the soul of one whose heart has long been fixed where true joys are to be found. To such a man the vexations of life are no more than the perturbations of an ant-heap. He takes the blow as he took the crown. He pays no more attention to slander than he did to flattery. The moral law within and the starry heavens above comfort and inspire him. The instant is always the eternal. Here and now is his America. And so the man who has known courts and who has received all that the world has to give, takes down a book from the shelf, seats himself beside the lamp, and far into the night dwells with those who, like himself, passed in life through the veil of appearance to the everlasting serenity of the real. From the contagion of the world's slow stain he is secure.

I dwell upon this incident for two reasons. First, I cannot believe that at any hour of any crisis should a man be silent in the face of grave injustice; and next, because in this incident—so glaring and so stark—men not yet awake to the immense danger and the inexpressible shame of government by newspaper clamour may rouse themselves, before the searching ordeal which awaits us with the declaration of peace, to be free of such dominance. It is not a day when we can afford to lower the character of our parliamentarians, not a day when we can loosely make public life detestable to all that is highest and noblest in our English culture, and certainly not a day when we can put ourselves under the rule of the vulgarians. There lies our supremest danger. It is a day when all that is most thoughtful and serious among Conservatives must ally itself with all that is freest from petty class feeling and sectarian prejudice among Liberals,

and with all that is least sectional and most nobly patriotic among the Labour party. There is an absolute community of feeling and principle in men like Mr. Arthur Balfour and Lord Haldane, Lord Robert Cecil and Viscount Grey, Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Arthur Henderson. And in English journalism—to speak only of English journalism—there are men who own newspapers and edit newspapers of every shade of political opinion to whom morality is a greater thing than party, and intelligence a nobler ideal than popularity, men who would without one single selfish thought sacrifice every partisan interest to secure the welfare and the dignity of this nation.[1] It is not impossible for us either to be great-hearted or rational. All the effort that is necessary for us to win salvation is the effort to throw off that deadening and destructive influence of the vulgarians who at one moment are grovelling in almost slavish adulation at the feet of a Kitchener and at the next are sharpening the axe for his beheading. Our vulgarians, who belong to every class in the community, are a grave danger to the country in the days that are coming.

Soon after the outbreak of war, and soon after the feeling of panic to which I have alluded had been spread broadcast over the country, a venerable and much-respected minister of religion, Dr. F. B. Meyer, called the nation's attention to grave scandals in our public streets. The wise words were scarcely out of that noble mouth, a mouth which had never uttered anything base or cruel, when many of those reckless journalists who had assailed the Lord Chancellor fell upon this minister of religion with the fury of wolves. The journalism which is never more furious than when it has virtue to attack and vice to defend, rose to a pitch of the utmost frenzy. We were invited to regard Dr. Meyer as a vile-minded person who took pleasure in seeking out nastiness, who in his thirst for

[1] To their credit it should be known that the great newspapers of Scotland and the provinces have had nothing to do with the rancorous crusade against Lord Haldane.

notoriety did not scruple to blacken the character of men behind whose backs he was sheltering himself from Prussian bayonets, and who was one of those very men who had done most by his canting namby-pambyism to weaken the fibre of British character.

While this storm was raging I paid a visit to the streets about which Dr. Meyer had complained. The sight was not only disgraceful, it was indescribably disgusting. Nothing that I had ever seen in the great capitals of the world compared with the orgy of drunkenness and lust which met my eyes at every turn in those abominable dark streets round the great railway centres of London. And it was not only a scene of vice; it was, as Dr. Meyer complained with all his force, a scene of crime. At the station gates was the girl of fifteen or sixteen, pretty, innocent-looking, and garish; in the public-house to which she lured the soldier fresh-arrived in London, particularly the Colonial soldier with twenty or thirty pounds in his pocket-book, was the blotchy-faced, half-drunken, and entirely diseased woman-thief. An American gentleman, directing the work of a soldiers' hut in Waterloo Bridge Road, told me that in all his experience of Latin cities in South America he had never encountered women so abandoned, so flagrant, and so boldly defiant as these revolting vampires of London. Under the eyes of the civil police, under the eyes of the military police, they plied their loathsome business. Dr. Meyer, in my presence, asked a constable, very politely, whether it was in his instructions to prevent one of these women from leading a soldier into the back-streets; the constable replied, rudely and as it were threateningly, "I don't know what you mean." On the question being repeated, he gave the same answer, and then shouldered his way past Dr. Meyer with an expression of impatient anger on his face. A provost-sergeant from Canada, patrolling these streets to save as many Canadians as possible, said that it well-nigh broke his heart to see young and healthy boys from Canada fall into such dreadful hands directly they alighted from the train in the home-country. But nothing was done. In France we have at least one British hospital

which is filled only with soldiers who arrive with disease from a few days' stay in London ; and here in England numerous men, enlisted and drilled to fight our enemies, are lying in hospitals created only for venereal diseases.

In spite of this, the newspapers which would have sent Serbia to hell rather than lift a finger to help her, the newspapers which drove the clearest thinking minister in the British Government out of office, the newspapers which first clamoured for and then would have destroyed Lord Kitchener, hurled such scorn, abuse, and insult at Dr. Meyer as might have got him lynched in the streets. It was nothing to them that he is a good man who has devoted his whole life to improving our moral standards, still less to them, apparently, that his crusade for the bodies and souls of men was an economically just as well as a morally sound crusade. They would not listen to him. Instead of listening, instead of going to see for themselves, they denounced him as a squeamish Puritan.

The charge brought by Dr. Meyer which they most ridiculed was the charge that our soldiers were drugged by these women-thieves. It was pure moonshine, it was romantic nonsense, it was just the sort of wild absurdity that Dr. Meyer would gloat over and use, if We would let him, for the purpose of scaring the great vulgarian mind, incidentally advertising himself.

A few people listened to Dr. Meyer. Money was raised, the Young Men's Christian Association provided huts, volunteers came forward to work in the huts, and some attempt was made to do indirectly work which the military and civil authorities ought to have done directly. But the newspapers of the middle-class mind did nothing at all, except to hinder and frustrate and bring to naught the minister's campaign. In the summer of 1916, however, a change came over these papers. There was no apology to Dr. Meyer, no regret for abuse and derision, but they began to cry out and clamour for the protection of our soldiers from the harlot and the thief, laying their chief emphasis on, and making their greatest sensation out of, the fact that cocaine was used for drugging our soldiers and was even sold to them by the prostitutes of the pave-

ments. A sudden enthusiasm for morality characterized these newspapers. The night-club and the music-hall lounge were denounced as if they had only just come into existence; and the tremendous invective hitherto reserved for the palmist and the fortune-teller began at last to fall upon the strumpet and the pimp. Never once, so far as I know, did any of these newspapers ever lift their voices before in support of a purity crusade. They only discovered morality in discovering that the harlot added to their taxation.

Let us keep these matters in our mind while we proceed to a statement of the great services which this country has rendered to the general cause for which our allies and ourselves unwillingly but unflinchingly drew the sword. For it is well to remind ourselves that behind all the greatness of our strength, all the majesty of our power, and all the beauty of our self-sacrifice, there is ever this shameful background of ignorance, violence, self-satisfaction, and moral indifference. The enemy before us we can conquer; but the enemy behind may drag us down. And never more is this enemy of our own household to be feared than when he puts on his most sanctimonious airs, utters his most noisome assurances of patriotism, and linking his arm with ours, endeavours to walk abreast of honest men. There is only one reply to such insolence and such hypocrisy. The just man will say, "Get thee behind me."

When our children's children come to read of this great war they will not hang their heads. They will lift up their hearts, and those hearts will be full of noble pride and generous gratitude. They will see nothing for shame and nothing for regret. As they will escape the grief and agony of those who mourn, so too they will miss all those trivial occasions for fault-finding and all those just reasons for powerful criticism which now distract our eyes from the magnitude of our achievement. They will see only great glory and decisive victory—glory purchased at the price of sublime devotion, and victory gained by the most gallant, steadfast, and surpassing exertion of the human heart. The names of Asquith and Grey will have

for them no smirch from the dust of political controversy: Sir John Jellicoe and Sir David Beatty, Lord French and Sir Douglas Haig, will be for them as the names of Drake and Nelson, Wellington and Marlborough, for us: and if some historian remark that what von Roon was to the German armies of 1870, a great Lord Chancellor of England was to the glorious British Army of 1914, which died to give civilization an hour in which to draw her breath and save the world, they will smile and be glad of this romance, knowing naught of our shame and our humiliation.

To these our children's children one thing above all others will stand clear from the record of the great war. To them it will appear the most magnificent reason for pride and gratefulness that a little island of only forty-five million people could hold, in a supremacy which its enemies, numbering four times its population, dared not challenge, the oceans and seas of the whole world. It will bewilder and astonish them, and move them to the depths of their being, that a country so small, and so insignificant in numbers, should hold in its hand this ultimate instrument of victory. And great will be their wonder when they learn that the people who forged this mighty weapon of war were a people for the most part who lived below the line of poverty, who were always struggling to keep head above water, who were housed in disgraceful circumstances, who were ill-educated and preyed upon by cunning rogues who made fortunes out of their ignorance, and who had to fight with resolution and threatening before the State would give them twelve pounds a year in their decrepitude.

This will amaze them; but when they learn that in addition to holding the seas of the world, the Admiralty of this little nation rendered services to their allies such as never before in the whole history of the world had been rendered by one Power to another, surely their astonishment will be boundless.

The time, I suppose, has not yet come to tell the full story of that assistance rendered by Great Britain's Navy to France, Russia, and Italy. We know in part how our submarines threaded the German minefields and appeared among the snow and ice of Riga. We know in part

how our merchantmen carried food and arms to our friends across thousands of miles of ocean. We know in part how the audacity and resourcefulness of the British Fleet met every new and devilish invention of German contrivance which threatened, as well as our own ability to fight, the very life of our allies. But we do not yet know of a certain service rendered by the British Navy at Malta to the French Fleet; nor of the service rendered to Italy in the Mediterranean in the form of thousands of vessels. These things our children's children will know; they will be the commonplaces of their history books and the inspiration of their national songs; and wherever they go among the nations of the world, even in Germany—Germany cleansed, penitent, and born again free of Hohenzollern tyranny—men and women will say of them: *They belong to those who saved the world.*

Do we, who live during the war, fully realize the part which we have played from the very first hour in this enormous conflict? Britain's contribution was by far and away the most considerable contribution of all the Allies; and she of all the Allies was most ready for the shock of battle. Germany failed in this war because at the outset, thanks to one wise man amongst us, Moltkeism was met by Moltkeism. Germany and England alone were prepared for their part in the war. No other belligerent was prepared. Swiftness of mobilization in Germany was met by swiftness of mobilization in England. And England's readiness determined the eventual end of this enormous struggle. We miss in the dust raised by petty men in degraded controversies the shining glory of the nation. Britain held the seas of the world for her allies. Britain prevented the enemy fleets either from ravaging the coasts of her allies or preying upon their commerce. Britain made victory for the foe impossible before she had actually declared war. Her Fleet was mobilized. This little island said to her threatened neighbours, "Look to your land frontiers, and forget you have coasts to defend." Her shield was over all people who love freedom. Weeks were added to weeks, and months to months, but no arm

was risked from German ports to thrust that shield away. Eighteen months and more went past before the might of the German Fleet dared to show itself a few miles away from its land batteries; and before the big guns of England could speak, that Fleet, bleeding, broken, and wreathed in flames, had steamed for its ports. And all the nations knew that the shield of Great Britain still covered the world.

If we had done nothing else our contribution would still have been the greatest in the Grand Alliance. To keep the immense British Fleet mobilized and cleared for action was an effort that called for tremendous sacrifice. And we kept it mobilized through the storms of the first winter to the summer of the second year, and through the winter of the second year to the third August of war. This immense achievement, by itself, is something to make proud the meanest Briton that ever hunted scapegoats in an hour of peril.

But we did something more. We landed in France an army the finest for its size upon which the sun ever shone, of veteran soldiers, so gallant and debonair that French and British officers seeing it swing through the cobbled streets of Boulogne, singing its confident song of victory, had tears in their eyes—tears of sheer joy and swelling pride. One who watched it go to its glorious victory on the Marne, an old officer decorated and distinguished, must needs take me in Boulogne to the very spot at which he had stood to see that army go by, and as he spoke of it his voice broke and he had to turn away his face. Men speak of that army as they never speak of any other force on all the battlefields of the world. Men have thus spoken to me of that army in Norway, in Sweden, in Finland, in Russia, in France, and in the United States of America. Danes have told me that they see in that army the force that saved the world. Japanese officers have said to me that in Japan they speak of that army as the army which destroyed the German's hope of victory. All men who have studied the history of this war acknowledge that the tide turned when the British Army of 1914 hurled the Germans from the coasts of

France. Read what Mr. Belloc says of it, what Mr. Buchan says of it, what Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and what Professor Pollard say of it—this glorious army which saved the world and which all nations, except the foe, have taken to their hearts. Its homely battle-song became the possession of the world; it was sung by the French and by the Russians; it went to Italy, and was taken up by Japan; Americans sang it night after night at the dinner-tables of the *Lusitania*; our kinsmen from Canada and Australasia came singing it across the seas; it became the cheerful song of India's warriors and sounded through the streets of Cairo and the bazaars of Port Said; and even the enemies learned to sing it across their snowbound trenches, where something stronger than winter held them fast.

This incomparable, matchless, and immortal army, inaugurated and made by a statesman since driven out of office, was the first contribution of Britain to the land struggle. It was shot like an arrow from a bow to its appointed place on the battlefield. It was ready. It was prepared. It was equipped to the last detail of efficient organization. And while it fought and held the enemy, whose prodigious preparations no one in France or Russia had suspected, from its Special Reserve and from the Territorial Associations, both the creation of Lord Haldane, there went forth a continual stream of men without jolt or dislocation to Britain's mechanism of war. And from that hour never has the stream checked or faltered. Newspapers clamoured for men and ever more men, at a time when we had neither rifles nor clothes to give them; but the stream of men whom we could use never once checked until an army of 5,041,000 had voluntarily come to the colours.

Well might the nation resist conscription as humiliation, and humiliation which could not be justified. If this small island group of forty-five million people had secured 140,000,000 square miles of ocean, and had given over five million soldiers to the common cause, of a truth might the nation well ask, Have we not done our share? And this same nation, let us remember, had become the

manufacturing centre, the market, and the bank of the whole alliance. From these shores without ceasing went ammunition and supplies of every order to our brave friends in France and Russia. And with these goods went also that which was equally urgent, money to continue the fight. We provided men, we provided stores, we provided munitions, we provided riches. And to provide these things the democracy of Great Britain toiled from dawn to darkness, men and women alike, the men and women of all classes, the whole nation as one man—an effort such as the world has never seen. On the blackened banks of our great shipbuilding rivers the furnaces roared and the steam-riveters clattered by night and by day, building the mightiest battleships ever known, the strangest craft that ever sailed the sea, and changing merchantmen and great liners as if by magic into ships that could serve in the struggle against the Central Powers. And by night and by day the miners toiled with their picks in the depths of the earth; and by night and by day the railwaymen laboured in the service of the State; and every factory in the land and every foundry in the land was filled with men and women making, ever making a thousand things, millions and millions of things, for the men in the field—our men and the men of our allies.

But in spite of all this, in spite of feeling that already they had done their fair share in the fight, British democracy accepted the odious burden of compulsion, and sent its last men to the barracks.

With this tremendous effort, do not let us forget that the rich men of the country poured out their wealth without stint, that ladies of all degrees turned from their leisure to cook and to scrub, and that the children of the country brought their pennies to school for the Prince of Wales's Fund, for the Red Cross, for Belgium, for Serbia, for France, and for Russia. Nor let us forget the gentleness and beauty of little acts that escaped notice in the thunder of guns and the clash of armies. From one end of the country to the other people gave up their houses and gardens to the wounded, put their carriages and

motor-cars at the disposal of the Government, organized Voluntary Aid Detachments, organized a society for scouring the whole country to get eggs for the troops, organized societies for sending provisions and writing letters to our British prisoners in Germany, and began to work with their sewing-machines and their knitting-needles for the soldiers in the trench. Millions of pounds were collected by the Prince of Wales's Fund to provide against distress in the first winter of the war; and when the predictions of the economists were falsified, and people saw that instead of unemployment there was more work than hands to do it, the money of the public flowed into the coffers of the Red Cross Society. In spite of a heavy taxation which pressed upon everybody, in spite of the rise in the price of commodities, money poured into the almsdish of charity in such a flood as the world has never seen. The rich were generous and the poor were brave. Some lovers of panic saw in the cheerfulness of our working classes a dangerous element, ascribing their cheerfulness to want of imagination. They wished to see us gloomy and depressed, walking about with sad faces, and shaking our heads over the peril which confronted us. A writer in the *Round Table* for December 1915 remarked on the different *moral* of the well-to-do and the working class. "Both," he said, "are equally determined to pursue the war to a successful end, and both are equally ready to make the sacrifices required; but the temper of the working class is distinctly the more buoyant and confident of the two." And he refers us, for an explanation of this working-class buoyancy, to "the old English feeling that if a difficult job has to be done it is best done in good spirits." This same difference in *moral* was noticeable between the worst newspapers and the troops. Newspaper proprietors earning enormous fortunes behind the firing-line were depressed and gloomy; Thomas Atkins, earning his shilling a day in the midst of shells, bullets, and poison-gas, was as cheerful as a sandboy. The soldier believed in "the old English feeling"; the newspaper proprietor believed in the prescription of the Fat Boy in Pickwick. The soldier wanted to make

Germany's flesh creep ; the newspaper proprietor to make Britannia's flesh creep. But, on the whole, we may justly say that the great British nation gave itself up to the old English feeling, that if a difficult job has to be done it is best done in good spirits. In good spirits our sailors kept their vigil, in good spirits our soldiers held the foe at bay, in good spirits our men and women toiled in the foundries and the sheds and the factories, and in good spirits the humane people of the country, nobly led by a high-minded King and a virtuous Queen, worked for the cause of charity.

Now, it is unquestionable, and does not need to be demonstrated for any person of sense, that Great Britain is the very heart of the Allies' resistance to German aggression. Without us (and they generously say so) our partners in the alliance could not hope to continue the struggle. If we had failed, they must have gone down. If we had wavered, they must have lost heart. It was on the confidence, the honour, and the strength of this country that the splendid valour of France and Russia, and later of Italy, absolutely depended for final victory.

What are we to think, then, we who bowed ourselves in reverence before the superb heroism and devotion of our countrymen—what are we to think of English newspapers which so conducted their crusade against the Government as to inspire such an utterance as this in a great American journal?—

> A whole system has broken down in England—a system of empire, of life, of government. A handful of insignificant and selfish politicians, long in control of the fortunes of the nation, have managed to keep control, despite their failures, which in France would have brought them to the lamp-post ; they have deceived the British people, and they are continuing to deceive the British people, and the result is seen in Flanders, in Asia, all over the world, and it is flaming up in Ireland.[1]

[1] The writer of this grotesque article compared the spirit of France with the spirit of England, very much to the disadvantage of England. Mr. Robert Donald, who sent an admirable reply to the

In no single particular is this true. No system broke down in England, neither a system of empire, nor of life, nor of government. The old system adapted itself immediately to the new conditions. The government nationalized the railways, the mercantile marine, the great engineering firms of the country, and to a very considerable extent the finance of the country and the food of the people. Without a crisis of any kind, it met the menace of the submarine and the Zeppelin. It organized an army of over five million men. It sent munitions, supplies, and money to all our allies. It called for sacrifice, and sacrifice was forthcoming from every class in the commonwealth and from every part of the King's dominions. Ireland was faithful, India was faithful, Egypt was faithful, South Africa was faithful; and (as if they were counties of England) Canada, Australasia, and the smallest island in the farthest seas which flies the flag of England, offered their love and their lives in the cause of freedom.

Could anything more seriously bring home to our minds the peril of reckless newspaper pessimism than that in an hour which witnessed so unparalleled a demonstration of unity and power and resolution as this, a great organ of public opinion in America should conclude that "a whole system has broken down in England—a system of empire, of life, of government"?

There is one important point to be considered. I find that even a man like Lord Rosebery, who, in spite of a constitutional pessimism, is mightily proud of the part

American newspaper, pointed out that no public meetings are held in France during the war, and that even the newspaper of an ex-Prime Minister of that country, M. Clemenceau's *L'Homme Enchainé*, is constantly printed with the blank spaces of censorship, and was in one instance suppressed for eight days. "If the British Government," Mr. Donald truly says, "had adopted the same policy towards the British newspapers, the criticisms and attacks which the *Tribune* editorial reflects or paraphrases would not have been published. He argues justly, and proves it up to the hilt, that "*England has upset every German calculation.*" And he ironically remarks that whoever in America may accept this article as a fair criticism of British effort and policy, one thing is quite certain, that the Germans will not believe it.

played by Great Britain in this world struggle, and who, in spite of his dangerous facility in speech-making, is a practised writer knowing the full value of words—I find that even a man like this makes use of the term "unpreparedness" in speaking of our country's position before the war.

The one simple incontrovertible proof of our innocence as war-makers, he argues, is that "we were wholly unprepared for such a struggle." We were not prepared. And why were we not prepared? asks Lord Rosebery. "In the first place," he replies, "because our Government could not be persuaded of the imminence of the danger. But, above all, because democracies never prepare for war." [1]

This statement, in spite of its logical appearance, is, I venture to say, profoundly untrue, and even ridiculously untrue. For how can it be said that our democracy did not prepare for war when it maintained on its bowed back and in the midst of all its deprivations and miseries the enormous burden of the British Navy—the greatest weapon of war in the whole history of the world? How can any man dare to say of a democracy which held in its iron grip the five gates of the world—Suez, Gibraltar, the Cape of Good Hope, the Straits of Malacca, and the English Channel—that it was not prepared for war? And how can any man who knows the meaning of words say that Great Britain was unprepared for war, when it was her instant intervention which flung the whole German conspiracy into confusion and threw across her conscript phalanx from the very first the shadow of ruin?

I beg the reader's closest attention to this matter. And I beg him also not to think that I am writing as a party politician, for I detest party politics, and was as devoted a supporter of the Conservative Government during the South African War as I was of the Liberal Government which succeeded it in its efforts to improve the conditions of the masses and to resist the peril of tariff reform. What I have to say now is not the argument of a partisan, but

[1] *England's Effort*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

the statement which every honest inquirer who respects truth, and who would no more juggle with facts than he would pick a pocket, must make at the conclusion of his inquiries into this matter of our preparations for war.

Let us begin with the Navy. Mr. Archibald Hurd, an unimpeachable witness, says in the *Navy League Annual* (1915–16):

> Our sea-power, as represented in modern, first-class battleships, was slipping from us when the struggle between Japan and Russia opened in 1904. . . . Is it realized that a period of only seven years separated us from a state of naval weakness and a state of naval strength which robbed Germany of the spoils of victory?

Reflect upon these words. They are the statement of one of the ablest authorities on naval affairs in this country. What may be the politics of Mr. Archibald Hurd I do not know, but he writes for the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Daily Telegraph*, neither of which can be charged with Liberalism, any more than they can be charged with the violence of the hysteric Press. And he makes these deliberate statements in the official year-book of the Navy League, which is an association of people who place the security of this country before everything else. In 1904, he says, our sea-power was slipping from us. What party was in power in 1904? The Conservative party. I am bringing no charge whatever against the Conservative party. Mr. Balfour's Government did, indeed, begin a series of important naval reforms before it quitted office. My point is that at a time when a Government was in power which enjoys the support of those newspaper writers who have calumniated Lord Haldane most disgracefully, the first line of Britain's defence was not in adequate order. Seven years, says Mr Hurd, separated us from a state of naval weakness and a state of naval strength which robbed Germany of the spoils of victory. What party was in power during those seven years? The Liberal party. That is to say, if an enemy had struck in 1904 the British Empire might have received at least a staggering blow; and the British

Empire has not staggered, and our allies are absolutely secure from defeat, because when Germany did strike, a despised Liberal Government happening to be in power, this country was not in a state of naval weakness but in a state of naval strength.

Mr. Hurd says: "Speaking from the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons in the year preceding the outbreak of war, Mr. Churchill, turning to his predecessor at the Admiralty, Mr. McKenna, remarked:

> I do not believe that there has been taken in recent times any more daring and certainly there has been no more successful step in naval policy than that which was taken by him on the advice of the then First Sea Lord (Lord Fisher) in making that great advance with the eight ships of the 1909–10 programme and increasing the size and increasing the gun-power of the vessels. That was a most bold and decisive step; it was a big step forward; and it has had the result that we have sixteen ships built and building, armed with 13·5-in. guns, which will be afloat before any ship armed with a weapon of similar power is on the water or in possession of any other naval Power.

"Since the beginning of the present struggle," Mr. Hurd continues, "the nation has had good reason to re-echo those words. The decision of the Board of Admiralty in 1909 may be regarded as the final act which condemned Germany to naval inferiority and to impotence. . . . By these steps, in a period of nine years only, we built or were in process of building a battle fleet overwhelmingly superior to that of Germany, while simultaneously the Foreign Office created an international atmosphere which enabled us on the outbreak of war to defeat Germany's expectations and concentrate practically all our large armoured ships in the vicinity of the North Sea."

These facts are incontrovertible. In seven years the Liberal party rescued the country from a condition of naval weakness, put it in a condition which condemned Germany to naval inferiority and impotence, and also

LORD FISHER
From a portrait by Herkomer

created an international atmosphere which enabled us to lock the second greatest fleet in the world within its harbours.

Is it fair to say that England was *unprepared* for war, or that the democracy which put the Liberal party in power at the end of 1905 never prepared for war? Would Admiral von Tirpitz echo those words of Lord Rosebery? or would any German politician say that "we were wholly unprepared for such a conflict"? I cannot imagine how the pen did not jump out of Lord Rosebery's hand when he wrote, "Our exertions have been since the war began." Let him ask our admirals, our shipbuilders, and our armament manufacturers what their commentary is on this eccentric remark.

Do not let the reader think that Mr. McKenna's magnificent work was the result of newspaper clamour. The same newspapers which still labour under the delusion that they appointed Lord Kitchener to the War Office (a little shamefacedly now) like to think that it was they who strengthened the British Navy. They had nothing whatever to do with the one thing or the other. That Lord Kitchener should go to the War Office was Lord Haldane's suggestion, a suggestion made at the very beginning of the crisis: Mr. Asquith adopted this suggestion before the newspapers knew that war was declared; and only Foreign Office anxiety about Lord Kitchener's command in Egypt delayed the appointment for a day or two. These things are perfectly well known to everybody who has any acquaintance with the history of those days. And in the same way Mr. McKenna's famous programme was a decision between himself and Lord Fisher long before newspapers knew what was doing at the Admiralty. Certain members of the Cabinet withstood that programme; Mr. McKenna said he must resign if it was not accepted; and the Cabinet accepted it. The Cabinet was not in the least influenced by newspaper clamour, but by the insistence of Mr. McKenna, and by the support he received from the Prime Minister and the War Secretary. Public clamour had nothing whatever to do with that decision. While the newspapers

raged, the very newspapers, be it noted, whose party had left Army and Navy in a condition of weakness, the Cabinet was deliberating with no other documents before it but the documents of the First Lord of the Admiralty. It was on those documents, and on nothing else, that the Government took its decision.

Lord Rosebery may reply to this statement that he was not thinking so much of the Navy as the Army. Let us, then, examine our preparations for war on land. "It is not," says Lord Rosebery, "for the army of 150,000 to scheme war against the army of millions." What he quite means by this I do not understand. If he means that the British Expeditionary Force was not a weapon to throw against the German Army, without the support of the British Navy, or without the support of Russia's millions and France's millions, I can see some dim reason for taking the trouble to put this sentence on paper. But since no man in his senses ever conceived that the British Expeditionary Force (the British Army, of course, did not consist of 150,000 men but of some 700,000 men) should go into Germany and try its unaided fortunes with "the army of millions," I can see neither force nor excuse for this extraordinary remark. It is a remark which may be as comfortably dismissed as the other remark, "Democracies never prepare for war."

What are the unassailable facts in this matter?

When the Liberal Government took office at the extreme end of 1905, our sea-power was slipping from us and our Army was in a condition of chaos and weakness. Between that date and the autumn of 1914 this same Government was able to hold the second greatest navy in the world to its harbours, and to strike such a blow at Germany on land as shattered her hopes of anything but a drawn battle. The Government, then, must have made some preparations. It is purest moonshine, on the bare facts of the case, to say that we were "wholly unprepared." Our preparations by sea, as Mr. Hurd tells us, condemned Germany to impotence. Our preparations by land, as every military observer is agreed, enabled us to save Calais and to break the German onset. We have

glanced at what our preparations were by sea, let us glance at what our preparations were by land.

When Lord Haldane went to the War Office there was no unit larger than a brigade which could have gone to war without changing its composition. The utmost confusion prevailed. And there was depression in every department. No one had thought out a coherent plan. The Aldershot Army Corps would have had to be pulled about and changed in its composition before it could have taken the field. Above everything else, the artillery was in a deplorable condition. Mr. Arnold Forster had armed it with a good gun, the 18-pounder, but this gun, being a quick-firer, entailed much larger ammunition columns than its introducer had provided. The result was that the men with the batteries had to be drawn on to man the essential ammunition columns, so depleting the batteries that certainly not more than forty-two of them, probably less, could have been sent into action. Such a condition of things will be understood by the veriest layman to stand self-condemned.

As regards the infantry, Lord Midleton and Lord Roberts had abolished the system of enlisting for seven years with the colours and five with the reserve, substituting a system of three years with the colours and nine with the reserve. The result was that a large number of men refused to sign on after their three years with the colours were out, and, in consequence, there was a serious shortage in numbers. In order to get drafts for India the War Office was compelled to offer bounties on a large scale. There were eight battalions of the line, raised specially for the South African War, which had a peace strength of only 500 instead of 750. The total Regular reserve was only 80,000, and how the battalions were to be mobilized for war nobody seemed to know. And this was not all. The great principle introduced by Lord Cardwell, that every battalion abroad should be supported by a battalion of the same regiment at home, which in peace-time should train and send out drafts to the oversea battalion, had been so dangerously departed from that there was great confusion in the whole Army system, with inordinate extravagance in the matter of transports.

As to the cavalry, this branch of the service was not only short of horses, but there was no workable provision, even in mobilization, for getting the horses it required. Equally defective were the arrangements for transport and for medical service. In short, wherever one looked the British war machine in 1905, as the writer in the *Fortnightly Review* truly said, was in a condition of chaos and weakness—the two very conditions in which an army should not be. So serious indeed was the condition of the British Army in all its branches and departments when the Liberal Government took office, that Lord Haldane, who must have known that the Fleet was not in a condition of complete efficiency, saw, not only the wisdom and righteousness, but the necessity of striving to improve our relations with Germany.

Lord Haldane, it will be recalled, paid a visit to Berlin very soon after he had taken office, and was given many opportunities of studying the mechanism of the German war machine. It is also known that he was reading up his subject with great industry, so much so that the German generals he encountered told their Kaiser that the Englishman knew more about certain military matters, even their own German war history, than they did. Moreover, convinced that the British generals of the older generation had failed to assimilate the new ideas which Moltke had introduced into military organization, Lord Haldane had taken the greatest pains to surround himself with the most intelligent officers of the younger generation who had learnt the bitter lesson of our war in South Africa. No man was ever better coached for his task or in more deadly earnest.

Certain principles were decided on by the new minister. First of all, there must be a complete separation of the work of the General Staff, a separation of strategy and training from administration, such as existed in every great army except our own. Secondly, he decided that the basis of all organization must be a war basis, not a peace basis, every unit being prepared to spring into immediate activity on mobilization for war. There was difficulty at first in putting these principles into action,

but the Report of the Royal Commission on the Army in South Africa disclosed such an appalling state of confusion (with the result of gross mismanagement and a good deal of dishonesty) that Lord Haldane, who had to deal with this Report in a disciplinary fashion, was strengthened in his determination to overcome all opposition in applying these two principles to his work of reorganizing the British Army. There was a third principle on which he acted almost at once, the principle that a higher organization and a less obsolete method must be found than fighting with battalions and brigades. A larger unit was essential, and Lord Haldane decided on the great division of three brigades, supplied with its full complement of artillery, its divisional cavalry, its proper transport supply, and its own medical service. There was great difficulty in forming these divisions in the matter of artillery; but Lord Haldane grappled with that difficulty and solved it. In 1906 a total of 38,725 artillerymen was available on mobilization; in 1912, when he left office, this total was 54,865. He started at the very outside with 42 batteries, and left the Expeditionary Force with 81 immediately ready for war.

Nor was this all. In organizing the Territorial Force, Lord Haldane organized it on exactly the same pattern as the Regular Army. He converted the old field-gun into a quick-firer, producing a gun almost as good as the ordinary field-gun of the German Army, and with these provided the Territorial Army with over 150 batteries of horse and field artillery, in addition to the 81 of the Regulars. The result was that during his term of office, this man who has actually been accused of reducing the artillery of the British Army, not only made it a much more efficient artillery, not only brought it into a proper war organization, but actually gave it about four times as many batteries as it had possessed before.[1]

In the important branch of medical service, Lord Haldane gave to Surgeon-General Sir Alfred Keogh a free hand, and the liveliest sympathy and the most constant support. Not only was the Regular Army

[1] See Appendix, Note J.

Medical Service put for the first time on an adequate and scientific footing, but one of the most extraordinarily efficient organizations ever known was set up in connection with the Territorial Force. The highest surgeons and physicians in the land were enrolled as officers, nurses were enlisted in the Territorial Force Nursing Service, and women were trained as members of Voluntary Aid Detachments (Miss Haldane played a great part in this work), while a number of very large buildings were marked down for general hospitals in the event of war. The marvellous hospital of my friend Colonel Bruce-Porter on Wandsworth Common, a school for orphan children up to the hour of mobilization, a hospital with its staff of eminent surgeons, physicians, anæsthetists, X-ray specialists, and nurses, a hospital with all the latest modern equipment for thousands of wounded men, was mobilized for war in a few days after the outbreak of hostilities.[1]

During 31 months of the South African War, in an army of only 250,000 men there were 8,020 cases of enteric fever. In this war, up to April 22, 1916, among 1,250,000 men the cases of enteric fever numbered 162. This is what Sir Alfred Keogh has to say on the subject of sanitation, and how sanitation in the Army was brought to its present position of perfect efficiency:

> The primary function of the Royal Army Medical Corps is the maintenance of the strength of armies in the field through prevention of disease. No other consideration is of equal magnitude or importance. Lord Herbert knew this. Parkes was the protagonist of the principle. Modern science by its discoveries has affirmed it over and over again. Yet, though its acceptance as a cardinal principle of administration meant bayonets and money, *it was not until the advent of Lord Haldane that the triumph of Army sanitation was complete.* Then began that study of technical problems of field sanitation which has meant so much; then, too, through systematic courses of instruction given to combatant officers and men, the

[1] On the staff of this hospital are Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, Sir John Bland Sutton, and Mr. Richard Cruise.

Army generally became aware that practical measures for disease prevention rested on a sound basis.

Read this tribute of a brilliant man of science and a master of organization in conjunction with the tribute of a great combatant soldier like Lord French, and ask yourself what men mean, what they can possibly mean, when they speak of British unpreparedness for war.

There is another matter to be mentioned. Lord Haldane did away with the old piecemeal manœuvres, and instituted annual manœuvres on a large scale and as far as possible under war conditions. He took a census of all the horses in the United Kingdom, and obtained powers from Parliament to requisition those which were suitable for war. For the first time British cavalry was fully provided with horses and with reserves of horses.

Then we must not forget that it was Lord Haldane who converted the old-fashioned, home-service Militia, which was not at all in a good mood after the experience of the South African War, into the Special Reserve belonging to the first line, organizing large third battalions behind each pair of Regulars, to train drafts and be stationed for garrison purposes in time of war.

Above all, we must not forget the abolition of the old Volunteer Force, and the creation of the Territorial Army, which in every material respect resembled the first-line army in organization. Rifles, field-guns, and heavy guns were provided for this force, with a surplus of something like 160,000 rifles in case of emergency.

The result of all these reforms, begun in 1906 and completed in 1912, was that behind the Regular Force of six divisions and the Regular cavalry organization, there was a second-line army of 14 great divisions and 14 yeomanry brigades. At the beginning of the war this country was able to mobilize 20 divisions with their artillery, cavalry, medical, and transport service complete, the equivalent of ten Army Corps. And the mobilization of this immense force took place without a hitch. The Territorial Army, numbering 313,000 men, were at that moment 50,000 short, but officers and men who had passed through its

training immediately rejoined, and within a few days the whole force was at complete strength, while in a short time it doubled itself.

These things concerned the United Kingdom. But Lord Haldane's energy and enthusiasm travelled beyond these islands. A year after he took office (1907) there was a Conference of the Colonial Prime Ministers in London, and to these important men Lord Haldane unfolded his scheme and invited their co-operation. So persuasive was that speech, and so admirable the scheme it unfolded, that General Botha proposed, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier seconded, a motion that the speech made to them by Lord Haldane, with the scheme of an Imperial General Staff, should be published throughout the British Commonwealth. This scheme came into being, and later on an Inspector of the Overseas Force was appointed—first Sir John French, and then Sir Ian Hamilton—who visited Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere, inspecting and reporting upon the new organization. When war broke out this admirable scheme which Lord Haldane brought into existence enabled the forces of the great dominions to be fitted into the divisional organization of the British Army without dislocation or confusion of the smallest kind.

One of the most significant and useful reforms of Lord Haldane which has escaped general attention concerned the training of officers. He arranged with the London School of Economics to train a number of officers in business administration, railway organization, accounting, preparation of contracts, and other matters essential to the efficient working of a military machine. And in order to get officers, he went round with Sir Archibald Murray of the General Staff (now distinguishing himself in Egypt) and addressed meetings at the Universities on the subject of the Officers' Training Corps. He also called together the head masters of the Public Schools, and arranged with them to take a certain number of boys for Sandhurst without examination, simply on the recommendation of the head masters. The work at the Universities gave the British Army at the beginning of war 24,000 young men of excellent physique and intelligence who joined as

officers; and the work among the Public Schools kept Sandhurst well filled with the best material for officers that the country could supply.

When Lord Haldane went to the Woolsack in 1912, *The Times* stated with perfect truth that "during the past six years the immediate readiness of the Expeditionary Force for overseas action has been the primary objective of the General Staff and of the War Office Administration, and *the restored feeling of self-confidence that prevails in the Army is the best evidence of the success of the efforts made in this direction.*" The words which I have put into italics are the end of the whole matter. Lord Haldane not only "inaugurated and made a military fighting machine and a system of national defence such as this country never had before," but he gave back to the British Army that which all the muddling and tinkering of other reformers, both military and political, had failed to restore—its self-confidence.

When a man like Lord French says of this great minister, in the midst of war, and a year after the minister's hounding into retirement, that the country owes him a great debt, need we stop to argue with those who say that he reduced here and muddled there and that we were in consequence unprepared for war? These are the words of Lord French spoken at Cambridge in the month of July 1916:

> It was reserved for Lord Haldane to bring them (the Volunteers) to the zenith of their reputation and value. The nation is indeed deeply indebted to the determined energy, skill, and foresight of that great and distinguished statesman. It was he who saw the real use to which they might be turned, and the general result was that, although remaining volunteers, they were formed into that great Territorial Army . . . the conception of which was surely one of the greatest strokes of genius any statesman ever exhibited.

These are great words, and they proceed from an exalted source; but for myself I almost prefer the words of the writer in *The Times* newspaper: *He restored the self-confi-*

dence of the British Army. It is in this phrase that you have the best answer to all the detractions of Lord Haldane, and the explanation of that almost laughing joy which has animated the whole of the British Army in its fight with the conscripts of Germany.

My argument is that Great Britain was prepared for war, better prepared than any of her gallant allies, and that it was her preparations which made her entrance into the quarrel fatal to German ambitions. I contend that just as the immortal French Army before Verdun gave our new British armies time to organize themselves for the fight on the Somme, so our immortal British Army of 1914, in first breaking the main onset of the German Army, and then in holding the coasts of France, gave the Republic time to marshal its forces and revise its strategy for the whole struggle from the English Channel to the Vosges. The battle of the Marne, as Professor Pollard says, was the decisive battle of the war; "it saved France, and indirectly it saved Russia, too, from a concentrated attack in 1915 which might have carried the German and Austrian armies to Petrograd and Moscow." And the battle of the Marne followed the battle of Mons and preceded the great sweep to the Aisne.

Mr. Oliver says that we only occupied thirty miles on the whole front; yes, but why does he not say that they are thirty miles of imperishable glory, thirty miles which took the spear-head of the German thrust and broke it on the bleeding breast of British valour? Only thirty miles, but not a yard of those thirty miles which is not sacred evermore, and proudly sacred, to every man and woman in the British commonwealth. Only thirty miles, but the grave of German ambition. Only thirty miles, but there was wrought the salvation of Europe.

How sad a thing it is, how sad and disquieting, that it should be necessary for any man to insist upon the decisive part played by the British Army of 1914. But so insidiously and industriously and recklessly have the detractors of England done their work that there is not, I suppose, one man in a hundred amongst us who would not say with

Lord Rosebery that this country was unprepared for war and that all our efforts came after the declaration of war. Let me, then, summoning a hostile witness, remind my countrymen that the British Army of August 1914 saved the world.

What are the true facts of this matter? I can prove, even from a publication issued by the house of Harmsworth, and called *The Standard History of the All-Europe Conflict*, that if our gallant allies had been as well prepared as Great Britain this war, which began in August 1914, might have ended in six weeks with the total destruction of the German armies. I can prove, too, and our chivalrous allies will be the first to admit it, that the big guns of the British Army saved the hosts of France, *who were entirely without big guns.* And I can prove that the British Army of 1914 not only entered upon this war with big guns, but that from the very first its airmen, who worked for the French as well as for ourselves, held complete mastery over the Germans.

The reader will remember that soon after mobilization the British Expeditionary Force was rushed up to Mons. He will also remember, for it is surely unforgettable, that at Mons the gallant soldiers of this country met, held, and shattered a tremendous drive of the German legions. He will then recollect that this British Army fell back, fighting actions which all the way delayed the Germans, as far as the Marne, close to the French capital. He will then recall that the British Army suddenly leapt up, sweeping the Germans before it as far as the Aisne. All this was the work of a month. Now let us see, calling our hostile witness, how these actions of the British Army were related to the actions of our gallant and chivalrous friends in whose country we were fighting. I quote from *The Great War: The Standard History of the All-Europe Conflict* (Parts 17, 18, 19, 22, 24):

> In the first great battle, that raged from Mons and Lille in the east (*sic*) to the Moselle and the Vosges in the west (*sic*), France had to pay a heavy price for the dreams of some of her peace-loving ministers, who, bent on social reforms, had grudged the cost

of highly efficient preparations for a vast war. It was a generous mistake.[1]

> We were prepared to teach the Germans that good marksmanship, a magazine rifle, and a cool, steady eye could break any Zulu-like charge, even when guns had failed to stay it. . . . "Mark your man!" Our soldiers marked him, in tens, in hundreds, and when the range was three hundred yards they marked him in thousands, in tens of thousands. Nothing living could stand against the deadly, scientific rapid fire poured out from the British trenches. The Germans who remained upright looked about them like men dazed; then, screaming with terror, turned and fled. . . . The first historic battle against the Prussian . . . was going the way that Crecy and Agincourt had gone.

The writer tells us that the German gunners "were not so good as ours"; that the German infantry was "helpless"; that our cavalry had the German cavalry "at their mercy"; and that in aerial warfare "the same personal ascendancy of the Briton over the Teuton was quickly gained." Not badly then did Lord Haldane's fighting machine expose to Germany its criminal "unpreparedness." The writer proceeds:

> While the British Expeditionary Force was gallantly beating back one hundred thousand German troops at Mons . . . *things were going badly everywhere else on the northern front of the Allies.* . . .
>
> In spite of the delay to part of the German forces at Liége, France had not been able to carry out her mobilization with the effectiveness and completeness that marked the aggressive Teutonic effort. . . . Still more unhappy was the French army that was working more northward along the Meuse, between Dinant and Mézières. It was thrown back to the river. . . . It was mainly this disaster at Givet which

[1] The treatment meted out to Lord Haldane, who did provide big guns and who did give us a perfect and swiftly mobilized army, was *not* generous.

determined the retreat of the rest of the allied line. . . .

In the meantime the large French force of 200,000 men at Charleroi had already lost the command of the Sambre between Charleroi and Namur . . . the men of the Fifth French Army were in no position to help their British friends at Mons. They could not even attempt any combined action. . . .

Such was the disastrous condition of things on the right of the British force that was holding Mons. . . . On the left of our troops matters were growing even worse. . . . To General D'Amade had been entrusted the defence of Northern France from Lille to the sea-coast. . . . He was now at Arras, with only some French Territorials within call. The French Territorial is not a young, active volunteer like the British Territorial, but an oldish man who has passed out of the first-line troops. . . . Many of them were fathers of families, suddenly called from office, shop, and workshop to the colours. Their march tired them. . . .

Since Sir John Moore marched through Spain . . . no British commander had had to conduct a retreat in such difficulties as faced Sir John French on the Franco-Belgian frontier in the last week of August 1914. Indeed, the later achievement of British arms is even more glorious than the early feat at Corunna.

After describing the beginning of the great retreat of the British with both their flanks exposed, the standard historian tells us that "the incomparable marksmanship of the British infantrymen" saved the situation; and that with the British were "the best men with a bayonet to be found in the world." He then tells us that the "*hammer-head of the German host, fashioned to deliver the blow shattering the British Army and ruining the entire French offensive,* was able . . . to mass the tremendous fire of a thousand guns against the British left wing." Then we come to the description of a battle and read:

The total losses of the enemy were literally stagger-

> ing. They certainly staggered the attacking army. . . . After our men sent their wounded on by train to Guise, and then withdrew southward towards Wassigny, the German gunners went on shelling Landrecies for hours. The Germans were afraid to enter. *The nerve of their infantry was broken.*

How different was it with our men, ringed round by the Germans!

> With bullet and bayonet they broke through and swept aside the host that barred their southern road, and their gunners cleared the way in front of them with fanning-out salvos of shrapnel fire. One eye-witness remarks that *the Germans in turn might have been ringed with flame and steel if the French reserves had been able to arrive sooner.*

And finally:

> All risk of disaster to the retiring yet invincible Britons was averted. The supreme test had come, and the men of our race had risen to the heights of heroism of our forefathers. They had saved us from disaster and shielded France. . . . While the British Expeditionary Force was holding back the great enveloping movement of the main German Army, and then saving itself and the Fifth and Fourth French Armies from an overwhelming outflanking attack, the northern forces of France were fighting their way southward.

Whether Lord Rosebery will still say, after reading these words, that we were unprepared for war, and whether Mr. Oliver will still speak patronizingly of the thirty miles of British front, I cannot say; but I do not believe that a single unprejudiced mind, reading these words, which ought to recall and quicken a thousand splendid memories, will say that I exaggerate my case when I protest that literally and beyond all possible question the British Army of August 1914 saved Europe from a German victory. And if this be true, what madness to speak lightly of our unpreparedness, or slightingly of our thirty miles of front!

Is Lord Rosebery aware, and is Mr. Oliver aware, that

France was entirely without heavy guns, and that the British Expeditionary Force, which they say was unprepared for this war, saved French armies by the use of heavy guns with which it had been equipped from the very first? If they are not aware of these things they ought not to speak on the subject; and if aware of them, they ought not to say what they have said, for it darkens the glory of British arms and is not the truth.

Let the standard historian continue to enlighten us. He is now speaking of the end of the great retirement and the beginning of the great advance:

> The French in their artillery had sacrificed power to mobility. Their light quick-firing gun was almost as handy as a maxim. . . . But in siege warfare, against long-range howitzers, it could make no progress. . . . It was the fault of the French Ministry for War of more than a decade before, but they had made a mistake in neglecting the change which the progress of motor-traction had produced in the conditions of so moving heavy guns and heavy howitzers as not to slacken the march of an army.
>
> The German rearguard was not thrown back from the Ourcq *until some heavy guns of the British Army were brought up from Meaux to shell the enemy's artillery positions.* . . . One of the things that made our comparatively small Expeditionary Force so useful to our allies was that—taught by our experience in the South African campaign . . . we had a proportion of fairly heavy batteries in our field artillery.

He then comes to the battle of the Marne,[1] and says:

> In this battle, where millions of men rocked for ten days in unceasing conflict, a hundred thousand British soldiers played a strangely decisive part—out of all proportion to the smallness of their numbers. . . . The splendid fighting qualities of the British

[1] "The great crisis of the war passed when the battle of the Marne was won, and by the end of November the violent attempts to reach Calais had failed. . . ." (Lord Sydenham, in *The Times*, August 4, 1916).

soldier consummated the success. The result was that the Crown Prince and the Kaiser, while preparing for their great immortal triumph, were suddenly transformed into fugitives. It was French's "contemptible little army," still unexterminated, which was the immediate instrument in bringing suddenly to dust and bitterness the towering, glorious hopes of the War-maker of the World. . . . The British soldier walked over what had been the Kaiser's best army; he kicked it across three rivers —the Grand Morin, the Petit Morin, and the Marne—and then chased it as it tore away in precipitate flight. . . . In numbers the British Expeditionary Force had not increased since its great battles in Belgium . . . but all its losses had been made good by fresh drafts. . . .

This completed the British victory. How important it was to the general scheme of operations planned by the French Commander-in-Chief, may be judged from the fact that the Sixth French Army, at the time our forces crossed the Marne, was still heavily engaged to the west of the Ourcq River. The great German armament still swept all the main approaches against Kluck's lines of retreat . . . *and it was apparently only with the help of some of our heavy batteries that the passage of the Ourcq was at last forced.*

And it is the same thing at the crowning glory of the Aisne:

Even the heavy German field-guns could not keep back the British force. For our men also had heavy guns and howitzer batteries, and in the two recognized actions . . . the Germans lost about 48 guns as well as some 4,000 men.

If the French were not prepared for a battle of big guns, they were also not prepared against the German system of espionage:

Some of the chief quarries near Soissons had been especially worked by German firms in peace-time . . . positions had been prepared and every yard of the

plateau carefully marked out for artillery. . . . Employees in these German businesses—some of them Frenchmen of a scoundrelly sort . . .—were scattered about the country south of the Aisne River, and provided with secret underground telephone communications.

It was not a battle of man against man. It was a one-sided contest between 80,000 young British athletes and a gigantic, systematized, and long-prepared machine of war . . . with 140,000 riflemen, gunners, and cavalrymen behind it. It would have been no disparagement of the courage of our soldiers had they failed to force the passage of the Aisne against such an array of machinery of death. Just on the British right the Turcos, who are among the most fearless souls with mortal breath, were driven back to the ford of Berry-au-Bac. And further westward, in the more level land around Rheims, the German guns blew the Fifth French Army from a very important hill position. . . . On the British left the Sixth French Army was, for a time, held up south of Soissons, until our artillery cleared the way for them, and it was hurled back to the river, often almost reaching the plateau.

But despite the terrible disadvantages under which they attacked, the British troops not only crossed the valley of death, but seized and held a commanding position on the plateau of Soissons. . . . Over the difficult high wooded ridge between the Vesle and the Aisne the beaten German forces were driven by the British horsemen.

Surely I need quote no more from *The Standard History of the All-Europe Conflict*, issued with the imprimatur of Lord Northcliffe and edited by a notable writer on the staff of the *Daily Mail*, Mr. H. W. Wilson.

We know, of course, that the decisive battle of the Marne was won by the magnificent strategy of Joffre, by Foch, and by the fine valour of French manhood. We know that the France of the Marne was the same

unconquerable France which stirred the admiration of the whole world at Verdun. It is the very top of exaggeration to say that Britain won this decisive battle. To France, fighting for her very life, belongs the imperishable glory of the victory which saved her. But this will be said by every historian of that battle, French or British, that France was helped, and helped decisively, in getting her glorious victory over the German hosts by a little army from Britain which held with a high courage and an unbreakable will thirty vital miles of that vital battlefront.

People who have been depressed by the pessimists during the long and trying period of trench warfare will perhaps rub their eyes on reading that the unprepared and neglected British Army at the beginning of the war went about kicking the Kaiser's best army across rivers, making His Imperial Majesty's infantrymen run screaming for their lives, outshooting German gunners, outflying German airmen, scattering German cavalry, and lending its heavy batteries to the aid of the French, who were entirely without heavy guns.

Such, however, was indeed the achievement of the British Expeditionary Force, the war machine inaugurated and made by Lord Haldane, of whom quite recently one of the London newspapers, published by the same house as published the history from which I have quoted, has spoken in the following elegant fashion: "*The results of his policy are written in British blood on the battlefields of three continents*:

> From such a man we want to hear no word on any subject whatever. One is staggered indeed by the impertinence of a politician who, having done his utmost—only too successfully—to prevent due preparation for the present war, seeks to advise us concerning our preparedness for the commercial war which is to follow. *Whatever we do, we shall not wage war on Lord Haldane's lines.*
>
> Whether Lord Haldane remains in England or betakes himself to that "spiritual home" *which he has never disowned* concerns us but little, but if he elects to

> stay here, let him hold his tongue. In common decency let him remain silent and forbear to insult with his pompous orations the nation which he has misled.[1]

Is it not inconceivable that from the same house two such voices should proceed? And is it not still more inconceivable that these insolent and unpardonable words should be addressed by journalists of whom nobody has ever heard to a man who restored the self-confidence of the British Army (shattered by the political party supported by this very newspaper) and to whom the best military judge in the country has told us we are deeply in debt?

Let it be remembered that while the battle of the Marne was a decisive battle, the glory of which belongs mainly to the French, that decisive battle would never have taken place if the British Army during the retreat from Mons had failed to hold back "the great enveloping movement of the main German Army." On that famous retreat British arms saved the world. If Britain had failed then, nothing could have stopped the German Army from reaching Paris and seizing the French coasts.

The truth of the whole matter has been excellently put by Mr. Winston Churchill in a recent article published in the *Sunday Pictorial*, which seems to have some connection with the house of Harmsworth. He said that the British Army went to France according to what might be called the Haldane plan; and proceeded:

> Everything in that minister's eight-year tenure of the War Office had led up to this and had been sacrificed for this. To place an army of four or six infantry divisions, thoroughly equipped, and with their necessary cavalry, on the left of the French line within twelve or fourteen days of the order to mobilize, and to guard the home island meanwhile by the fourteen Territorial divisions he had organized, was the scheme upon which, aided by Field-Marshals Nicholson and French, he had concentrated all his efforts and stinted resources.

[1] *Evening News*, July 12, 1916.

> It was a modest plan ; but it was a practical plan ; it was consistently pursued and laboriously and minutely studied. It represented, approximately, the maximum war effort that the voluntary system would yield, applied in the most effective and daring manner to the decisive spot. It commanded the assent of almost all the leading generals. When the hour struck it worked with perfect precision and punctuality. There was nothing to argue about, nothing to haggle over. The French knew exactly what they were going to get, if Great Britain decided to come in, and exactly when and where they were going to get it. . . .
>
> The French judged the value of any help we could give entirely by when it could arrive! If on that August 4th they had been given the choice of 100,000 British soldiers in a fortnight or 500,000 in six months, or 1,000,000 in a year, they would unquestionably have replied, "What have six months hence to do with us? We have got to live through six weeks."

I need say no more. The only blot on England's escutcheon in this war of many nations is that she allowed a few noisy journalists to drive out of office the one man who more than any other, save Lord Fisher, had prepared her to fight with honour and with power.

When the mischief-makers, detested by King Edward, are busy on other matters, when the hysterics, no longer shivering for their skins, have recovered their composure and their manners, and when the hearts of our disturbed, depressed, misguided vulgarians are again impatient of Sir Benjamin Backbiter, and in a mood to laugh at Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, we shall see with clear eyes that Britain played for her size by far the greatest and infinitely the most decisive part in the world's fight for liberty and law. We shall see, to begin with, that she fulfilled to the letter all her engagements : that her Fleet held the seas, and that a greater force than France ever expected her to send was landed on French coasts with a

swiftness and a completeness of detail that astonished mankind. And we shall see that these little islands, having given this Fleet and this incomparable Army to the common cause, proceeded, without serious interruption of her normal life, to lend millions of pounds to her allies and her colonies, and also to supply her allies with munitions and stores.[1] And we shall see that, finding these things not sufficient, she called to her manhood, and that over five million of her manhood answered ; and that she called to her masters and men, and in a few months, without chaos or disorder, this democratic country devoted to industry and peace was turned into a vast arsenal. These things we shall see with clear eyes and surely with proud eyes. We shall see that mistakes were made here and there, but no mistake comparable to the awful blunders of Germany ; and we shall see that a few hundred thousand men were a little slow in coming to the colours, and that a few hundred thousand workmen were selfish and lazy and ignorant at the beginning of this revolution in our national life ; but all these things will appear as dust on the highway in comparison with the swift uprising of the British commonwealth to do more than it had promised, more than its allies expected it to do, and more than any other country in the world has ever done before.

Some men, looking back to the years behind us, will perhaps see a curious coincidence in the fact that two of King Edward's most trusted friends, Lord Fisher at the Admiralty and Lord Haldane at the War Office, were diligently rescuing the British Navy and the British Army from chaos, weakness, and loss of confidence, while their royal master did what he could for the peace of the world. A curious coincidence, too, that both these men had succeeded beyond the bounds of expectation just before Germany hit out with all her force at Russia and at France.

Let me assure the reader, and I know what I am speaking of, that when he hears what this country has

[1] By March, 1917, Great Britain will have lent to her allies and the Dominions £818,000,000.

done for Russia, for France, for Italy, and for Serbia—holding her world-wide empire in unbroken security, and taking colony after colony of enormous size from the Germans—he will be very angry with those who have disparaged this great people, depressed his spirits, shaken the faith of our allies, and inspired a serious journalist to tell the continent of neutral America that a whole system has broken down in England—a system of empire, of life, of government.

Such a story as the world has never heard will be told to the nations when glorious Russia (who is longing to tell now) and most valiant, noble-hearted France, and gallant, freedom-loving Italy, are free to say what Britain has done for them. And what I know, and what will amaze every man when it is told, is also known (let this be remembered afterwards) by those who still persist in spreading depression and blackening the good name of this country.

There are indeed men in this nation whom France would long ago have brought to the lamp-post.

GERMANY'S PLACE IN THE WORLD

I believe no country of Europe is so fitted to be a republic as Germany ; I believe her difficulties are from her Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs, and nothing else. I believe she will end by getting rid of these gentry; and that till that time comes the world will never know of what real greatness she is capable.

Friendship's Garland (1870)

CHAPTER VI

GERMANY'S PLACE IN THE WORLD

MANY serious people in England are at the present moment considering (stupider people are deciding) what shall be done with Germany after the war. If I am not misinformed, societies have come into existence (most of them with fine-sounding imperial names) expressly for dealing with this matter. And certainly we have had the Allies' Economic Conference in Paris which was a considerable step on the road of doing unto Germany exactly what we should not like other people to do unto us—just as if our old jungle morality had not received a deathblow in this war. But in spite of societies, resolutions, and pagan feeling, the only victory which can bring lasting peace to the world is Germany's victory over herself. *The supreme issue of the war is the repentance of Germany.*

No man of sober and reflective mind dreams for a moment, I am quite sure, that any economic plan of the Allies can permanently exclude the centre of Europe from relations with the rest of the world. No man thinks that we can really put millions of people to Coventry. We may hate Germany with all our hearts; we may loathe and detest her for those abominable things which have brought her to open shame in the eyes of mankind; we may wish to annihilate her people and wash her name from off the map of Europe and forget that ever such an evil Power disgraced the modern annals of humanity; but reflection will tell us that these wishes, desires, and vehement feelings lead nowhither, that certainly they do not make for that chief ambition which, we have over and

over again professed, was our reason for drawing the sword—they do not make for an end of war, and they do not contribute to the foundations of peace.

If, on the other hand, we inquire into the condition of Germany, and find that among these very intelligent if dislikeable people there are many who really hate war, and really repudiate all the ideas underlying Pan-Germanism, and who really wish to live in love and charity with their neighbours, we must surely see that our wisest and our highest action will be so to end this hideous war that these better German people, and not the ruling caste who have brought about the calamity of war, become the arbiters of Germany's future. Therefore, to speak of what we intend to do with "Germany" after the war is to speak of what is not yet in existence—is to assume at any rate that the world will still be confronted by the same enemy, which at that time, if the argument hold, will be destroyed. If the same Germany exist after the war as existed before the war then is our labour vain. But if a new Germany come into existence, then it must be wise of us, before we decide how we shall deal with this Germany, to tarry until we know the form it will assume and the character it will take.

Before we consider whether there are moderate, humane, and peaceful people in Germany, let us first of all remind ourselves that those newspapers in England which most loudly tell us there are not any people in Germany whom we can trust, are themselves the least trustworthy guides in any matter under the sun. Let us think, for example, what would have been our fate in this war if we had listened to these same newspapers in the days of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and had refused self-government to South Africa. That is a most pertinent question. For it is quite certain that had we been guided by those well-meaning but wrong-thinking newspapers, by this time not a colony would be left to us in South Africa, and perhaps not a single man or woman of the British race in South Africa would be alive at the present moment. And let us remember that these same newspapers, some of them with pure motives, did everything in their power to stir up

religious animosities in Ireland, whereby not only were we brought to mutiny in the Army and very near to civil war in the United Kingdom, but whereby, in all probability, this cataract of blood and ruin descended upon Europe. And let us remember, too, that having spent the last decade in fighting, with every weapon of abuse and misrepresentation and recklessness, the political party which was struggling to improve the very deplorable conditions of our working people, these same newspapers, at the beginning of war, had the hardihood to turn round on the poor workman in his slum and call him every name under the sun, because he had neither the intelligence to see that his liberties were threatened nor the decency to feel that those liberties were worth fighting for. Let us also remember (and I know of few more striking warnings against reckless clamour) that if we had listened to certain of our journalistic advisers we should have started on this war, which depends so largely for its success both by land and by sea on wireless telegraphy, not with the English Marconi Company, but with its only rival, to whom members of Parliament actually went for the purpose of negotiations, a German Wireless Company, with its offices in Berlin. Finally, let us remember that there has been in English life no more vulgarizing influence during the last ten years than the influence exercised by the popular Press—a Press which has exalted the Divorce Court and degraded Parliament, which has administered claptrap and lived upon sensation, which thinks so contemptuously of the people whose halfpennies bulge its pockets that it unsays to-day without explanation what it said yesterday, and to-morrow will certainly say something else ; a Press which is not more without self-respect than it is without shame—in sober truth, an irresponsible, unintelligent, and most dangerous Press. We must altogether neglect the efforts of this Press to make us think according to its varying moods in deciding any question of importance, particularly so important a question as the one we are now considering, which involves the peace and happiness of our children. It is to me one of the greatest tragedies of this most tragic calamity, that the men of

middle age who made this war by their reckless journalism are safe out of the firing-line, while a purer, kinder, and more honourable generation, which would certainly have worked for a better and nobler world, and which would have been superior to the influence of these baser newspapers, is being slain by tens and hundreds of thousands.

"You," says Romain Rolland to the young soldiers of France, "are doing your duty, but have others done theirs? Let us be bold and proclaim the truth to the elders of these young men, to their moral guides, to their religious and secular leaders, to the churches, the great thinkers, the leaders of socialism: these living riches, these treasures of heroism you held in your hands; for what are you squandering them? What ideal have you held up to the devotion of these youths so eager to sacrifice themselves? Their mutual slaughter! A European war! A sacrilegious conflict which shows a maddened Europe ascending its funeral pyre, and, like Hercules, destroying itself with its own hands!" [1]

In Scandinavia, where the general level of comfort and refinement is very much higher than in this country, and where education, too, has a higher standard, I found a considerable number of people holding the view that our shortest way to the victory we desire would be an immediate peace. They argued, from their experience of Germany, that a peace which returns to the conditions existing before the war, however unsatisfactory and inconclusive it might seem, would in reality give us the only victory which could serve our ultimate and highest purpose.

These people said to me, and they were people of great reputation among their countrymen: "You cannot destroy the German nation. You may drive the German armies across the Rhine, at a great cost in life and fortune, but you will never be able to subjugate the German people. And the more you hint or suggest that you will not be satisfied till you enter Germany, the more you strengthen the hands of the war caste and weaken the arm of social

[1] *Above the Battle*, by Romain Rolland. (Allen and Unwin.)

democracy. Your wise policy is to say that you are satisfied with the punishment you have inflicted, and, if Germany will evacuate the territories she has invaded (the question of indemnities is a detail), that you will withdraw your armies and remove your blockade. The result of such an action would be this: Germany, with foreign trade and a paper currency, and with no raw materials worth speaking of, would presently be reduced to insolvency. There would be the greatest suffering and distress throughout the German Empire. And in that condition the Socialists, the peace party, and the great body of moderate opinion in Germany, would say to the Pan-Germanists, 'Well, you have had your war, and this is what you have brought us to—away with you!' In a word, very soon after peace is proclaimed there will be a revolution in Germany. The Hohenzollerns will be driven from the throne, the war party will be dispersed, and a republic will be proclaimed."

Now, this suggestion is only questionable because we cannot be certain that the German people will revolt against their rulers. Manifestly, if we could be certain of that, it would be folly to proceed with our apparatus of war, which is costing us so many infinitely precious lives, which is filling our hospitals with thousands of maimed and mutilated young men, and which is certainly piling up an enormous debt, the weight of which will be felt to its life's end by the youngest child alive. None of us would go on with the war for another day, nay, for another hour, if we could be perfectly certain that peace would bring a republic to Germany. The whole question is, Will Germany change her mind? There are some who say that the Germans are too docile to rebel. But I heard Mr. A. H. Pollen once reply to this assertion, that as for himself he had never been dogmatic on such matters after an illuminating day in his boyhood, when his hand was bitten right through by a doe rabbit. We should certainly say that no person with a glimmer of imagination would expect the Germans to be as docile after this ruinous war as they have certainly shown themselves for a number of flourishing peace years. But the fact still remains

that we cannot be certain of a revolution, and therefore it is incumbent upon us to fight until our enemies seek for peace.

M. Sazonoff, with whom I have discussed this Scandinavian idea, told me, and the best opinion in English ministerial circles agrees with him, that we cannot possibly afford to make peace of any kind until the Germans acknowledge that they are beaten. As to whether we must overrun German territory, M. Sazonoff said, that is for the allied generals to decide; but certainly our armies must go on fighting until the enemy is on his knees. This, I take it, is the opinion of most rational men. We dare not sheathe our terrible sword, however deeply we feel the anguish and loss of wasteful war, while Germany holds the gathered nations at bay.

Now, why I mention this matter of peace, is to bring home to those people in England who have not cultivated an international mind, and who are under the hypnotic influence of our brawling journalism, that in other countries of the world, countries which are thoroughly friendly to the Allies, and whose democracies have every reason to fear any extension of German power, there is an absolute conviction that among the German nations are elements of the population whose sympathies are entirely with the real cause for which we are fighting.

It is true I did not find in these countries the same detestation of German atrocities as exists here; indeed, they are inclined to think that we have lost dignity in the way we have made public use of these horrible things; they say that we should have made a better mark in the world by registering our condemnation of these atrocities and then holding our peace while we continued our efforts to beat the German armies. Let me take two examples of this feeling. Scandinavians said to me that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was a dreadful thing; but not much less dreadful in their opinion was our blockade, which threatened death by starvation to women and children whose men we are unable to overthrow in the field. This, I hold, is a bad, false point of

view: but there is no doubt that many Scandinavians do genuinely see the matter in that light. They are filled with pity for the sufferings of innocent women and children in Germany.

And then again: the shooting of Nurse Cavell, they say, was a blunder on the part of the Germans, but it is absurd of us, so they argue, to stigmatize this blunder as a "murder." They say that Nurse Cavell had betrayed her trust: that under the sacred garb of charity she was playing the part of an enemy agent: that having received confidence from her country's enemies, she abused that confidence, and smuggled men back into the trenches who, when they got there, would certainly kill as many Germans as possible. When I pressed these people on the point of the horror of shooting a woman, they answered me that the French had shot a number of women spies. The chief point they made was this: that while horrors and atrocities are deplorable in the highest degree, we in England have seemed to make use of these horrors and atrocities, not so much to stir up our own determination and resolution, as to create sympathy for ourselves with neutrals and to do as much harm as possible to the Germans. They know that we hasten to spread news of such things by wireless telegraphy all over the world, and that our newspapers do everything in their power to magnify the horror of every German crime. This, they think, is odious and immoral.

But while the people I am speaking about hold the opinions I have endeavoured to state very briefly, they are one and all on the side of the Allies and decidedly anti-German. They hate German arrogance. They fear German power. It would be the worst day in the world for Sweden, Norway, and Denmark if Germany conquered in this struggle: one of the greatest assurances of liberty if Germany is defeated.

When such people as these, then, tell us that there are men and women in Germany who are on the side of peace, who hate the war caste, and who will certainly make an end of that war caste after the bloodshed is over and when the ruin has begun, we may at least feel ourselves en-

couraged to inquire how far this opinion reflects the actual condition of German psychology. For, if there is any real hope of a revolution in Germany, then we can fight with the assurance of a victory that will really bring peace to the earth; and perhaps fight in such a manner as will bring the forces of revolution into action. That is to say, if our public men will declare more and more emphatically that we are not fighting to destroy the German nation, but fighting to destroy the present system of government in Germany, and if our publicists and journalists will proclaim the same gospel, announcing that we shall certainly fight on until that evil system of government is destroyed, then, through neutral countries, this truth getting more and more into the mind of German democracy, we may find our battle won for us by an ally we scarcely thought about—the sober and sensible people of Germany. As it is, the extracts from our English newspapers which now appear in the German Press are not calculated to make the sober and sensible people of Germany either trust us or respect us. We are exhibited to the German people, by these extracts, as a jealous and revengeful nation.

In a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine* a "Neutral Diplomat" has told English readers that there is a change in the mind of Germany, a change which we do not realize.

> "Cut off," said this neutral diplomat, "by the pall of the more imminent war-clouds, we on the outside have as yet had little chance to gauge the force of the storm that is gathering to break upon Germany from within. Whether the breaking of that storm will precede and accelerate the coming of peace, or whether the coming of peace will precede and accelerate the breaking of the storm, it is still too early to say. But break it must, sooner or later, and when this hour arrives I feel that I know enough of the temper of the men who distrusted and hated the Kaiser before the war to be safe in saying, that whatever of his just deserts he may have escaped receiving at the hand of the Allies he will stand every chance of havin

meted out to him at the hands of his own outraged people."

Some of the Kaiser's own men, he says, now admit that this "mad piece of international adventuring" has "made inevitable the downfall of Germany." Before the war came, a German diplomatist said to this writer in the *Cornhill*:

> For a long time I have been afraid that this periodic waving of a lighted torch over such a powder magazine as Europe has become would cause an explosion. It will *have* to come if—if "some one" continues to scatter sparks in the future as he has done in the past. Please don't understand me as intimating that Germany would not render a good account of herself in such an event (you may be sure that her enemies would have some terrible surprises in store for them); but the folly of the thing lies in the fact that we are already on our way to win by "peaceful penetration" all that the most successful war could give us.
>
> But if we should fight a war and chance to lose it—nay, even if it should result in more or less of a draw—Germany will never again have such an opportunity for a commercial—and through that, for a political—conquest of the world as she has enjoyed for the last two or three decades, and as she will continue to enjoy so long, but only so long, as we can keep at peace.

These remarks suggest that the German diplomatist cordially approved of Prince von Bülow's laconic prophecy in the Reichstag concerning the race of armaments: "*Pressure—counter-pressure—explosion.*"

Our authority goes on to assure us that Herr Ballin, one of the best-known peace men in Germany, whose acquaintance with Lord Haldane, however, has driven the viper Press of this country to coil itself into contortions of frenzied rage, is "one of those who watched the development of the Kaiser's insidiously ruthless policy with the gravest misgivings." He quotes another German shipowner who said to him one day in Hong-Kong:

> Emperor William's *welt-politik* is the worst, almost the one, menace to the continuance of our commercial

triumphs. We have done what we have in spite of, not because of, this kind of *welt-politik*. What is more, it is the one thing that threatens to bring all our achievements to naught. Yes, not only to check our advance, but even to put us back so far that we may never be able to regain the place we hold to-day, to say nothing of the one we might attain to in the course of another decade of peace.

M. Sazonoff, we know, has numbered Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg among the peace party, which is also Lord Haldane's impression of the Imperial Chancellor. But M. Sazonoff and Lord Haldane are not alone in this matter. The *Daily Mail*, of which paper Mr. Wile was the Berlin correspondent for a number of years, laid it down concerning the book *Men Around the Kaiser*, on August 14, 1914, that "English readers cannot fail to derive from it fresh understanding of the undercurrents which have led up to the present crisis." Let us, then, thus encouraged, see what Mr. Wile has to teach us. Of the Imperial Chancellor he says:

> He is, above all, thoroughly sincere and honest. His influence is always on the side of moderation. . . . The Agadir adventure, which brought Europe to the brink of war in 1911, never originated with Bethmann-Hollweg. He fathered it, as was his constitutional duty, but nobody who knows him doubts but that he rued it too. Robber-baron politics are no part of his equipment. He is an earnest apostle of peace and friendship with England.

The opinion is even more or less favourable concerning Prince von Bülow:

> Bülow never thoroughly understood England and the English character. Anglo-German tension developed during his Chancellorship, though it is fair to remember that he inherited the Foreign Secretaryship after the Kruger telegrams. He rejected Mr. Chamberlain's famous overtures for an Anglo-German-American Alliance, and never particularly exerted himself to bring about a relaxation of the strained relations. . . . He was, however, no armaments zealot.

On the question of unceasing naval expansion he was dragged along by his more forceful colleague, Admiral von Tirpitz.

And of the late Herr Kiderlen-Waechter, the Foreign Secretary when Lord Haldane visited Berlin, Mr. Wile says :

Rapprochement with England was the ideal to which his ebbing energies were being devoted (1913). He did not believe that Anglo-German rivalries must end in Armageddon. "The English," he said to a friend, only a few weeks before his death, "are much too shrewd business people not to realize, finally, that neither they nor we can profit from the present state of affairs. You may be sure an understanding will come, no matter who is Ambassador in London." Kiderlen's last public utterance was a brief but telling statement in the Reichstag recording the "gratifying intimacy" which had sprung up between the British and German Governments in connection with the Balkan turmoil.

He did certainly try to break up the Entente, but Mr. Wile assures us that this Foreign Secretary "dedicated himself with all his iron energy to the great task of bettering Anglo-German relations."

English people cannot, indeed, fail to derive "fresh understanding" from this book. They will understand, for example, many of them, I suspect, for the first time, that there have been and still are very considerable personages in Germany who did not plot this war, who did not want war, and who were sincerely and earnestly working with Lord Haldane to keep the German war party out of the saddle. I doubt if a better witness to Lord Haldane's wisdom could be found than Mr. F. W. Wile, Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Mail*.

But I think a more notable witness just now to the goodness and peacefulness of at least some Germans is Professor Förster, of the Munich University, to whom I have referred in my Introduction. The following extracts which appeared in that excellent column of the *Daily Chronicle* called "Sidelights from Germany" (a column so

conducted that it really does give an intelligent person a definite idea of what is taking place within the German mind) will convince the unprejudiced reader, must convince him if he is convinceable at all, that there are elements in Germany with which it behoves all those who desire a lasting peace to ally themselves as closely as possible:

Professor Förster, of the Munich University, whose recent article animadverting on Bismarck and the new Germany brought down on his devoted head the condemnation of the Philosophical Faculty of the University and the anathemas of the Nationalist Press, seems to bother himself little about the stir he has caused. After the Whitsuntide holidays he resumed his lectures, and we are informed that at the close of his first lecture the students broke into demonstrative applause.

In this lecture, which is published at length in the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung*, and practically ignored in the German Press, Dr. Förster defends himself against the charge of unpatriotic conduct. Is it any reason, he asks, to charge him with betraying the German cause because he criticizes the Bismarck-Treitschke tradition? "I believe," he said, "that we Germans will best fulfil our coming task, both in Central Europe and on the wider stage of the world, the further we soar above these traditions. And I believe that other nations will also best accomplish their work in the world the more they disentangle themselves from their traditions of might-policy. We must do so," said the professor emphatically, "if Europe is not to go down in fury and blood."

"These questions of political morality," said Förster, "are most suitably discussed now, when we must all be making preparations for what is coming. This discussion cannot be postponed until after the war, and that is why I am urging a new orientation of our political thought, a revision of certain dogmas of our political faith."

Referring to his famous article in the *Friedenswarte*,

Förster declared that to accuse him of unpatriotism because he happened to hold views not held by the majority is to be guilty of that intolerance which Germans are the first to denounce when they see it manifested in other lands. "I love my Fatherland so intensely," said the professor, "that I can calmly submit to be regarded as unpatriotic. The ephemeral opinion of to-day will not be the opinion of posterity. It will also be regarded as unpatriotic if I now say to the old school of political thought that this world-war has proved that we must all get out of our national egoism into something higher and better. It will be regarded as rank treason if I maintain that the existing ideas, whatever their moral and social pedagogic importance, are only 'particular ideas' compared with the coming European order of things, for which we must now work with all the seriousness in our power."

Förster drew the attention of his hearers to the unparalleled campaign of calumny against him. He mentioned having received from the Wiesbaden Rhenish Prussians a fulmination in which he was described as "the greatest monster in Munich," and on the very morning of his lecture he received a letter in which he was asked, "How much English and French money has been paid to bribe you, you rascal?" But he has had numerous letters of appreciation as well, and some of the best of these came from soldiers and officers at the front. One officer wrote: "Men will arise everywhere who will proclaim that Europe will only be able to free itself from this stubborn madness when it learns to think in a new way."

Förster concludes: "But this new order of things will not descend on us from heaven. We must create an atmosphere for it by a process of self-cleansing and self-elevation. We must send out words of magnanimity which will be as doves with olive branches, and which will fly from land to land. This ennobling of our tone, this readiness to criticize ourselves, must

take the place of the passionate complaints against others in which we now indulge. We are not to expect miracles. We must first deserve peace, not merely by deeds of arms but by silent acts of self-conquest. The people must reflect on their own sins, failings, mistakes. In this way the vision of a new and different Europe will arise in our souls. Let us above all else remember that no great quarrel on earth can be settled until each one of the parties to the quarrel asks himself, In how far am I myself a guilty party, and have I myself sinned against the principles of the peace of mankind?"

The reader will find in the Appendix a number of very significant extracts from war sermons preached by German pastors. Our newspapers have, as a rule, printed only the most stupid and violent of these German war sermons; but sermons have been preached in that country, and to immense congregations apparently, which have denounced German egotism, German hate, German self-righteousness, and have uncompromisingly proclaimed the necessity for Germany's repentance of her sins.

Another sign of the times, a political sign, is to be found, I think, in the following paragraphs which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* of August 9, 1916:

> There are signs that social democracy in Germany is slowly coming to its senses again. The German Socialists will emerge from this war with many sins on their conscience, and not the least of their sins will have been not so much their patriotic rally to the national cause, which sprang almost as much from ignorance as from anything else, but their silence in the face of cruelties and outrages against humanity which are without parallel in modern history.

Occasional voices now break that silence.

> Herr Eduard Bernstein makes a telling contrast in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* between German and French socialism. The French Socialists, he admits, "exercised far more pressure on the Government for the preservation of peace during the fateful July–

August week of 1914" than their German "comrades." He points out, too, that France did not declare war, but that war was declared upon her.

Thereupon he repeats the gravest accusation of the French Socialists. "By maintaining their attitude in the face of facts which should have called forth a protest from every Socialist and Internationalist, the German party has; in the French view, put itself outside the International, and, so long as it does not abandon this attitude, will not be admitted to any conference of the International." The French Socialists, in short, have put the German Socialists into a moral Coventry, beyond the pale of civilized intercourse. "I am convinced," Bernstein adds—and the admission is the weightier as coming from inside the fold—"the German party has not been true to the political duties which its membership and its dominant position laid upon it. . . . We of the German party all recognize the duty of defending our country. But if this duty is so defined as to bind us Socialists to vote war-credits to any Government, whatever may be . . . its methods in the war and its aims, then we are abandoning our great world-mission."

Similarly, in the *Vorwaerts*, Herr Kautsky, the philosopher of Marxist Socialism, writes upon International Socialism and the future peace. He says:

"According to the resolution of the Stuttgart Congress the task of the International Socialist movement must be 'to advocate the speedy ending of the war.' This does not mean merely a concentration of effort for putting a stop to military operations as soon as possible, without considering the outcome of the war. The party must not strive for a mere armistice, which would soon be superseded by a new and more terrible war, but for such a peace as will have every tendency to remain permanent and which corresponds to international principles.

"Such a peace can only be one built upon a foundation which guarantees equally to all the par-

ticipating nations their independent development. The task of any international (Socialist) gathering would be to discover whether an understanding on such a basis could not be brought about between all the Socialist parties. Should such an understanding be successfully brought about, then it would be the duty of the Socialists of each country to demand that their Government should declare its willingness to make peace on this basis." Against any Government which declined to act in this way a most energetic opposition would be declared. "Should, however, an understanding on such a basis prove impossible, then it would be incumbent upon the International Conference to determine upon which of the parties affiliated to the International the fault of this failure lay. The spokesman of that party at the congress would then be faced with an international-thinking opposition. Here are the most direct problems for an international congress. It becomes day by day more urgent and more indispensable."

But, as Herr Bernstein points out, no intercourse is possible with German social democracy, at least until it has been purged. This is where Herr Kautsky's dream of an International Socialist Congress arranging peace terms and dictating them to the belligerent Governments breaks down. Not so easily is peace to be won by the German Government through the intermediary of social democracy.

Germany promises to emerge from the war a more than half-socialized country. It is now accepted that the rationing and food-card system will continue long after peace is declared. In other words, the people will be fed by the State. All Germany's purchases of raw materials and foodstuffs abroad is to be done by Imperial Commissions, who will then distribute the goods at home. Thus industry, too, will be State-controlled. But even larger measures of nationalization will be necessary.

The *Vossische Zeitung* says: "However favourable the outcome of the war may be to us, the taxes that

have become necessary cannot be covered in the ordinary way. Before the war our debt service cost us 250,000,000 marks; after the war it will amount to three thousand or four thousand millions of marks, or perhaps even more. The introduction of Imperial monopolies will be unavoidable."

In the same English journal I find the following extract from the *Vossische Zeitung* concerning the recent "Chancellor Crisis" in Germany, of which perhaps not one Englishman in a hundred thousand has at present heard a word:

> There are grounds for hoping that the caste spirit which has split up our people more than all the party struggles has undergone a great diminution.
>
> Byzantinism (i.e. blind adoration of Authority) and the cult of persons, this, too, must be permanently done away with after the war. It behoves Liberalism, too, to go over the record of its past sins and its present weaknesses on these points. Its uncritical support through thick and thin the moment a statesman displays a liberalizing fit is a form of personal cultus. Even so is there a certain Byzantinism towards the Anointed of Democracy.
>
> "Authority" has experienced a powerful shock through the experiences of the last two years. This is perhaps the best thing that the war has brought us in our internal development. On every side the critic is arising, and men are already discussing practical ways and means for the participation of the people in the control of State business. . . .
>
> Baron von Richthofen demands the establishment of a Parliamentary Committee which would share responsibility for the conduct of Imperial affairs. This would mean a blow at the heart of secret diplomacy, and, of course, the beginning of Parliamentary control over the whole field of State affairs.[1]

Not only is there in Germany a deep and growing dissatisfaction with the present regime, but there is even

[1] See Appendix, Note I.

a certain amount of bitterness among the various parts of that young Empire. The special correspondent of *The Times* in France has given us recently a too-brief account of a scuffle between Prussian and Bavarian prisoners in one of our "cages" in France, and the *Daily Chronicle* in August of the present year furnishes us with the following reasons for thinking that Prussia is gradually losing caste :

> Great irritation has been caused by this Bavarian boycott of Prussians, and the bad temper was brought to boiling-point a few days ago by the report that the Burgomaster of the Bavarian summer resort of Ruhpolding had issued a "ukase," as the Berlin papers called it, forbidding the sale of bread and meat to Prussians. This "ukase" has since been annulled, but the heat engendered by the incident has not yet died down.
>
> The *Berliner Tageblatt's* headline to the subject is "Boycotted North Germans," and sufficiently explains its feelings of resentment. In the last number that has reached us it prints the following narrative from a correspondent :
>
> "In the middle of May I was passing through Aschaffenburg (Bavaria) on business, and picked up the menu card in a respectable hostelry whereupon the waiting-maid put the question :
>
> "'Where are you from?'
>
> "'From Frankfurt-on-Main. Why? I asked in turn.
>
> "'Everything is off,' was the waitress's retort.
>
> "I was in haste, so snatched up my hat and went to another restaurant that I knew, and there, too, I picked up the menu card. This time it was a waiter who put the same question to me, 'Where are you from?' 'Why, does it matter to you where I come from and whither I go?' I retorted. 'Yes, I must know if I am to bring you anything to eat.' 'From Frankfurt-on-Main,' I replied. The Waiter: 'For Prussians we have nothing to eat.' 'But I am in fact no Prussian; true, I live in Berlin, but was born in

Offenbach,' was my answer. 'Then you can have lunch.'"

The writer says it will be a long time before he goes again to this "enemy land" where hospitality is so understood.

I find even in the *Morning Post* evidence of this change in Germany. The Petrograd correspondent of that journal recently sent the following piece of news to London:

A friend who has the oversight of one of those mixed firms so common in all countries of the world tells me the following:

The Russian partner recently visited Copenhagen, whither he had summoned his German colleague from Bavaria to confer regarding business affairs. The Bavarian spoke with great freedom to his Russian partner, who summed up his impression of the Bavarian's statement thus:

He told me that the strongest term of abuse in the German language, as spoken in Bavaria to-day, is "Wilhelm."

Slight as these incidents may seem, at least they give us reasons for thinking that when Germany faces the ruin which this war has brought to her doors she will not exhibit the quality of a too-meek discipline in setting about the reconstruction of her economic life. We must constantly remind ourselves, especially when we read of vehement outbursts of passion directed towards England, that the newspapers in Germany are tongue-tied by authority, that even the educated people there are not yet in full possession of the facts, and that the masses for the most part are now kept in the very densest ignorance. And reminding ourselves of these things, let us pay close and careful attention to those signs of disturbance and discontent in Germany which are not growing less as the war advances.

We may, I think, fairly assure ourselves that when peace comes, revealing not only the true facts of this terrible controversy, but the indescribable ruin which war has

wrought in the economic life of Germany, there will be many voices raised in that unhappy and disillusioned country for a complete change in the system of its government. It is impossible to think that the same Germany will confront us.

The idea I desire to leave in the reader's mind is this: whether we like it or not, there will still be a Germany in the world after hostilities are closed. Our attitude towards that Germany will at least help to determine its character. A revengeful and bitterly hostile Germany will leave Europe with the morals of a bear-garden. In a night, and without a word of warning, the heavens may be black with her aircraft and the seas thick with her submarines all driven forward to the work of reckless destruction by the spirit of revenge. Such a Germany, I feel, will be, to some extent at least, the creation of our unforgiveness. On the other hand, if we encourage all that is good, great, and peaceful in Germany to insist upon the democratization of her institutions, and hold out to this better and nobler Germany the frank hand of our unhesitating friendship, we shall be lending her most powerful assistance in her struggle with conservatism and despotism. A new Germany will be born, a Germany with whom all free nations will be proud to work in the interests of civilization, a Germany such as all men loved and all men learned from before the Prussians had brutalized her soul, a Germany cleansed, purified, and repentant.

Let us be quite certain of this, that unless a new and better Germany does arise from the ruins of the old, all our struggles and all our sacrifices for a lasting peace will have been in vain.

A writer in the *Round Table* for December 1915, in a very remarkable article entitled "The Harvest of War," drew English attention to this important, and even urgent, matter. We are determined to fight, he says, until "liberty is secure," and he proceeds:

> It is clear that the mere victory of the Allies will not be sufficient. Similar vindications of liberty were made in 1713 after the era of Louis XIV, and in

1815 after the era of Napoleon, yet when the generations which had experienced the horrors of war were dead, the nations flew at one another's throats again. In each case the settlement registered the defeat of an attempt to establish a military domination over Europe, but did nothing to place international relations on a basis which did not contain within itself the seeds of fresh war. To prevent a repetition of this mistake is no less important than the vindication of national liberty itself.

He then speaks of the two opposing schools who argue, the one, that to prevent war a nation must prepare against war, and, the other, that preparations against war bring war:

> The ordinary sensible man is unable wholeheartedly to stand under either banner. He feels that there is much truth in the arguments used against the first school. The policy of defensive armaments and the balance of power, if pursued to its logical conclusion, must inexorably lead to war, for as national safety and national liberty are thereby based on military force, they cease to be secure directly the equilibrium of forces is changed. Consequently, as the population and industry and wealth of peoples continuously alter, and as their conception of what are their vital interests also alters, the diplomatic world is kept for ever in a condition of feverish anxiety, attempting to redress disturbances in the balance of power by dexterous diplomatic shufflings of fresh crops of armaments. As the strain and burden grow there grow also suspicion and jealousy of the intentions of other Powers, and the adjustment of conflicting national interests or ambitions becomes ever more difficult. Finally, a trivial cause, or an irresistible temptation to put an end to an intolerable situation by overthrowing the balance once for all and establishing the predominance of a single Power in its place, produces Armageddon.

He then examines the sphere of force and its limitations:

The sphere of force is obviously limited. You cannot compel people to be wise or considerate or to hold particular opinions by force. It is often wrongly used where persuasion or tolerance would produce better and more lasting results. It is not less frequently employed so blindly and with so little understanding that it does more harm than good. In wrong hands it is an unmitigated evil. None the less, force is indispensable in society to-day. And the reason for it lies in our own failure to live aright. If all citizens were fully educated, were animated primarily by the desire to serve their neighbours, and were active and alert in their public duties, its use would never be necessary, except for the insane or the young. Precisely in the degree in which a community is ruled by the principles of justice, honour, and mutual goodwill, the use of force will disappear, and public opinion and the authority of the moral code will take its place. Public opinion and principle, where they operate, are by far the more effective agency, as is seen in the problem of drunkenness, which has been practically rooted out among certain classes by public opinion, whereas force can only prevent the worst of its evils where public opinion is not so strong. The necessity for force, therefore, is the price we pay for our social sins. When we get rid of them the soldier and the policeman will also disappear.

From the State to international relations is but a step :

Armaments, therefore, and liability to war are the price we pay for our national sins. They are the remedy for the evils of tyranny and injustice practised on a national scale. Mere war against war can never succeed, for that means the destruction of the only instruments wherewith, in a still imperfect world, we can protect right and liberty. The true war is against the evil passions which bring about war. When these are overcome, war will recede into the background of its own accord.

The writer concludes that nationalism "in its modern

bigoted form, is the enemy to be destroyed. . . . The real cure for war is to overthrow the idol of selfish nationalism and put in its place the service of humanity" :

> Directly that is done the way is clear. And the reason is obvious. Humanity is one. It is one great family, of which the different races and nations are the members. So long as these members look at one another as rivals and enemies they cannot prosper or be happy, and they are bound to end in quarrel and conflict. So soon, however, as they recognize themselves as a single household it must become clear to them that the welfare of each is only to be found in the welfare of all, and that the reign of right and liberty, and the peace and happiness which follow from it, will never be reached by any other road than that of mutual friendship and help. If nations will once honestly set to work to treat international questions from the point of view of humanity, and not of their own selfish ends, nearly all the issues which estrange them to-day will lose their bitterness. No people will wish to dominate or oppress another, or to deprive it of its language or liberty. No nation will see its own greatness and strength in the weakness or poverty of others ; it will be rather concerned to share with it knowledge and ideas, to learn from it, and to help it forward along the difficult road of human progress. No one will be driven, as we are at present, to regard the death of our neighbours as a benefit to ourselves. Opinions will differ about ways and means of promoting the common welfare, but honest and selfless controversy can never lead to bloodshed as the policy of selfish grab and indifference must do.

Heinous as, I am afraid, these opinions will appear in the eyes of a very powerful body of English public opinion, they are nevertheless opinions entertained by the great majority of gentlemen in their relations with other gentlemen, and they also happen to express the opinion of that religion the Established Church of which in this country is as dear to the popular organs of our bold

vulgarians as the public-house. Outrageous as they may seem on the first blush, they are nevertheless the only opinions which can assure the peace of the world. And I am disposed to think that, however certain vehement persons may protest against them, the irresistible force not only of democracy, but of political economy, will drive us all, sooner or later, into their adoption.

When we say, then, that the supreme issue of this war is the repentance of Germany, let us help Germany to repent with all our might and main; and not only to this end, but because it is right and good so to do, let us ourselves set about repenting for all those dispositions and all those sins which war against our own spirit and against the peace of the world.

I have reasons for believing, as mentioned in the Preface of this book, that the Emperor of Russia, at the conclusion of war, will renew his efforts for a limitation of armaments. This proposal will remove from a group of small nations its only suspicion of the Entente, which is its only reason for wishing Germany to be strong and powerful in a military sense. It will also have a notable effect in the United States of America. France will certainly not be disinclined to consider the proposal, and so far as I know Italy will welcome it. If, then, Great Britain and Japan can be brought into the conference with minds favourably disposed towards this noble ideal, we shall have all the world arrayed against the last vestiges of militarism in defeated Germany. A real peace of the world is in sight. But that hope of peace may even now be jeopardized if we proceed to organize our vast Empire for the ends of selfish nationalism.

It is an urgent thing for this country, which has hitherto used its immense possessions in a noble and unselfish way, not to let the fear of a Germany which is ceasing to exist, and presently may not exist at all, drive it into a course of action perilous to the peace of the world. There can be no harm, indeed there may be much good, in striving by legitimate means to make the British commonwealth self-contained and self-supporting; but exceeding harm

harm of the greatest kind, may be done by seeking to make that vast commonwealth exclusive. Unless we use our vast possessions for the good of humanity, we shall make enemies and not friends; unless we see that we are all members one of another, and that the prosperity of one State is the security as well as the prosperity of another, we shall blunder; and unless we make ourselves morally and spiritually worthy of our tremendous responsibilities we shall perish.

> It is the instinctive sense of what to do and what not to do in daily life and behaviour that is the source of liberty and ease. And it is this instinctive sense of obligation that is the chief foundation of society. Its reality takes objective shape and displays itself in family life and in our other civic and social institutions. . . . None of these can subsist in isolation from the rest; together they and other institutions of the kind form a single organic whole which is known as the Nation. . . . Can nations form a group or community among themselves within which a habit of looking to common ideals may grow up sufficiently strong to develop a General Will, and to make the binding power of these ideals a reliable sanction for their obligations to each other? . . . Renan tells us that "Man is enslaved neither by his race, nor by his language, nor by the direction of mountain ranges. A great aggregation of men, sane of mind and warm of heart, creates a moral consciousness which is called a nation."
>
> Another acute critic of life, Matthew Arnold, citing one still greater than himself, draws what is in effect a deduction from the same proposition. "Let us," he says, "conceive of the whole group of civilized nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation whose members have a due knowledge both of the past, out of which they all proceeded, and of each other. This was the ideal of Goethe, and it is an ideal which will impose itself upon the thoughts of our modern societies more and more." . . . Grotius concludes his great book on War and

> Peace with a noble prayer: "May God write," he said, "these lessons—He who alone can—on the hearts of all those who have the affairs of Christendom in their hands. And may He give to those persons a mind fitted to understand and to respect rights, human and divine, and lead them to recollect always that the ministration committed to them is no less than this, that they are the Governors of Man, a creature most dear to God."

So spoke a great Lord Chancellor of England, addressing the American Bar Association at Montreal in 1913. So spoke the great minister of whom a London newspaper has said: "From such a man we want to hear no word on any subject whatever."

But wisdom, as Lord Haldane has said, *means more than attention to the gospel of getting on.*

THE ORDEAL OF PEACE

The era of aristocracies is over; nations must now stand or fall by the intelligence of their middle-class and their people. The people with you is still in embryo; no one can yet quite say what it will come to. You lean, therefore, with your whole weight upon the intelligence of your middle-class. And intelligence, in the true sense of the word, your middle-class has absolutely none.

Friendship's Garland (1870)

CONCLUSION

THE ORDEAL OF PEACE

IN the war Great Britain has done her best. If I have ventured to assert that it is a great best I have at least this warrant, that those who criticized are at last silent before the achievements of British valour and the accomplishment of British labour. I have not made this assertion merely as a rebuke to those who by their frantic fears and noisy admonishments have lowered our prestige in the eyes of the world, but far rather as an inspiration for the ordeal which awaits us. We of the British Islands have no need to wear sackcloth, nor is there any reason why we should doubt our capacity to handle the future; a nation's history, it has been said, is a nation's fate, and in our history, with much to regret, there is nothing that breeds despair. Our past is our confidence and our encouragement.

To the historian who sees in the immediate struggles of to-day the long destiny of old and half-forgotten yesterdays, from the very beginning of this armed struggle Germany was foredoomed to defeat and Great Britain to victory. Germany has never been a nation. She has striven from the earliest dawn of history to weld the Germanic peoples into nationhood, and always she has failed. "The Germans can never be a nation," said Goethe, who hated militarism, "but at least they can be free citizens." The contempt expressed by her modern historians for England is feigned. They hate us; and Johnson says truly that you cannot hate what you despise. To Germany has been given many talents, but

into her hands God has not committed the destinies of the human race. She takes the sword and perishes with the sword. This restless, haunted, and suspicious Emperor, half-believing that in him is fulfilled the mediæval dream of German Romanticism, half-feeling that in him the will of God is working to its sublime terrestrial consummation, strikes in what he held was Germany's hour, and even as he strikes the clock tolls the knell of another short-lived and always precarious German Empire. How shall they rule the world who have never had the spirit of national unity at their centre? Prussia's titanic effort to forge the separate German States into a solid Empire has failed. It was splendid, it was magnificent; but it has failed. The labour of fifty years lies at her feet in the broken elements of her Empire which was never an empire. For a little while it looked as if she had shackled destiny, as if she had bound fate in chains, as if the impossible had been accomplished. But she had never absorbed the German States. She started to conquer her enemies before she had conquered those of her own household. The history of Germany is the fate of Germany. And from Charles V to William II that history has always been written in the fading colours of victory and in the lasting blackness of defeat. Germany can only be great when she breaks free from the Prussian drill-sergeant and goes back to her books.

There are two Empires in the world which have been Empires down the centuries, Russia and England—these two and only these two. Empire is in the blood of these peoples. Their histories are histories of imperialism. Russia, surrounded by barbaric enemies, has not only saved herself from destruction, but has absorbed these enemies on every side of her into the mystery of the Russian soul. The Lithuanian, the Georgian, the Cossack, the Mongol is now a Russian in the way he looks at life and regards other nations. The history of Russia is the fate of Russia. This little people, once fighting for its existence, once broken and bleeding at the foot of Turk and Mongol, is now a mighty Empire by the force

of its power to absorb enemies and to create a nation. Against such a power Prussian force could not prevail. And at the other end of Europe, holding the seas of the world in her grasp, is Britain, whose Empire is scattered, whose citizens are of many races, and whose law is the law of freedom, justice, and union—an Empire the most exposed to disruption but the most coherent, an Empire such as never yet was known and yet the most sensible. And against such a power Prussian force could not prevail. It is in destiny that Russia at one end of Europe and Britain at the other should either clash together for world mastery or in spiritual union destroy the fears of the nations and give peace to the earth. This is the choice of the twentieth century. It is Peace or War.[1]

Those who now stand by the war machine of Great Britain may be left to their work. The machine was built for them; their labour is but to keep it in motion; and already the end foreseen by others is in sight. Victory is certain. Once more the freedom of the world is secure. William of Germany, the fifth man to assail the liberties of the human race, fails as Charles V failed, as Philip II failed, as Louis XIV failed, and as Napoleon failed. He who doubts the end has the newspaper for his excuse, not history for his assurance. But while the end is certain, the beginning is obscure. With this war ends not only an attack upon human liberty, but an epoch, almost a world. And with peace will begin not only a new age, but almost a new world.

We in Great Britain accomplished in two years what the laborious Prussian failed to accomplish in fifty years. We made ourselves a mighty military power, and with passionate loyalty in all our loose-knit parts flung ourselves as one man upon the enemy. We have greatness in our blood, and our greatness manifested itself in the hour of trial. We proved ourselves before mankind worthy of our noble heredity and worthy of our glorious heritage. Destiny is still upon our side. And destiny will not desert us in the hour which approaches if we are faithful to the beck

[1] See Appendix, Note L.

of the Spirit and rise up and follow, without fear and without boastfulness, whither the Spirit leads. Let us be of a good courage, for we have withstood the cataclysm; let us reflect before we move, for the future is dark.

Our energy has served us at the ending of an epoch. We must summon our wisdom for the beginning of a new age. Let us consider what is required of us.

It is rather to suggest how the British spirit will operate at the conclusion of war than to presume to teach my fellow-countrymen what they should do that I write this conclusion to my vindication of Great Britain. I think there are already signs which show us how the British spirit is beginning to approach the impending ordeal, and by indicating those signs it may be something of a help and something of an encouragement to those who, doubting how we should emerge from a great war, still doubt what the fate of this country will be in the years that are coming.

It seems to me that we have exhausted two great forces in our national life, the political forces known as Liberalism and Conservatism. Men are conscious that faction is a danger, and that the fortunes of the nation are too serious to lie at the hazard of party strife. They feel that the war has brought all classes nearer together, and that in this unity of the national spirit the nation has been able to accomplish great things. It is impossible, in their thoughts, that we should slip back into our old ways. But when they look forward they are troubled. They are troubled because they do not see how political parties will group themselves, and chiefly perhaps because they do not see any man of genius in the nation capable of leadership.

They are aware that the Slapdash School of politicians cannot be trusted with the future. If this future is too critical for the obstruction of Conservatism, it is also too critical for the undisciplined enthusiasms of the social reformer. Slapdash is well enough in a period of profound peace and enormous prosperity; but at the beginning of a new experience reflection is necessary—reflection and wisdom. Many of us look back on the last ten or twelve

years and wonder at ourselves that we did not perceive the absurdity of the reforms for which we fought so stubbornly. Why did we not perceive, for example, that to provide pensions for old age and to confer upon middle age the benefits of insurance, before we had done anything of value for the new generation, was to put the cart before the horse? We were swept off our feet by the fighting rhetoric of the Slapdash School. We thought we could have a new earth with a few patches. We thought it needed only a prop here and a strut there to transform the hovel of life into the palace of millennial existence. The orator laid his spell upon us. We ceased to reflect, we abandoned ourselves to our dream, and in a world which did not exist, laboured to build a world which could never be. Why did we overlook the child? Why did our enthusiasm for the middle-aged, and our pity for the old, blind us to the child who, while we shouted for millennium, suffered and stumbled for lack of guidance?

At last we see that the work of statesmanship is *to mould and frame a nation.* We see that to mould and frame a nation, bodily, morally, and spiritually, it is above all things necessary to begin with the child. We see that if we take care of childhood, middle age and old age will take care of themselves. All our patches had been unnecessary if childhood thirty years ago had been given the chance it deserves. We see it now as clearly as we see the meaning of the Prussian spirit. Some of us saw it before, as they saw also the danger of Britain's inaptitude for new ideas, but we were too entranced by the vehement rhetoric of the Slapdash School to hear the measured words of real wisdom. And now, when we see it clearly, when so many of us see quite clearly that we must, above all other things, begin to mould and frame the nation for the mighty tests of the future, we wonder where we must look for leadership.

Liberalism has exhausted itself; Conservatism has no ideas. There remains Labour. As we know it in the House of Commons, Labour is not a very inspiring force. Its *raison d'être* is provincial; its spirit is sectional; it appears to have neither the height of true vision nor the

breadth of true sympathy. But Labour differs from Liberalism and Conservatism in this, that while they are at the end of themselves, Labour is only at its beginning. What may Labour become when even now it is conscious of these islands as only a part of a gigantic commonwealth, and even now in the classes for which it had entertained a certain hostility is conscious of qualities lacking in itself and necessary to its evolution? If Labour remain the political weapon of a sectional trades unionism it must decay and perish, but if Labour, feeling that its title embraces all that is finest and noblest in humanity—the striving of the mind, the toil of the brain, and the heavy labour of the soul seeking perfection—if Labour, feeling this, sets out to grow, to develop, to become the weapon of the Time Spirit, then not only is its own future secure, but the fortunes of humanity are in the safest hands.

There are signs that Labour is awake to its destiny. I find, for instance, that among the most reflecting working men there is a marked and a growing suspicion of the Radical demagogue. The Labour man has less antipathy for the genuine Conservative than for the strutting mouthpiece of the Slapdash School. He feels—and his instinct is extraordinarily acute in these matters—that the rhetor of Radicalism is something of a *poseur*, that as his popularity increases his purity of purpose wanes, and that as he loses his simplicity and the first passion of the village reformer he becomes the worst type of the man of the world —the man of the world who professes idealism but practises cunning and takes his ease with the vulgarians. There are signs, too, that Labour is aware of the need for true leadership. Labour would give itself with enthusiasm to any great man who would lead it to what it now begins to feel is its destiny. It would not ask him if he is Conservative or Liberal: it would decide within itself whether the man is a true man or a false man; and it would follow the true man with loyalty and affection.

I feel that it is in this way that the British spirit is beginning to manifest itself. I seem to discern in Labour the first movements towards grandeur, the grandeur of a

noble nationalism which will not rest in nationalism. The more the Slapdash School bangs its great drum the less is Labour deflected from its path. It looks far, it thinks deeply, and it asks itself *Whither?* before it moves. If, as I believe it will, Labour decide to appeal to the nation for a scheme of education in its widest and most comprehensive form, if it make national training the first clause in its new gospel for a new world, then I believe that it is destined to absorb within itself all that is best and purest and most honest in Liberalism and Conservatism.

The point I wish to establish is this: In British character there is the finest material in the world for great achievement. Our energy is magnificent. I think it is matchless. But the future tells us that if this energy is to do its work and attain its consummation, it must be *intelligent* energy—that is to say it must be directed to a clearly visualized and highly intelligent end. There must be less Push and Go, and much more reflection. Slapdash must be thrown aside and wisdom set in its place. We must leave nothing to chance. We must destroy faction. We must call our wisest and our greatest to tell us what we must do before we begin to work. The politician as we have known him is discredited. He has no ideas. He has nothing to tell us. He has nothing to give us. Life, as we see it now, is development. Our development has reached a point when it must become conscious development. We must not trust to our matchless energy to make *something*, but must use our intelligence to make the particular thing that we perceive to be essential. We desire a better world, a juster world, a stronger world, and a more rational world. Let us summon our highest intelligence to this task, and pray that our intelligence may be worthy of our energy.

There is no exact parallel in history to the problem which will confront this nation at the conclusion of war. Some likeness may be found in the situation of the United States after the Civil War, when a new equilibrium had to be established, but it is not a parallel. The emergency which confronts us is a new emergency. We are, as it were, at the making of a new world.

A great man once said that when he was confronted by a new set of conditions he always began by looking steadily at the problem which they created. "I put it clearly before me," he said. If we put our problem before us, we shall see, I think, that our first and our highest need is the need of leadership. We cannot trust ourselves to the amateur and the patcher and the windbag. Monumental oratory will not construct the new house of life, even as platform glibness failed to keep the storm out of the old structure. Our need is for a particular kind of leadership—*reflecting* leadership.

I heard a scholar say that the finest tribute ever paid to man was that of Wordsworth's when he called the spirit of Milton to England's aid. Why Milton? "Milton, *thou* shouldst be living at this hour." Why Milton, and not Shakespeare, who was a greater master of words and a greater genius? "England hath need of *thee*." Why Milton, and not Cromwell, who was a far more potent "reformer"? Milton, because Milton stood for certain qualities of human personality lacking in Shakespeare and lacking in Cromwell; Milton, because Milton stood for elevation of mind, for magnanimity of soul, for loftiness of spirit; Milton, because Milton was a *moral* force, because he meant *character*, because all his wisdom and scholarship and intellectualism were only elements in a spirit which was powerful by the sheer force of its moral nobility; Milton, because Milton stood for truth, righteousness, and duty. By righteousness is a nation saved, by righteousness is a people nourished and sustained.

That our need for such high leadership is great and urgent may be judged not only from the emergency which now confronts us, but by the conditions which have brought us to this pass.

We see on all sides of us evidence of a depraved taste. The jerry-builder, with no sense of the dialect of a district, and with only a desire to make money as quickly as possible, is ruining the most beautiful countryside in the world and destroying the lovely character of our most ancient cities. The visitor even to Oxford has to approach the grey loveliness of the town through a blinding glare of

red bricks and machine-cut slates. In all the towns on the banks of the Tyne there is nothing but blackness and squalor. The great centres of industry are so repulsive that no one thinks of them as places in which any man would live if he could possibly help it. The wonderful charm of a little place like Broadstairs, preserving some of the most delightful memories of Charles Dickens, is practically destroyed by red bricks, while its wide, rolling, and splendid north cliff, which was once open to all the world, is now fenced in with the cheapest French sticks, and can only be seen from the streets of villadom or along an uneventful road. Places like Margate and Blackpool are almost as indifferent to the real purposes of life as Manchester, Warrington, or Bootle. The suburbs of London are more monotonous than its slums. There is nothing to look at, nothing to admire, nothing to create interest of any kind, until we have left the tram-lines far behind us, and the cottages of a hundred years ago begin to appear. And this is true of every single city in the kingdom, including such interesting places as Nottingham and Exeter and Coventry, wherever the modern builder has set up his idea of a human dwelling.

If our homes are deplorable, what must be said of our public amusements? Can any man say on his conscience that he is not ashamed when he goes abroad at the memory of our gin-palaces, our music-halls, and our dreadful "Empires" and "Palaces" which exhibit cinematograph pictures? We still have the most beautiful parks in the world, but our street amusements are the worst in the world. There is nothing in Europe or Asia so horrible and revolting as the sight presented in every city and town throughout the length and breadth of this country—the sight of public-houses stuffed full of slatternly women and degraded men. As for the amusements of our people, as to what drama and music mean to the million masses, let Mr. William Archer bear witness. He says in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*:

> Under its various aliases, the music-hall is certainly not the least among the forces that shape and colour the mind of the nation. Every night and almost

every afternoon tens of thousands of men and women, boys and girls, flock to the "Empires" and "Palaces" which have arisen in every centre of population above the grade of a village. That they are deeply influenced, morally and æsthetically, by the entertainments presented to them is scarcely to be disputed.

Has the music-hall, in its fifty-odd years of high-pressure activity, produced either a culture-poetry or a folk-poetry in any way commensurate either with the effort centred upon it or with the ruin it has wrought?

The answer, though almost incredible, must be unqualified and emphatic; the music-hall has produced not one single lyric which has any chance of living in the national memory, except, perhaps, as a monument of vulgarity and inanity. I speak, of course, of the words: the fate of tunes it is impossible to prophesy; but I can remember none which seems to me to take even respectable rank as a melodic invention.

What is certain is that the whole music-hall movement has produced not one—literally not one—piece of verse that can rank as poetry of the humblest type, or even as a really clever bit of comic rhyming. If it had given us a Burns or a Béranger, it would in so far have justified its existence; but it has not even given us a Charles Dibdin or a Haynes Bayly.

To revive our memory of this wholly immemorable literature, let us glance down the list of songs in Mr Hibbert's index. I omit many titles, but none that seems to promise work of a higher order:

"Act on the square, girls, act on the square"; "Captain Cuff"; "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines"; "Champagne Charley"; "The Chickaleary Bloke"; "Clicquot"; "Come where the booze is cheaper"; "Cool Burgundy Ben"; "Get your hair cut"; "Hi-tiddly-hi-ti-ti"; "Hit him on the boko";

"If you want to know the time, ask a pleeceman"; "Kemo Kimo"; "La-di-da"; "Let 'em all come"; "Milk for the twins"; "Mind you inform your father"; "Moet and Chandon"; "Not for Joe"; "The Perfect Cure"; "Pollywollyamo"; "Rackety Jack"; "Rollicking Rams"; "Slap Bang, here we are again"; "Sparkling Moselle"; "Ta-rara-boom-de-ay"; "There's 'air"; "They're all very fine and large"; "Tooral-laddy"; "Two lovely black eyes"; "Up in a balloon"; "We don't want to fight"; "Wot cheer, 'Ria."

Was there ever such an array of rampant imbecility? . . .

One thing may be said with absolute confidence: in the strenuous years that lie before us, when our whole existence may depend on our making the very most of such moral and intellectual qualities as nature has bestowed upon us, the enormous wastage involved in our lower forms of popular entertainment must, if unchecked, lead to disastrous consequences.

Such amusements as these, we must remember, are not only the amusements of the ignorant and the squalid. They are the most popular extant entertainments for all classes. "Officers who have been living on the brink of death for months," says Mr. Archer, "have nothing better to do with their scant time of respite than to haunt amusement houses, which makes it seem very doubtful whether England is worth fighting for. A man whose leave is expiring will take his wife or his betrothed, on the last evening they may ever spend together, to a piece of garish and cynical inanity, humiliating alike to our national and to our personal self-respect." And Mr. Hibbert says: "It is significant that no factor of the music-hall programme has maintained his price so steadily as the 'red-nosed comedian.'"

When we turn from the amusements of the people to the newspapers of the people, matters are nearly as bad. The popular newspaper is the paper that gives most photographs of actresses and society women mixed up with sensational paragraphs, blood-curdling fiction, and a

violent political bias. The report of Parliamentary debates hardly exists in these wretched papers; literary criticism is squeezed into a few paragraphs, if it appear at all; and everything else is the police court, the divorce court, and what professes to be society gossip. We have the best newspapers in the world—in London, in Manchester, in Glasgow, in Edinburgh, and in Liverpool—but so far as London is concerned these admirable newspapers are not popular with the million, and some of them only just contrive to exist. For the rest—rubbish.

I need not refer at any length to other matters which are notorious enough—the very low intellectual tone of what is called society, a general laxity of morals and manners among the leisured classes, the entire want of national enthusiasm for education, the decadence of the legitimate drama, the grinning prurience of advertisements on hoardings and in newspapers, the lack of restraint, modesty, and humility in every class of the community, and the excessive emphasis on the right of every person in the State to do what he likes, think what he likes, and say what he likes.

There are many indications, some of them of the most encouraging character (I am thinking above everything else of the moral influence of educated women on political life)—many indications that the nation is ashamed of these things; but it still remains a most serious reflection that any one of these things should continue to exist at all at a time when our youngest, bravest, and hopefullest are dying for us, and when the future character of European civilization is swinging and swaying in a hurricane of destruction. To ignore these symptoms of evil is folly: to do nothing to remove the evil is madness. Take, for example, the questions of our falling birth-rate and of infantile mortality. Here, in the lurid light of war, the most blind and indifferent must see the peril which threatens our existence as a world Power. In 1877 began the fall of the birth-rate, and the writer of a recent pamphlet entitled *Cradles or Coffins?* basing himself on official figures, calculates that "we have directly lost, owing to the reduction in birth-rate alone, in less than

forty years, 8,573,223 lives." This is direct loss. But if one-third of this number had reached marriageable age, and married, and their families consisted of only one child, and of those children one in seven had died before birth, the direct and indirect loss in forty years is a population of eleven millions. The figures of infantile mortality represent an inexpressible tragedy of human life. And the figures of syphilitic suffering among infants a still greater tragedy. One authority says that "syphilis is more disastrous to child-life than tubercle." Another that 32·8 per cent. of all stillbirths are due to syphilis. And it is believed that every year 100,000 children are born dead, or one in 7·63 of the total birth-rate. "One baby in every nine," says the writer of the pamphlet we have referred to, "dies during the first twelve months of life."

What is the remedy for this mass of evil preying on the nation's vitality? Is there one cure to which we can give ourselves in the hope of destroying all the causes of this multitudinous badness—our vulgarity, our excessive individualism, our immorality, our indifference, and our ignorance? What will give us a cleaner, a gladder, a more spontaneous existence, with the Wordsworthian ideal of joy in widest commonalty spread?

I think the one cure, and the only cure, the cure which goes to the root of everything, and which, at the same time, gives greatest promise of creative benefit, is *national training*. We must begin at once to improve the whole quality of our national education, and set about the reconstruction of our entire educational system. There lies the tap-root of all those evil things which degrade us in the eyes of other people and hold the better part of the nation back from advancing to its rightful destiny. Our national and our individual sins, in largest measure, are the fruits of stupidity. We are a nation very ill equipped for the battle of life. *Nine of our children out of every ten receive no education at all after the age of fourteen.* The boys go in vast legions to dead-end occupations, becoming at the age of eighteen or twenty, except in those exceptional cases where personality saves them, unskilled labourers. The

girls go into factories and domestic service, losing vitality, losing the joy of life, and never once knowing the stimulus and reward of intelligence. It is a wonder that we are not worse than we are. It is a wonder that we have so few labour troubles and so little unrest among the masses. The explanation is that we are in our very natures, and by the force of our heredity, a law-abiding people, and a people as fatalistic as any of the Eastern races. We put up with everything, even with serious inconveniences which a minimum of effort would remove.

This law-abiding quality of English character deserves attention. It passes sometimes for a virtue, and because of it we are disposed to think of ourselves too easily as a moral people. But this is to debase morality. Morality does not lie in obedience to standards of conduct. Morality is an inward conviction of the superiority of right over wrong, with a spiritual enthusiasm for the right. To keep the law is nothing ; a lunatic in confinement, or a convict under prison discipline, is not a moral person. A nation is not a moral nation which merely acquiesces in the law of the land or is obedient to the decalogue. A man may be perfectly moral in his conduct, and yet thoroughly immoral in his soul.

I will take a case which is consonant to the whole argument of this book. It is perfectly well known to every man in politics that from the year 1906 to the year 1911 Lord Haldane had to carry through his Army policy with but little assistance from his colleagues. It is perfectly well known that certain ministers not only opposed his reforms, but desired to get rid of him and to introduce such retrenchments at the War Office as would not only have arrested the policy of reform, but would have reduced the British Army to a condition not unlike that from which Lord Haldane rescued it.[1] Now, no man has a

[1] As late as January 1914 Mr. Lloyd George was praising Lord Randolph Churchill's action in resigning as a protest against increased military estimates. Asked by his interviewer if the present moment was favourable for a reduction of armaments, he replied, "I think it is the most favourable moment that has presented itself during the last twenty years."

right to quarrel with these ministers, certainly not to accuse them of immorality. They were entitled to think that the money spent on our physical defence exceeded our needs. It could be argued that if Russia and France attended to their armies with as great a devotion as we were attending to our Navy, the peace of the world would be secured, as far as armaments can secure it. Social reform was pressing ; the opposition was fighting expenditure with increasing force ; the newspapers were taunting the Government with extravagance ; to spend more money on the Army than was absolutely essential—this was foolish, perhaps criminal. Here is a thesis that could be argued.

But what becomes of the morality of these same ministers who, when war comes, and when Lord Haldane's preparations save them from the lamp-post, and when Lord Haldane himself is being denounced by the most violent and dangerous people in the community as a traitor to his country, keep their mouths shut? Nay, what becomes of the morality of these ministers, who, leaving to the wolves the colleague they had opposed, rush furiously into the limelight of public attention, and, assuming the air which amused Turgenev, the air of their own statues erected by public subscription, demand the nation's applause?

This is not morality; it is immorality. It is conduct such as would have made a man like Sir Walter Scott white with indignation, and driven a man like Charles Kingsley or Thomas Huxley into a very fury of rage. Instead of seeking the plaudits of the mob, instead of putting on the garments of national heroism, instead of strutting here and there as the incarnation of Britain's honour, the duty of these ministers was to stand by their colleague and to face the storm of ignorant abuse. No man with a grain of chivalry in his nature could have done anything else. No man of honour could have conceived of doing anything else.

These ministers, you will observe, committed no offence against the law of the land. Outwardly they were not merely good and patriotic : they were indeed, some of

them, veritably of the greatest possible service to the State; but in the eyes of a man of honour they were immoral.

Without a firm moral foundation to his character every man who presumes to guide or to influence public opinion is a danger to his country. He may have at his heart what he conceives to be the true interests of his nation, he may even make great sacrifices for those interests; but if he is not governed by the fixed and eternal laws of morality his patriotism will for ever be a menace to his country, and a menace, perhaps, to the rest of the world.

A friend of mine once argued with the German Emperor on the question of militarism. He pointed out to the Emperor that in spite of his professions of peace, the very fact that he so closely and so deliberately associated himself with the military forces of his nation made for unrest, suspicion, and open scepticism. The Emperor listened with grave interest to this argument. He was moved by it, for he is a man who has ever been haunted by an almost intolerable sense of responsibility. But at the end, nodding his head as though to say "That's all very well," he pointed over his left shoulder and said, "Look west"; then, pointing over the other shoulder, he said, "Look east."

We see now that this identification of the Emperor with the militarism of his nation, dictated by patriotic considerations and justifiable on purely national grounds, has brought disaster to his own country and great suffering to almost all the world. He pointed to the east, and he pointed to the west. But the frontiers of nationalism are not the ends of civilization. On the east the Emperor saw the innumerable legions of the Tzar, and on the west the unconquerable spirit of a people whose richest territory one of his ancestors had wrested from it. Danger there, and danger on the east. But those dangers were as nothing to the sovran danger which lay neither east nor west, but inward, deep in his own unsettled heart. If he had looked neither to the right nor to the left, but inward to his own heart: if he had considered neither the strategic railways

of Russia nor the diplomacy of France, but the everlasting laws of right and wrong: if he had broken free from the warring confusions of nationalism and had given himself whole-heartedly to the spirit of humanity, how different now had been the history of the world.

If he desired peace—and all who know him are convinced that he did desire peace—it was morally wrong to clothe himself in the garments of war and to use the language of force. If in truth he desired the welfare of humanity, it was morally wrong to associate himself so arrogantly and so exclusively with only the few millions of Germany. If in truth he believed in God, it was morally wrong—whatever the dangers of east and west—to wear the livery of Odin. He might have drawn all nations together, but he was intent only on safeguarding his own. He might have sown confidence in the fields of Europe, but nationalism led him to sow enmity and distrust. Because he had no moral foundations to his character, because his heart was not surely fixed, he endeavoured to serve two masters, he divided his house against itself, and he brought ruin to the world.

We may see the same danger in ourselves. It is only a few years ago that one of our most popular newspapers was threatening to roll France in "blood and mud." She was told that England had long hesitated between France and Germany, but that now England's mind was made up—"France will be rolled in the blood and mud in which her Press daily wallows . . . nothing like an *entente cordiale* can subsist between England and her nearest neighbour . . . their colonies will be taken from them and given to Germany and Italy . . . the French have succeeded in thoroughly convincing John Bull that they are his inveterate enemies, and that all his attempts at conciliation are useless."

This newspaper believed that it was serving the interests of Great Britain in using such outrageous language. The language was not chosen out of a delight in mischief or to increase the newspaper's circulation: it was deliberately provocative because provocation was deemed the best means of frightening a very intellectual and gallant people

into doing what the newspaper wanted—and what the newspaper wanted was something to the advantage of England. But such language made the work of King Edward exceedingly difficult: it brought us into contempt with all that is truest and best in France: and it might very well have thrown the French people into the arms of Germany. Only the clumsy character of German diplomacy, and the perspicuity of French statesmen, saved us at that time from a disaster which might have been overwhelming.

Such language as this would never have been employed if the policy of the newspaper in question had been based upon morality. For, whatever the danger to be guarded against, it can never be right to address another people in the terms of a bully. It is always wrong to be insulting. It is always right to be persuasive and reasonable. No benefit won by threat and insult can be a righteous benefit. And no nation which uses threat and insult can enjoy the confidence of mankind.

It has been said of a well-known newspaper proprietor that he is the incendiary of journalism—"a man ever ready to set the world in a blaze to make a newspaper placard." I do not believe this. I know him, and at one time knew him with a fair degree of intimacy. He is a man, I am certain, who most earnestly desires to serve his country. He has many qualities which are noble and generous. He has made sacrifices for what he conceives to be the truth. He has more than once risked the popularity on which his wealth depends to secure an advantage for the nation. And he has had the courage and the honesty again and again to change his mind.

But the offences which he has undoubtedly committed are grave offences, and for many of his countrymen he is a sinister figure of the most serious danger to civilization. How is it that these offences come? They come from a lack of unswerving morality in the region of thought. They are the offences, not of personal selfishness, but of selfish nationalism, a nationalism so sincere and decisive that it becomes oblivious and indifferent to the unchanging laws of morality. To exaggerate is thought no sin, if

exaggeration will serve a patriotic end. To obstruct progress is thought a duty, if the end is of greater national benefit. The end justifies the means. Everything must be sacrificed to secure the great end. Scruples are for the shortsighted and moderation for the timorous. Forward, over the body of truth, over the body of justice, over the body of goodness and righteousness; forward, forward to the great end.

Such a man as this, like the German Emperor, places nationalism above morality. It is the most fatal of inversions. Morality is eternal. Every sin against those eternal laws brings retribution now or hereafter. Nationalism is itself a sin against morality; for the movement of life is away from all forms of selfishness; and he who throws himself athwart the movement of life is opposing himself to the will of the universe. History is a chronicle of such oppositions. All the blood of battles has been spilled in resistance to the movement of life, that unbroken movement of the spirit of humanity from individualism and tribalism towards the ideal of sympathy, co-operation, and brotherhood. It is the same in the natural world. Every living thing, animal or plant, which lives by destruction, always makes its environment worse for itself and its descendants.[1] The mastodon, that evolutionary triumph of selfish strength, existed only to become extinct. The museums and the menageries of the world are full of memorials to the folly of attempting to oppose the great central movement of life. That plant and that creature which have something to give to others, however humble they be and however weak, flourish exceedingly, improving their environment for their descendants, while the mastodon perishes, and lion, tiger, and wolf glare at the world from behind iron bars.

The latter years of the last century were darkened by an unreasonable phrase—the Spencerian phrase of *struggle for existence*. Men saw no longer a universe working out a divine destiny, but a blind and unguided universe blundering through rapine and bloodshed to a purposeless end. All the wonderful beauty of the world was clouded

[1] *The Meaning of Life*, by E. Kay Robinson.

over by the false thought that nature is red in tooth and claw. It did not occur to many in those days that while on every side of them were things of exquisite beauty and tenderness, interlaced with each other in a marvellous web of sympathy, only here and there, at vast intervals, was there any evidence of slaughter and pain. For them it was as if the fields ran red with blood and the woods rang with cries of death. They questioned the idea of a Providence. They closed their books of teleology for the last time. They looked out from their darkened windows upon a struggle for existence which appeared to them cruel and meaningless.

There is, indeed, a struggle for existence; but a struggle for a *particular* existence. And because that struggle is for a particular existence it is a moral, a magnificent, and a divine struggle. All purpose is there. The old teleology is gone, but so is the mastodon. No demiurgus made the world, set it going, and withdrew to see how it would work. In life itself is the purpose of life. In evolution itself is the teleology of existence. From the beginnings of time, before man had appeared upon this planet, before a crystal was formed, before there was cohesion of any kind, and while yet this corner of the infinite universe was a writhing flame whirling through the unbroken silences of space, that spirit which we call life was immanent in the mist, and was *moving* to the ends of creation. It was struggling then, but not in a blind and aimless struggle. It was struggling for existence, and for a particular existence. It was weaving itself a material garment, but a particular material garment, and a material garment to be used for a purpose. The flame died down; the worlds took shape: a thousand forms appeared on this particular star: and historic life began for humankind. From the savage Man moved forward through centuries of struggle, half-conscious of guidance from without, unconscious of guidance from within, but himself, in the divinity of his own spirit, pressing forward to fuller and deeper experience, to finer and grander consciousness. And we who look back can see over all the wreckage of wars and over all the ruins of imperfect civilizations and over all the

litter of half-true theories of existence, the one great spiritual truth of history, the one supreme miracle of human experience—a movement towards beauty and goodness.

Darwin, who confessed that he could never look without feeling sick at the tail-feather of a peacock—that wonder of shaded colour, that miracle of the blood which carries delicate degrees of beauty to an exact, an almost infinitesimal point—Darwin has nothing to tell us either of real origins or of the existence of beauty and goodness. No man can explain the universe. Into no system can the infinite be compressed. And with no words can the eternal be uttered. "Dear friend," said Goethe, to one who would convert him to a dogma, "it is with you as it is with me; in the particular you feel yourself grand and mighty, but the whole goes as little into your head as into mine." All that we know for certain is this, that from the beginning of time there has been a movement of life, and that this movement has been in the direction of beauty and goodness. Whence came the movement, we can never know; whither it tends, we can only guess; but in our own human story of life, in the history of mankind on this planet, we can see that there *is* movement, and that this movement is towards betterment. We know as surely as we know anything that in mankind life has been moving towards greater intelligence and wider sympathy; and we must decide within ourselves, looking for no end of the riddle and hoping for no rewards of any kind, whether by our thoughts and actions we will further this movement of life, or by our thoughts and actions throw ourselves athwart its path.

As regards our own nation, which carries in so significant a degree the fortunes of civilization, and which with Russia, I am persuaded, is destined to exercise an overwhelming influence on the present century, it may be said with all modesty that it has qualities of the very highest kind, and qualities which are of supreme importance to the human race. The question which should concern us is the manner in which those qualities are to be employed and the direction in which they are to be aimed. We are

not to be disheartened by our failures; we are not to be distressed because we have blundered here and have fallen there. A nation's history is a nation's fate. In our history there has ever been a movement from littleness to greatness, from tyranny to freedom, from cruelty to justice, from distrust to confidence, from enmity to friendship. And in this war of nations Great Britain has vindicated her character. She has suffered from the aspersions of her critics, she has been gravely misrepresented by those of her own household who flung stones at her to rouse her energies, and she has lacked Miltonic leadership; she has not been, unhappily, the trumpet-voice of liberty, but she has been *servus servorum*; she has worked silently and humbly for all, and by her efforts, more than by the efforts of any other, the world has been saved from the domination of a selfish militarism. The nation has vindicated itself in the eyes of all mankind.

Let us, then, quietly and with a good conscience, ask ourselves how we are to employ our great qualities and to what end we shall direct them. We have energy, industry, and courage. How shall we employ them? We must begin by throwing off the delaying hand of the last century, and stand perfectly free from the last illusions of materialism. That is to say, we must see the physical universe not as mechanism, but as mind. Life is intelligent. The whole struggle of existence is a spiritual struggle. We as a nation are playing a part in the spiritual evolution of the human race. There is a movement in the world from false to true, from bad to good, from wrong to right, from hate to love. There is a struggle of life for a particular existence—a better, nobler, and truer existence. To play our part in that struggle, to make our contribution to that immense effort, we must be not only moral beings, very conscious of the difference between right and wrong, but intelligent beings very conscious of the difference between truth and falsity. Morality alone is not enough. Intelligence is of utmost importance.

The greatest drawback to British character is unintelligence. It is not slackness, it is not lack of "push and

go," it is certainly not want of energy. Carlyle was for ever calling upon the British nation to be what indeed it was; Matthew Arnold alone, while that great drum was still reverberating in men's ears, bade this nation get that which it chiefly lacked to make it truly great—intelligence. Of moral earnestness and of tremendous energy we have never been in want, but of intelligence to inform that moral earnestness and to guide that tremendous energy we have often stood, and now stand, in sorest need. The remedy is surely plain. We must revolutionize our whole system of national training. We must begin as soon as ever we can to train the children of this country in such a school of morality and intelligence as shall give the next generation a vast majority of knowledgeable and moral citizens. We must aim, in our national training, to create the higher type of British citizen. We must direct all our splendid qualities to the evolution of a man and woman who shall represent those ideals of British character for which so many of our bravest and our fairest have been glad to lay down their lives. Before our eyes must be ever this definite goal, this political aim which is above every other political aim, the making of men and women worthy to call themselves the children of Great Britain.

Let us fight error as a physician fights disease. Let us be united in one spirit to destroy those things which are wrong and base, and to free those things which are true and good. Let us lay afresh in the life of modern democracy the great foundations of moral conduct. And let us give to the life of our whole people the vivifying inspiration of intelligence.

To these ends let us set a new value on truth. As I have argued throughout this book, the war which has wasted Europe is above everything else a retribution on wrong-thinking. Truth is of the very essence of morality, and without intelligence right-thinking is at the mercy of a thousand hazards. With the same scrupulous care for exact thinking which characterizes the man of science, the inventor, and the engineer, let us, in the sphere of ideas, seek the truth of all those matters on which we are called upon to give even a passing opinion. Let us be

afraid to think wrongly. Let us be ashamed to make a mistake in our opinions.

I fear that in our anxiety about the future we may be relying too much on the emotions evoked by this war. There is a spirit of unanimity in our midst, and a spirit of self-sacrifice which seems as if it were already securing the future of the nation; our anxiety is inclined to rely upon the continuance of this spirit for the solution of problems which will need the highest intelligence and the severest devotion to moral considerations. Prince Trubetzkoy warned me in Moscow at the beginning of the present year against this danger. War, he averred, is an evil, and nothing but an evil; almost all the self-sacrifice it calls forth in the civilian population is only a moral reaction from satanism. We cannot rely on reactions. We need, as Henry James said, a moral equivalent for war. If men and women were not willing before this war to sacrifice themselves and work for the general welfare, they will not be willing to make this sacrifice when the excitement of war has passed. There may come the reaction of a worse indifference.

Professor Förster of Munich is preaching this same warning to Germany. In a book which he has just published entitled *Christianity and War*, this courageous professor, after a vigorous chastisement of those shuffling and compromising Christians who attempt to justify war, turns and castigates those who assert that war has brought the spirit of sacrifice and idealism to the nation. He says: "Let us wait until after the war and see how much unity we possess, how much we are willing to sacrifice, how much our ideals are worth. The heroism of the battlefield is a different thing from the daily heroism, sacrifice, and discipline in family or calling or society. Believe me that these great virtues will not be strengthened, and that out of the depths of this war fury quite unsuspected and terrible things, big with destiny, will come, and to combat which all the healing powers of religious and ethical fervour will have to be exercised if our spiritual life is to exist at all."

"War," he says, "will not give us any revival of our religious and moral life. Quite the contrary. It is only when our Christianity has recovered from the intoxication of war, when we have reached a state of wholesome sobriety, when we feel ashamed of what we have done, when we recognize that our illusions are all really illusions, only then will the powers of the Gospel perform their miracles in our people's hearts. We can only hope for moral and religious benefit from this war when we hold our souls perfectly pure from all war jubilation, all war delirium, all love of war for the sake of war. If we cannot do this, our religious and moral life is doomed beyond recovery."

We shall soon have in the midst of our civil life, at a time when the readjustment of industrial mechanism will be extremely difficult, millions of men who have been leading an utterly unnatural life, and many thousands who have slain their fellow-creatures in hand-to-hand encounters. To absorb this element into the uneventful round of industrial existence will not be easy, and unless that industrial existence is of another spirit from what it was before the war, it may be impossible. We must rely on no emotionalism. We must direct all our intelligence and all our moral fervour to making the hiatus between war and peace a moment of great and deep spiritual reality. Those who come back must find new ideals waiting for them, must feel in their souls fresh incentives for the highest life of man.

In Germany there are signs that the nation is awaking from its dream. It looks back from its luxury and dominion to its simplicity and peace, even as Goethe looked back upon his youth from the pinnacle of his fame, when he sighed:

> What I possess I see as though it were afar,
> And what has vanished has become for me the Real.

Treitschke, D. F. Strauss, and Bernhardi have been tried and found wanting. The German people, in the misery which must ensue after this war, will turn again to

their great Goethe, a War Minister who reduced an army,[1] and see how his teaching compares with the teaching of these others. "The entire trend of our culture and of the Christian religion itself," he taught them, "is the intercommunication of peoples, the community of interests, modesty of tone, and all the social virtues": "I am a child of peace, and am for peace with the world at all times": "War is, in truth, a disease in which the sap that should nourish and sustain a healthy body goes to feed some monstrosity of nature": "The lust for war which works like an itch under the skin of our rulers, disturbs me like an evil dream." Goethe taught that "Every people contributes its own note to the great chorus of humanity": he proclaimed his debt to English and French culture; and he warned the German people against the egoism of Prussian dominion. In a great measure he foresaw the impending disaster for his countrymen.

Germany will work out her own salvation. She has many and grievous faults, some of them the most serious faults of the spirit, but she is deep-thinking, she has great intelligence, and she has an aptitude for new ideas. One thinks that something of a revolution must impassion every part of that mushroom and makeshift Empire when the full truth of this war is really known to the German people; but, however that may be, hopeful are those who know her best that in a generation Germany will have cleansed herself of the Prussian itch.[2]

And for ourselves (we who have never preached that war is a "biological necessity," but have seen that it may

[1] When he was War Minister under Carl August, Grand Duke of Weimar, Goethe reduced the army by exactly one half, from 600 to 300.

[2] The principal idea in the famous *Manifesto of Southern Germany*, published by the King of Würtemberg in 1820, is that only South German States are truly German, Austria and Prussia being only half German colonies. Rotteck said in 1830 that all Liberal Germans would side with France if she waged war against the absolutist States of Germany. Bavaria has never been easy under Prussian domination. The Austrian Prime Minister said openly in 1850, "Prussia must be degraded, then demolished."

become a moral duty), we take assurance for the future from our difficult but victorious past. "England in the nineteenth century," says M. Seignobos, "has served as a political model for Europe. The English people developed the political mechanism of modern Europe, constitutional monarchy, parliamentary government, and safeguards for personal liberty. The other nations have only imitated them."[1] Other countries spent the nineteenth century sword in hand fighting Absolutism, Clericalism, and Feudalism; other countries, only a few decades ago, bloodily wrung from privilege and tradition the elements of freedom, and even now, in some of them, the equilibrium is unstable. But Britain, by her vigorous sanity, her wholesome cheerfulness, her indestructible faith in man's moral nature, her inherent sense of comradeship, fashioned her liberties in discussion and built the great structure of her commonwealth by the hand of reason. The "Old England" of the eighteenth century passed without a revolution into the democratic Britain of the nineteenth, and without strife or civil war has become the vast, unified, and liberal British Empire which rose like one man to withstand Prussianism at the threshold of the twentieth. We need not fear the future, however formidable it may seem, if this spirit of the past still animates the nation, and Intelligence directs it.

All history is a movement towards the moral dignity of the individual man. Many and great kings have been overthrown, many and great empires have been cast down, by the immense pressure of evolution seeking this manifest end of creation. No force has been able to withstand it. The privileges of the rich, the traditional rights of the powerful, even the sacred claims and armed might of the Church, yield in the end to this movement of the human mind. European history for the last hundred years is a text-book of moral evolution. From the fall of Napoleon to the outbreak of this war, every democracy in Europe, opposed in every case by clericalism and privilege, has been pressing into greater liberty and towards a more

[1] *A Political History of Contemporary Europe.* (Heinemann.)

rational justice. And Britain, who without bloodshed has led the way in this great movement of humanity, must still cherish as the loftiest of her ideals the dignity of the individual man, and must acquire an ever greater intelligence in working for that ideal, if she is still to lead the nations to the end of the present century.

We see in the valour of our seamen, in the gallantry of our soldiers, and in the devotion of the whole people, as it were a light from heaven which reveals to us the true character of human existence. We are not machines. And we are not swine. We are moral beings working out a moral evolution. The Dead have died for an idea. The maimed and blind have suffered for an idea. The future of humanity is either that idea, or it is anarchy. War, which seems to us a thing gigantic and overshadowing, is in truth only an interruption of this immemorial movement in the human mind—a movement which becomes swifter and more resistless after the check of savage war. He who opposes himself to this movement, after such a people's war as this, will be swept aside.

But who that loves her will seek to stop this movement of life in Great Britain? Will he not rather march breast forward with the host of British democracy, putting away from him all selfishness, laughing to scorn the fears of the privileged, stopping his ears against the rant of the demagogue, ever keeping the eyes of his intelligent soul to the light of reason? And, touched to greatness by those who have fought and died for his liberties, will he not see to it that henceforth the liberties of the least of his fellow-countrymen are of a truth worth dying for? Will he not passionately desire a fairer and a more kindly Britain? Will he not feel, even as though they afflicted himself, the disabilities, the destitution, and the degradation which afflict his fellow-citizens? Will he not be ashamed of all that makes Britain shameful and proud of all that makes her worthy of men's love?

Surely, after the exaltation of this war, after the matchless heroism and frightful suffering of this war, only the

most base, the most ignorant, will forbear to sing the true hymn of British revolution—

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear : O clouds unfold !
Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental strife,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

"When light penetrates into darkness," says William Scott Palmer, "we may have only to stay as we are and do as we have done . . . to answer for a sin where once we knew no sin." [1]

The light has come; terribly for some, gloriously for others, but it has come to all.

[1] *Faith or Fear? An Appeal to the Church of England.* (Macmillan.)

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

NOTE A, p. 9

In the July issue (1916) of the *Hibbert Journal*, Dr. Shadwell gives some interesting extracts from German war sermons. He reminds us that :

> Newspaper correspondents residing in foreign countries pick out the most piquant tit-bits to send to their journals. And generally the references to their own country which they select as most appetizing to their readers are abusive. The result is a mutual interchange of offensive and irritating matter which is constantly served up to the public and stimulates international ill-will. This practice is mainly responsible for the remarkable fact, which is not otherwise explained, that wars tend to become more and more people's wars, and that the present prodigious struggle is above all others a people's war. The sense of nationality, heightened by newspapers at home, is wounded, and smouldering animosities are inflamed by a steady interchange of pin-pricks inflicted by the selected items which are sent from abroad by "our own foreign correspondents." Experienced and well-informed readers know how to discount these despatches, but the general public do not. Modern wars are caused less by "secret diplomacy" than by newspaper publicity, and the exceptionally violent feelings excited in the present war are mainly due to the same agency.

The following are some of the extracts quoted by Dr. Shadwell from the sermons of German pastors :—

> Our enemies maintain that the German people want to subjugate Europe, and that an intolerable pressure has been for years exercised by Germany on the whole Continent. From this pressure they are bound to free themselves. If that were so we should now be, with all the service we are rendering, the assistants of a policy of force. But we know that what they say is untrue. We are fighting not for rule, but for our life. Germany has not drawn the sword to curtail the rights of any one ; she plunged into war to preserve her own possessions. This aim

of war may truly stand before the eye of God. But can it also stand before the serving Jesus? It may be legitimate self-assertion, enforced self-defence; but is it service? When nations engage in sanguinary strife must not Jesus always veil His head, He who came not to be served but to serve and give His life a ransom for many? (Schian).

One of the ugliest phenomena of our German life before the war was undoubtedly the mammon-worship prevailing in all circles. It was the painful accompaniment of the prosperity which the German people have achieved in the last decades. A poor nation, which barely covered its own needs by agriculture and paid its State officials and officers salaries proverbially known throughout Europe for their modesty, developed into one which by manufacture and commerce won a large place in the world's market, and year by year gathered accumulating wealth. The transformation proceeded too rapidly not to have a corrupting effect on the public mind. The old simplicity and frugality were replaced in the upper classes by a luxury which was not even in good taste. Social life, still impressively intellectual in Goethe's time, became constantly more materialistic and elegant, the claims on enjoyment ever more unrestrained and dissolute. Wealth seemed to many the most important and indeed the only desirable aim in life. We have not infrequently seen it cover a multitude of sins. We have seen odious methods of winning it readily indulged in by those who have known how to use them successfully with no excess of scruples. We have seen mere possession accorded an influence and treated with a respect which character and wisdom can only gain by laborious efforts. The converse side was a deep distrust among the masses, and here too an unwholesome though more pardonable over-rating of money, as though the aim of improving the economic position justified setting aside all considerations ot the common weal, the conditions of international competition in industry, and the maintenance of family life. . . .

But I will not proceed any further with these generalities. Rather will I put the question—Who among us feels quite free from guilt in this matter? Who dares to say with a clear conscience that he has firmly opposed this dance round the golden calf? . . . Let us then strike ourselves on the breast and confess that we have all sinned, that none of us has been free from the spell. We will not except those present here, but with one and all, old and young, man and wife, rich and poor, admit our guilt (Foerster).

We must earnestly admit that not only has money served us but that we have served money; that we have not only lived on our money as its master but for money as its lover; or even that we have been lived on by money as its slave. It is true, of

course, that there are still ideals for which we have lived—profession and work, wife and child, art and science. But—have not the ideals among us really been starved? What, for instance, has become of the ideal of Germanism, internal unity? Has there not been a fierce driving of class against class? And is not the cause of it that every one has lived only for himself and his own pocket? (Tolzein).

It is an exceedingly dangerous thing to summon God's chastising justice. Must not God, if He be altogether just, begin by exercising His chastising justice on precisely those who have called for it? But woe to us if God dealt with us wholly after the measure of His chastising justice! We will pass over the time before the war. But how much evasion of sacrifice, how much miserable self-seeking, how much levity, how much license and immorality still pervade our people in spite of all improvement! It is God's grace and mercy that we want, not His chastising justice. Then we must not call on it for others either (Dörrfuss).

We hear and talk a great deal about the diabolical forces, the evil spirits, which are at work among our enemies, in the pious English, the frivolous French, the savage Russians. But do not let us forget ourselves. Just as the prophet (Jeremiah) was bidden to hold out the cup of judgment, but first of all to the people of Jerusalem, so must we submit ourselves honestly and straightforwardly to the divine judgment, recognize and fight against the evil spirits that plague us, and open our hearts to the good spirit from above, who will cleanse and heal us. We speak constantly of the great hour of Fate which has struck for our nation. And rightly. But do we really understand the secret of it? Our fate and future do not depend on whether our frontiers are enlarged or diminished, or on how the European balance may hereafter be regulated, but mainly and essentially on whether our souls and the soul of the nation let themselves be cleansed and filled with the holy spirit of God, which now sweeps abroad over the land and through our hearts; whether we conquer and drive out the evil spirits within us and steadfastly so remain in that state (Oculi).

He goes on to enumerate some of the evil spirits. One is the German love of drink, of which he says that a hospital orderly at the front had lately written: "One might almost say that French wines had done our troops more hurt than French shells." Another is the spirit of impurity and immorality "which slinks by night and even in war fixes its claws in the flower of our people." A third is the worship of Mammon, "which does not rest amid the common stress and suffering, but still thinks of usury and getting rich instead of sacrifice and the law—each for all and all for each."

War reveals the hearts of men, and the heart of man is a mixture of good and evil. . . . How faithful men can be, how self-sacrificing, how devotedly brave! The mightiest, the best, the noblest in human nature is revealed. And the worst in human nature is revealed. We hear of things that make us think men must be beasts. We hear of uncharitableness of which we could hardly have believed men capable. We hear of common theft, of bestial lust, of shameless levity, of unfaithfulness among men in the enemy's country, of unfaithfulness and lasciviousness among wives and girls at home. We hear of brutal conduct by soldiers, of boasting, of cowardice—how shall I name it all? (Ritzhaupt).

There is still much self-seeking among us which must be burnt out and eradicated by love. From large and small towns we hear that many are daily seen feasting as though there were no war, willing to perform and to look on at lewd plays full of double-edged jokes as though Death had made no round among us, and turned so many homes into homes of mourning. Certainly cheerfulness has its claims even in serious times, but luxury and wantonness are contrary to the love we owe our brave men out there and the mourners at home (Simons).

Why are men fighting in East and West? Merely that one side may conquer and the other fall, that we may in the end knock out so many milliards of indemnity, or that our industry and our colonial policy may make a new advance, or that we may wrest from England her world dominion? So long as we see nothing in it but war objects, so long as we fail to realize that the highest moral values are at stake in this wrestling of the nations, and that unless we emerge from the strife a morally and religiously renewed people the streams of blood have flowed in vain and the countless sacrifice of life has gone for nothing—so long as we do not see this we are spiritually blind (Schönhuth).

Now it seems to me, concludes Dr. Shadwell, that, taken broadly as a whole, these sermons reveal a stratum of thought and feeling in Germany which is not apparent from newspapers and other publications. How deep or broad it may be we cannot tell, but according to my experience there is a great deal more of it than appears on the surface. The German clergy have not been preaching to empty churches during the war. And the essential feature of this stratum of thought is its maintenance of the moral law and the claims of conscience. It does not admit that might is right or *Not kennt kein Gebot*. The German authorities and newspapers have paid it a silent tribute by the immense pains they have taken to manipulate the evidence both as to the cause and the conduct of the war in such a way as to present the German case not merely in a favourable light but as absolutely flawless, and the conduct of the enemy as incredibly

vile and base. It may be said, perhaps, that our own do the same on this side. It is not so ; but if it were, we have the neutrals to decide, and their verdict is unmistakable. I cannot but see in the spirit of self-examination and high ideals running through these sermons the potential elements of a strong moral revulsion when the facts, which cannot be concealed for ever even in Germany, become known. Ethical principles will come into their own again when Force has visibly broken down, but not before.

NOTE B, p. 21

Sir Thomas Esmonde, who lost a gifted son in the Battle of Jutland, sent the following letter to a London newspaper on August 18, 1916: "I have grown sick and tired of the incessant abuse of Ireland in connection with the war. I do not know if there is any sense of fair-play left in England where Ireland is concerned, but if there is, the interests both of the war and of the Empire would suggest a stop to this unending vilification of Irishmen. Neither do I know if there is any one in England of sufficient manliness and honesty and authority to cry halt to this hideous campaign of hate. It would be to England's interest if he could be speedily discovered.

What have we Irish done already in this war? We have supported it from the outset. We have done all we could to ensure its success in the teeth of the bitterest official opposition in every quarter. We have submitted to the ghastly misgovernment of our country and to all the needless vexations of so-called war measures without protest. We have contributed far more than our fair share of war taxation without complaint. We have sent the flower of our manhood to fight and die without either reward or recognition.

We have done all this, first, because we believed in the justice of the war; and secondly, because we believed in the promises of English statesmen. The character of the war remains the same, but through monstrous mismanagement it has brought us infinitely greater sorrow and loss than we ever could have anticipated. The promises of English statesmen turn out to be scraps of paper, and what do we Irish get in return for our sacrifices? Nothing but abuse, gross, cowardly, dishonest abuse.

When I think of our glorious Irish regiments and their unacknowledged deeds of unsurpassed heroism—of our gallant Irish sailors who for two terrible years have guarded the Empire in stress and storm and danger from the Arctic to the Antarctic—when I think of Flanders and France, and Gallipoli, and Serbia, and Mesopotamia, and Egypt—of the landing at the Dardanelles with its awful toll of Irish lives—of our splendid 10th Irish Division recklessly thrown away by British incompetency—of the hundreds of Irish sailors who perished in the Jutland battle—three hundred of them in two ships alone. When I think of our desolate Irish homes—of the unnumbered Irish fathers and mothers and sons and daughters who have bravely

and uncomplainingly given what they loved best on earth to the Empire—I ask myself, what spirit possesses the anti-Irish, when not even our children's sacrifice will propitiate them?"

NOTE C, p. 23

. . . I most genuinely admire this dominant race [the English], even in their Philistinism. They think ahead but little. They are worse at organizing for the fulfilment of definite ends beyond those of the moment than almost any of their rivals. And yet they hold their own in the world, and I see no indication that they are in the least degree failing to hold it. They are almost always late in coming on the ground, but when they do come they set to work silently and with courage. They proceed with marvellous initiative to repair their errors of omission, and they drop their practice of saying depressing things about themselves and their institutions until they see themselves again on the top. When a new invention, like the submarine or the motor, comes to light, the Englishman is usually behind. Give him a few years and he has not only taken care of himself in the meantime, but is generally leading. As it was with these inventions, so I suspect it will prove to be with aircraft.

Being at present charged with some part of the endeavour to see that we catch up other nations in matters of science applied to defence, I have experience of what happens when the British people are exhorted to make efforts in times of tranquillity. The reply is invariably that there is no necessity to worry them, and that the one thing needful is for the Government to spend the taxes plentifully, and to damn the differential calculus emphatically. Yet this very people, when it was caught unprepared and threatened with defeat a few years ago in South Africa, calmly put its shoulder to the wheel and, without a groan, set itself to get through a situation which would have appalled a nation with a more nervous temperament. . . .

And let us remember that they go on periodically producing from among themselves individualities of very great power, individualities that could only spring from a very great race. Shakespeare and Milton, Cromwell . . . Chatham, Nelson and Wellington, Newton and Darwin, these are indications of a rich soil which I believe to be as rich and productive to-day as it has ever been.

Universities and National Life, by Lord Haldane. (John Murray.)

NOTE D, p. 41

The Germany at peace that I saw during May and June 1914 was, in the first place, a constant pleasure to the eye, a constant repose to the body and mind. Look where you might, beauty was in some form to be seen, given its chance by the intelligence of man—not

defaced, but made the most of; and, whether in towns or in the country, a harmonious spectacle was the rule. I thought of our landscape, littered with rubbish and careless fences and stumps of trees, hideous with glaring advertisements; of the rusty junk lying about our farms and towns and wayside stations; and of the disfigured palisades along the Hudson River. America was ugly and shabby—made so by Americans; Germany was swept and garnished—made so by Germans.

In Nauheim the admirable courtyard of the bathhouses was matched by the admirable system within. The convenience and the architecture were equally good. For every hour of the invalid's day the secret of his well-being seemed to have been thought out. On one side of the group and court of baths ran the chief street, shady and well kempt, with its hotels and its very entertaining shops; on the other side spread a park. This was a truly gracious little region, embowered in trees, with spaces and walks and flowers all near at hand, yet nothing crowded. The park sloped upward to a terrace and a casino, with tables for sitting out to eat and drink and hear the band, and with a concert hall and theatre for the evening. Herein comedies and little operas and music, both serious and light, were played.

Nothing was far from anything; the baths, the doctors, the hotels, the music, the tennis-courts, the lake, the golf-links—all were fitted into a scheme laid out with marvellous capability. Various hills and forests, a little more distant, provided walks for those robust enough to take them, while longer excursions in carriages or motor-cars over miles of excellent roads were all mapped out and tariffed in a terse but comprehensive guide-book. Such was living at Nauheim. Dying, I feel sure, was equally well arranged; it was never allowed to obtrude itself on living.

. . . . .

This serenity of living was not got up for the stranger; it was not to meet his market that a complex and artificial ease had been constructed, bearing no relation to what lay beyond its limits. That sort of thing is to be found among ourselves in isolated spots, though far less perfect and far more expensive. Nauheim was merely a blossom on the general tree. It was when I began my walks in the country and found everywhere a corresponding, ordered excellence, and came to talk more and more with the peasants and to notice the men, women, and children that the scheme of Germany grew impressive to me.

. . . We various invalids of Nauheim presently began to compare notes. All of us going about the country, among the gardens and the farms, or across the plain through the fruit trees to little Friedburg on its hill—an old castle, a steep village, a clean Teutonic gem, dropped perfect out of the Middle Ages into the present, yet perfectly keeping up with the present. Many of the peasants in the plain, men and women, were of those who brought their flowers and produce

to sell in Nauheim—humble people, poor in what you call worldly goods, but seemingly very few of them poor in the great essential possession.

We invalids compared notes . . . every one had been struck with the contentment in the German face. Contentment! Among the old and young of both sexes this was the dominating note, the great essential possession.

The Pentecost of Calamity, by Owen Wister. (Macmillan.)

NOTE E, p. 64

It may be as well, seeing that the main charge brought against Lord Haldane hangs upon it, to wit, that knowing the menacing condition of German policy, he did, nevertheless, take no steps to prepare this country against it, to go with some amount of detail into the question of National Service.

After the Agadir incident, the War Office proceeded to examine *de novo* the whole question of military preparedness. Lord Roberts and the National Service League were at this time denouncing the Territorial Force as a sham. Reports from responsible officers informed the War Minister that these attacks, delivered all over the country, were seriously affecting the business of recruiting. Inquiry was made, therefore, to see exactly how this country stood in the matter of its armed forces.

Lord Haldane knew quite well that in the Expeditionary Force and in the Territorial Force he had got the utmost the nation would give him by the voluntary system *in peace time*. Our Overseas Army was enormously greater than the army of any other country in the world, and with a supreme Navy commanding the sea, and the Territorial Force behind, both the minister and his advisers considered that these islands were safe from invasion. Lord Roberts' scheme was directed wholly to Home Defence, and it was accompanied by a pledge that no man compulsorily enlisted for Home Defence should be compelled to fire a rifle except within these shores. It was, therefore, of no strategical value for the real problem, which depended on capacity to take the offensive; and it ignored sea-power. But the War Office went into the matter of a continental army to be raised by conscription, and for a number of months the ablest brains in the British Army worked at a scheme for compulsory service, a scheme which was aimed to give us an Army of 2,000,000 men on the continental model. The result of these investigation was, in the opinion of the most responsible soldiers of the day, a verdict that *so far as military utility was concerned the scheme was impracticable.* They said that if the scheme had been inaugurated twenty or thirty years before, something might have been made of it; but that to take it up at a time when war might descend upon us at any moment, was unsafe. It would have taken years to mature, and in the meantime

there would have been a hiatus during which for a long time we should have remained in confusion, and weaker than under the existing system. It was agreed by responsible soldiers that such a change, even if wise, could only be safely introduced when peace appeared to be perfectly certain.

In time of war, when the nation is full of the war spirit, you can improvise armies very rapidly. The standards in peace-time, when you cannot prepare without a much slower process, do not obtain.

It is absurd of enthusiasts and faddists to charge Lord Haldane with want of courage for not trying these schemes. Lord Haldane was fortified by the best expert advice on the military question, and he was well justified in thinking that if Lord Roberts and his party got their way, and were allowed to try one or other of their compulsory schemes, there would be not only one more colossal failure to be added to the failures of previous years, but that *the admirable condition of the British Army at that time would have been seriously disturbed, if not permanently disorganized.*

Lord Haldane was always careful to explain, as he did in the House of Commons in introducing the Army Estimates of 1909, and on other occasions, that *he had no objection to compulsion on principle. It was a duty*, in his view, *moral and legal, binding every man to serve the State in time of need, and it was the right of the State to compel him to do so.* In war such compulsion not only could be applied, but it might well be that it ought to be applied. He only defended the voluntary principle as the best mode of preparing during peace time for the contingency of war.

The reader who still believes, in defiance of military authority, that compulsion would *not* have disorganized the British Expeditionary Force, and who also thinks that alarming and provocative speeches might have persuaded the country to accept compulsion during Lord Haldane's tenure of office, is invited to remember that even the hideous realities of war itself, realities of the most terrible and unsuspected character, were insufficient to move British democracy in the direction of compulsion until they had reigned over our thoughts and imaginations, plunging the whole nation into mourning for a period of a year and five months.

This country, in addition to its voluntary and incomparable Navy, gave to the cause of the Allies, first an army of professional soldiers numbering 160,000 men, which played a decisive part in breaking the whole German scheme of reaching the French coast, and second an army of 5,000,000 volunteer soldiers of whom Lord French, General Joffre, and every responsible person who has seen them in the field, have spoken in the highest praise.

Let me refer the reader who wants to go more deeply into this matter to Sir Ian Hamilton's book *Compulsory Service* (John Murray), to which Lord Haldane contributed a preface.

For many reasons, some of them personal, I wish to speak of Lord Roberts with the very greatest admiration and respect; but an impartial judge, who knows all the facts, cannot say that he had the qualities

of statesmanship. He was a remarkable soldier in the field, a magnetic leader of men, and a swift thinker who never lost his head during a battle; but his period at the War Office proved that he had nothing in the way of statesmanship to give the nation he served so devotedly on the battlefield, and his subsequent crusade for national service proved him to be even a dangerous guide. *It was precisely because the danger from Germany existed and occasionally pressed, that his scheme and the provocative campaign which accompanied it were so utterly impossible and so gravely dangerous.*

NOTE F, p. 91

The Times gave prominence to the following letter, signed X., which appeared in its issue of May 27, 1915:

> The retirement of Lord Haldane may have been, upon political grounds, necessary; but it is, I have reason for thinking, greatly regretted by many lawyers—indeed, by all who know how much he has accomplished in his comparatively brief term of office. He has raised the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in the estimation of lawyers of the Dominions, the Colonies, and India, to a point never before attained. Never, too, was the House of Lords as a judicial tribunal more satisfactory than it now is. This is partly due to the new elements which he has introduced; but it is also to be ascribed to the character of his own judgments, which have helped to set a standard to which others have more or less conformed. His appointments have commanded universal approval; and if he has had few opportunities of initiating or carrying out constructive legal reforms, he has more than once pointed out the path to be followed. Soldiers of experience have been heard to say that he was at the War Office the best organizer which it has seen for a generation. Of the truth of that opinion I cannot judge; but I am sure that in the view of very many lawyers he has been (with perhaps one dubious exception) the best Lord Chancellor since Lord Hardwicke.

NOTE G, p. 108

Professor Cramb does not tell his readers that the supreme influence in German literature in its one great period was English. Edward Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*, wrote a pamphlet entitled *Conjectures on Original Composition* which made a profound impression on Herder, and through Herder on the great Goethe himself. It is not an exaggeration to say that Young was the father of

the *Sturm und Drang* period. The German writers, inspired by Young, set themselves to break free from the cramping and artificial traditions of French literature. The German historians of German literature, as Professor Hume Brown tells us in *The Youth of Goethe* (John Murray), have found in Young's pamphlet "the main impulse that gave occasion to this revolution." Germany's worship of Shakespeare need not be insisted upon; Goethe speaks of him as "our great progenitor," and says that with Spinoza, Shakespeare was one of the chief moulding forces of his life. Scott, Richardson, Sterne, Byron, and Swift, all played their part in the creation of German literature.

NOTE H, p. 174

"What will the English do?" was the question they anxiously and constantly flung at any one they thought likely to be able to answer it intelligently. It was the thing which gave them the most poignant heart-searching. The "war on two fronts," the purely Continental affair with the Dual Alliance, filled the average German with no concern. The Kaiser's military machine was constructed to deal with France and Russia combined, and no German ever for a moment doubted its capacity to do so. Events of the past year, I think it may fairly be said, have justified that confidence, for I suppose no expert anywhere in the world doubts that but for the presence of British sea power on France and Russia's side, the German eagle might long since have been screaming in triumph over Paris and Petrograd. But with the British "in," dozens of Germans confessed, as my own ears can bear testimony, their case was "hopeless." Few of them were persuaded that Germany could, in Bismarck's picturesque phrase, "deal with the British Navy in Paris." While the prospects of having to fight France and Russia did not disturb the Germans, the possibility of having to battle with Britain simultaneously filled them with undisguised alarm.

The Assault, by Frederic W. Wile. (Heinemann.)

NOTE I, p. 185

A remarkable parallel to the case of Lord Haldane is to be found in the story of what happened to another Lord Chancellor, the great Lord Somers, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The then Lord Chancellor was accused of having leaned to the side of the French in the peace negotiations of that period, and was virulently attacked by the pamphleteers and by the Opposition. For once William III showed weakness and was induced to dismiss his

minister. Articles of impeachment were afterwards exhibited against the ex-Chancellor, monstrous charges being included in them. His enemies, said Brougham, were actuated *entirely by motives of private passion and revenge.* The impeachment failed, but the abuse continued, and the country was deprived of the services of Lord Somers as a minister for some years. In retirement he exhibited a dignity and a freedom from bitterness which compelled the admiration of Addison, Bishop Burnet, and a number of eminent men on both sides of politics which steadily increased.

The story of Lord Somers is fully told in the fourth volume of Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors,* and an interesting account of his career is given in the English edition of Bayle's Dictionary.

Burke said of him: "I never desire to be thought a better Whig than Lord Somers." Bishop Burnet, who speaks of "the great capacity and inflexible integrity of this Lord," said: "He was very learned in his own profession, with a great deal more learning in other professions—in divinity, philosophy, and history. He had a great capacity for business, with an extraordinary temper; for he was fair and gentle, perhaps to a fault, considering his post; so that he had all the patience and softness, as well as the justness and equity becoming a great magistrate."

NOTE J, p. 207

Reductions had been effected in *garrison* artillery—sedentary guns scattered about the Empire in such places as Halifax and Esquimalt in Canada. These reductions were the work of Lord Haldane's predecessor. Garrison artillery was to a great extent done away with because the Royal Navy undertook almost all the responsibility of coastal defence. There was no reduction whatever, but on the contrary a considerable *increase*, in field and horse artillery under Lord Haldane's administration.

NOTE K, p. 243

The Times of August 17, 1916, gives a very informing account of the German pamphlet by "Junius Alter" which stung the Imperial Chancellor into a hot and undignified speech in the Reichstag:—

> There seems to be no doubt that "Junius Alter" enjoyed very high military inspiration—as might, indeed, be guessed from the tone of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's reply. The pamphlet deals with the whole policy of the Chancellor towards England in the years before the war, denouncing it as "grotesque and

criminal," arguing that it was perfectly clear "that 1914 was to be the fateful year for Europe," asserting that the German Government "must have been informed at least in the spring of 1914, by its representatives in Petrograd, how grave the situation was," and saying that, after the Serajevo murders, "only Bethmann-Hollweg clung to the hope that a peaceful solution could be found, or at least that hostilities might be confined to Austria and Serbia." There is an important passage about the struggle between the military authorities and the Foreign Office in the days before the war :—

> In vain were the warnings of the General Staff. The Minister of War [the present chief of the General Staff, General von Falkenhayn] and men of authority in the Naval Department pointed in vain to the necessity of mobilization. They succeeded in half-convincing the Emperor of its absolute necessity. On Thursday, July 30th, the afternoon police papers (*sic*) and the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* published the fact of the mobilization, but the interference of Bethmann-Hollwegg served to nullify this decisive action.

Thus it is represented that the famous announcement in the *Lokalanzeiger* was not a mere mistake, as the Foreign Office declared, but was a deliberate action by the military authorities.

"Junius Alter," after dealing further with the Chancellor's responsibility for "delaying the mobilization," goes on to accuse the Government of having practised "exaggerated economy" in military preparation before the war. It may be remembered that the late General von Moltke, in reply to certain statements by Mr. Lloyd George about the German accumulation of munitions, said that as a matter of fact Germany ran short at an early stage of the war. "Junius Alter" practically attributes to an insufficiency of munitions, combined with the political "delay," the whole failure of the German military scheme against France. Speaking of the "exaggerated economy," he says :—

> This was also plainly demonstrated by the lack of ammunition which was felt on the Western front after the first battles, and which, together with other conditions, led to the cutting short of the lightning attack upon France. So it came about that there was a necessity for throwing out strength which the original plan of campaign would have made impossible. It was not until January 1915 that the deficiency in ammunition was made good. This was due primarily to the German industrial organization, which in an inconceivably short time most admirably met the demands of the war. One is permitted to remark that it could not be foreseen by the military authorities that such quantities of ammunition would be needed for the world war. Never-

> theless the fact remains that here also the Government policy of economy was fatal, for the quantity of ammunition on hand at the outbreak of the war should have been much greater.

There is then an attack on the former Prussian Minister of War, General von Heeringen, and it is stated that on July 31, 1914, the Prussian War Office had to send out a note "urging the greatest moderation in the use of ammunition."

A great part of the pamphlet is devoted to the Government's "yielding to the demands of America." "Junius Alter" doubts "whether any one in Berlin ever tried to measure the exact consequences of a clash with America," and says:—

> People with knowledge of the internal politics of the United States and of its fleet and army, among them a well-known diplomatist, have declared that armed interference by America is absolutely out of the question. The only practical consequence of a break in diplomatic relations would be the confiscation of the merchant ships lying in American ports.

According to "Junius Alter," Herr Ballin exercised a great influence, but it was Herr Helfferich who turned the scale by arguing that "acceptance of the American terms" would end the negotiations for the Anglo-French Loan in America and produce strong steps by the American Government in "the cotton question." So "Helfferich, backed by Ballin and by Dernburg and his party, won out, and the result was that in the autumn of 1915 submarines had almost entirely ceased to operate in English waters."

Dealing with the naval opposition to the Chancellor, "Junius Alter" argues that the retirement of Admirals Bachmann and Behnke and the return of Admiral von Holtzendorf to office as Chief of the Admiralty Staff were all moves against Tirpitz, and he says that further "purification" of the Office of the Imperial Navy was only prevented by the effect upon public opinion of the resignation of "the popular Grand Admiral von Tirpitz."

NOTE L, p. 257

Russia will be satisfied when she reigns at Constantinople. And she will be something more than satisfied; she will be exalted—because Tzargrad, as the Russians always call it, the Town of Towns, is the natural capital of their intense Faith. Thence many centuries ago came the idea of Love and Brotherhood to the little sore-afflicted

Russian nation surrounded by implacable enemies—Mongols, Poles, Finns, Germans, Cossacks, Lithuanians, and Letts; and, warring for existence with those implacable enemies, who burned her cities, laid waste her fields, and seized her children and sold them to the Turks, she has ever been faithful to this divine idea, Love and Brotherhood. Her persistence is a miracle. But a greater miracle still is her absorption of almost all her former enemies, so that she is now a mighty and puissant empire of 170,000,000 souls, in nearly all of whom the central fact of existence is the Love of God. There is nothing like this in history. It is the most miraculous witness to Christianity as a *spirit*.

Prince Trubetzkoy has expressed the Russian Faith in words which haunt the memory :—

> It is no matter for surprise that the soul of our people was from the earliest times united to the idea of St. Sophia[1] with the greatest hope and with the greatest joy, and it would be vain to think that the deepest sense of this idea can be understood only by intelligent and educated people. On the contrary . . . it is much nearer to the life-understanding of our people. As proof of this take the following personal reminiscence.
>
> Four years ago I returned to Russia from a long foreign journey through Constantinople. In the morning in the Mosque of St. Sophia they showed me on the wall the imprint of the bloody hand of the Sultan who had shed the blood of Christians in this greatest of the orthodox temples on the very day of the taking of Constantinople. . . . Immediately after this visit I went on board a Russian steamer going to Odessa from Palestine, and at once found myself in a familiar atmosphere. On the deck there was gathered a very large group of Russian peasants—pilgrims returning homewards from the Holy Land.
>
> Tired with the long journey, badly dressed and hungry, they were drinking water with hard bread, they were finishing their simple everyday toilet, they were listening, reclining, to tales about Constantinople. They were listening to tales about its churches and, of course, about the bloody Sultan and about the streams of Christian blood which, during more than five centuries, had periodically flowed in this once Christian kingdom. I cannot convey to you how deeply I was moved by what I saw. I saw my own country in Constantinople.
>
> There on the mountain had just disappeared the Holy Sophia lighted by the sun, and here before me on the deck was a real Russian village; and at the moment when our boat gently moved along the Bosphorus with its mosques and minarets, the

[1] "Sophia" means to the Russian the Divine Wisdom incarnate in creation. It signifies *the humanity of God*. It expresses faith in the triumph of the Christ idea—man's essential brotherhood.

whole crowd firmly and solemnly, but, I do not know why, in a subdued voice, sang "Christ is Risen."

How deep and long-developed was the instinct which I heard in this singing . . . ! What other answer could they find in their souls but this to what they heard about the Temple, about the Turks who defiled it, and of the long-continued persecution of the nation over whom they ruled? What other answer could they find in their souls in such a country, except this, except their joy in the thought of a common resurrection for all peoples and for all nations? . . .

They understood the ferocious Turkish power under which the blood of persecuted peoples flowed: they saw (in their soul) the whole humanity joined in the joy of the Holy Resurrection, but at the same time they felt that they could not express this joy, this hope, which always lives in the soul of the people, now, in the centre of the Turkish power, except with a subdued voice. . . . But the time will come when heaven will descend to earth, and the eternal idea of humanity will be realized; then this hymn will sound loud and powerful—this hymn which now you hear in a subdued voice.

If the reader would know what religion means to Russia, what Constantinople means to her, and what is her passionate hope for the whole of the human race, let him read *The Self-discovery of Russia* by Professor J. Y. Simpson (Constable), from which admirable and most illuminating book I have taken the above passage. Such a book should prepare us for what is coming to the world, when Russia lifts the Cross in Constantinople and the whole of the Slav world breaks out with its great Easter anthem, *Christ is Risen.*

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